THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

d Weekly
Four Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 30 1922 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

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BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

ON A NIGHT in May in the year 1920 Doc contrived a series of four exploits. Of these one was criminal, one was reprehensible, one was wasteful, and one, if left standing alone on its own legs, was merely commercial. Lest there be confusion, it should be fixed firmly in mind that Doc and the doctor are two separate and exceedingly distinct individuals, though both ply the same trade in the village of St. Croix.

The titles go far to indicate the estimation in which the populace holds the individuals.

The character of none of the exploits performed by Doc on that evening need give rise to astonishment—only the fact that there were four of them, all accomplished between sundown and sunup. For Doc was not an industrious man. Once during his life he had relapsed into industry for a term, and that was when he converted the courtesy title of Doc—bestowed upon him as the village's sole veterinary—into a veritable M.D. As for the doctor, one might believe he had been born a physician.

Doc's last or family name was Roper—an excellent name for a veterinary, but not so fitting for a genuine medical practitioner as Æsculapius or Jenkins—or Maynard, which was the name of his rival.

Taken in the order of their reprehensibility the four exploits were as follows: He purchased forty feet of old rope; he buried a pair of shoes; he caused to be turned in an alarm of fire; and lastly, he stole a shovel. Doc so contrived these exploits that no one of the four of them was aware of the existence of the three others; and also—or so he hoped—so that nobody in the world was aware of any of them excepting of the innocent purchase of old rope.

He bought the rope in the hardware store early in the evening and, with his arm through the coil of it, stepped out upon the street. Under the shadow of the awning he discovered a tiny figure, which might have been that of a child, but was in reality the person of Colonel Tip. The colonel stood a full two feet six inches in his stockinged feet, and had been famous as the leading man in a company of Lilliputians until a desire for ease and the possession of a competency urged him to retire from public life. He therefore settled in St. Croix, his birthplace, with a satisfying balance in the bank, manners acquired by observing the crowned heads of Europe, and a sound appreciation of good tailoring. Now he observed Doc Roper and the article carried over his arm. He cleared his throat.

"I trust," he said in his somewhat reedy voice, "that you have at last seen the advisability of hanging yourself." Which is some indication of the state of the colonel's affections with respect to Doc.

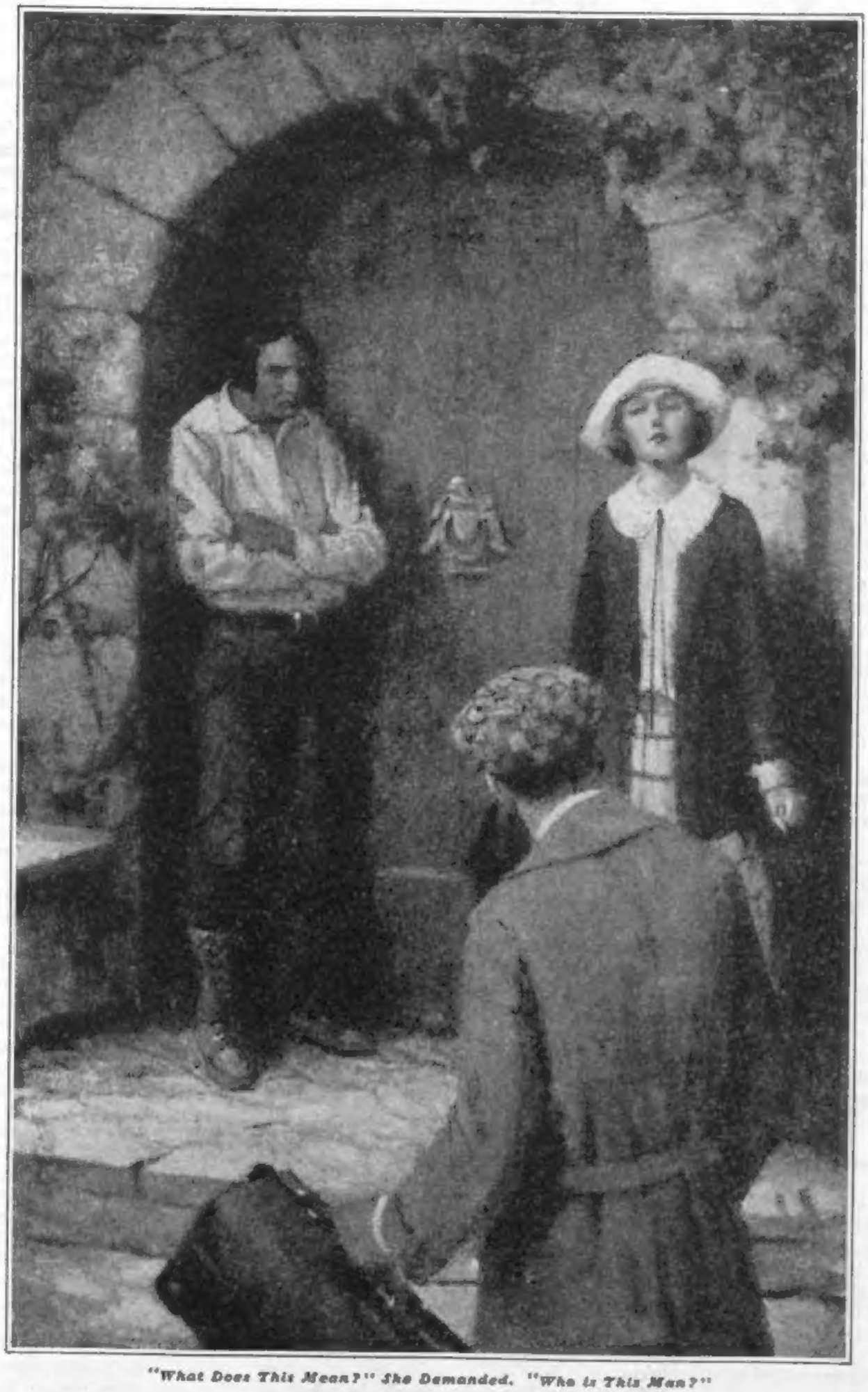
The *ci-devant* veterinary attempted no rejoinder, but lifted his heavy body into his buggy and drove down the muddy street. He turned to the right, toward the railroad, then circled to the left, across the river and around the huge De Marsay Mills and the slanting towers of drying pine and spruce which surrounded them. He was a man in whom conversation dried up and perished before it reached his lips; therefore he addressed to his horse only such words as were calculated for its instruction or to remind the creature in what low esteem he held it as a piece of horseflesh. Half an hour's drive carried Doc to a spot he might have reached directly in five minutes. It was a low spot, and the young spruces grew thickly to the very roadside. On the hill above him bulked the four-turreted mass of Château de Marsay, built and occupied by old André de Marsay in a not unsuccessful effort to reproduce in that environment the thing his imagination craved.

Doc Roper stood up in his buggy to peer about with sluggish eyes. He was alone. Having assured his apprehensions of this he lifted the coil of rope, peered at it with a dull stubborn curiosity, and tossed it into the bushes toward the château. This done, and a moment consumed in noting the spot on which it fell, he reseated himself, spoke briefly to his horse and jogged along the uneven road.

Some twenty minutes later he hitched his horse to the fence of a patient and entered the house to bestow the boon of certain dark egg-shaped pills which experience had instructed him were sovereign remedy for numerous complaints, and which, failing to benefit, at least worked no harm. Having thus established his presence in this locality by credible witnesses he issued from the house by the side door. It was at this time he committed the theft of the shovel. It leaned conveniently against the house, and Doc's hand closed over its shaft. He held it close to his body for purposes of concealment, and on reaching his buggy stowed it away in the bottom under the seat and covered it with a robe.

He drove to his house now, which was also his office, and there he found waiting for him a shock-headed, watery-eyed individual whom he addressed as Jim. It seemed Jim was pestered with chills. It was an ailment Doc was competent to treat on the spot, and he did so with repeated doses from a quart bottle, to the end that Jim quite forgot his chills in a mellow light of intoxication. In fact, Jim became lively, cheerful and desirous of high adventure.

"Le's take walk," said Jim, "and see if we can't start fight."



"What Does This Mean?" She Demanded. "Who Is This Man?"

This suggestion fitted snugly into Doc's evening, and the pair left the house together. They walked, under Doc's guidance, to a corner of the public common, where, suspended between two posts, was a great iron tire and a bar of iron. It was a device capable of strident clamor in the emergency of fire. Doc called attention to it.

"Makes a devilish noise," he said.

"Like devilish noises," responded Jim. "Lemme at it. Give it devilish hammerin'."

Jim crossed the street, seized the bar and smote the tire. Before the reverberations of that first blow merged into the second stroke Doc absented himself from that place,

leaving Jim to work his evil will and to summon his fellow townsmen from comfortable beds in answer to his clamorous alarum. Doc, hastening about his business, considered with satisfaction the axiom that a village rushing to an alarm of fire has scant attention to bestow upon other matters.

It was midnight when Doc reëntered his house by the back door. He tarried in the shed to remove his shoes, which were caked, not with the yellow mud of the roads, but with sticky, clinging, malodorous black muck. He endeavored to scrape them clean with a stick, but saw the futility of it. Therefore he swept up carefully such of the muck as had fallen on the floor, wrapped it and the shoes in a newspaper, put on his rubber boots, and with another shovel than the one he had stolen he buried the package in his turnip bed.

Having accomplished these sundry exploits, and in a manner satisfactory to himself, he sought the comfort of a cigar and a glass of liquor before retiring. There was none to interfere with this mild pleasure, for Doc was a widower and childless. He leaned back in his rocking-chair, stretched his stockinged feet for comfort and studied the future.

While Doc Roper sat thus imagining a vain thing, Colonel Tip walked pompously up and down the worn floor of the office of the hotel, smoking a cigar of such magnitude that the mere handling of it was a feat of strength. A four-and-a-half-inch cigar is to a man thirty inches tall as a ten-and-a-fifth-inch cigar would be to a man of five feet eight inches. He was concerned with the present.

Anthony Bracken, brother of old André de Marsay's second wife, lay restless in his bed considering the future with apprehension.

Yvonne de Marsay lay upon the softest of feather beds in the Hotel Chapeau Rouge in Dijon, hard by the ancient palace of the dukes of Burgundy, and so gracious was her sleep that not even a dream ventured to disturb it. No skeptical host had secreted a pea beneath her mattress to test if she were a real princess, for no host could endure the loveliness of her violet eyes, her piquant face, her proud youthful slenderness, and refuse to be convinced that she was fairly entitled to be a princess whether she were one or not.

And finally John Thorne, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, approached the village of St. Croix in a hired automobile to seek his fortune—and a certain other object. It was because of the age and disrepair of the vehicle's tires that John was arriving at so unseasonable an hour.

The light in Doc Roper's window, being the only visible sign of life in St. Croix, is to be thanked for a meeting between these two men, which otherwise might not have taken place for some time.

John Thorne alighted from his car and rapped at the door. Doc, aroused from dreams of ease and pleasant dalliance in some more clement region, answered the summons with impatience.

"Will you be so good," said John Thorne, "as to direct me to a hotel?"

"Three squares straight ahead, two to the left," said Doc Roper morosely, and shut the door in the young man's face.

Young Thorne followed these succinct directions meticulously, for his strong young body was demanding sleep. At the hitching block of the hotel he dismissed the hired car, paid its driver, and carried a large kit bag into the office.

Its sole occupant was Colonel Tip, upon whom the young man looked with some astonishment.

"Good evening," he said.

Colonel Tip glanced at the clock. "Good morning," he said in the tone one makes use of to correct a child.

"I accept the amendment. Are you the proprietor?"

"I, sir, am Colonel Tip. The proprietor is asleep."

"In that event how does one go about it to get a bed?"

"There's nobody in Room One Thousand Six," said Colonel Tip.

"One Thousand Six!" The young man permitted surprise to appear in his voice.

"A man can number rooms in his hotel the way he wants to," said Colonel Tip.

"Certainly."

"It was done," said the colonel, "to please me."

"Indeed?"

"I have been accustomed to huge hotels—in every civilized country on the globe. When I go to my room, which is Number Two Thousand and Eight, I feel at home. I could never accustom myself to sleeping in Room Eight. Drummer? What's your line?"

"I'm not a drummer," said Thorne.

"Um."

"I am now," said Thorne, "a permanent part of the population of this village."

Colonel Tip lifted himself on his toes, tilted his hat to the back of his head and scrutinized Thorne as if he were some strange creature hitherto unclassified by science.

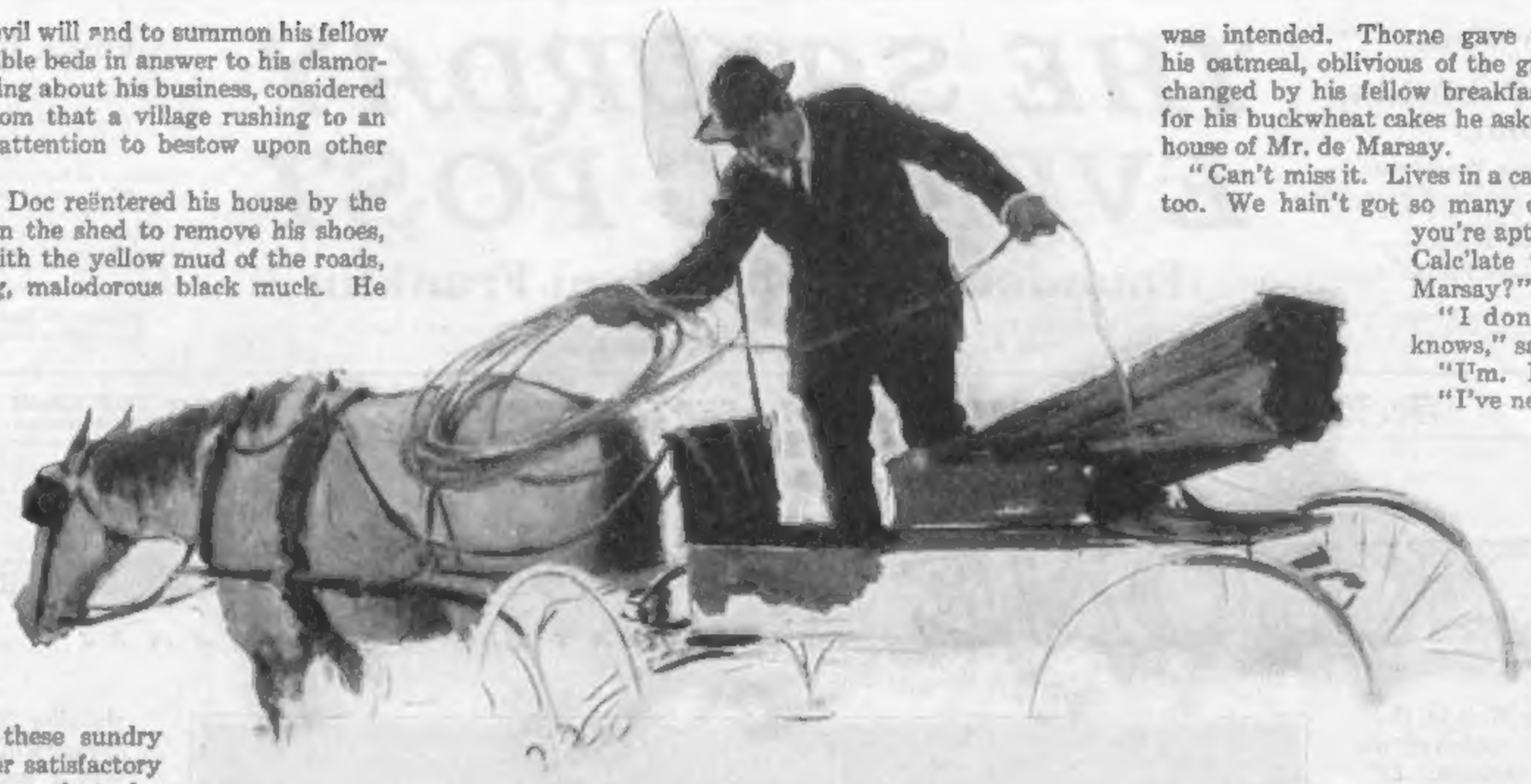
"Permanent?" he demanded.

"Permanent," said Thorne.

Colonel Tip's hand went to his vest pocket; it drew forth the twin of the cigar he was smoking and tendered it to the young man.

"Smoke!" he said graciously.

And such was John Thorne's welcome to the village of St. Croix.



Doc Roper Stood Up in His Buggy to Peer About With Sluggish Eyes. He Was Alone

II

COLONEL TIP had advertised the advent of a permanent resident, in consequence of which John Thorne discovered himself to be regarded with peculiar interest when he entered the dining room next morning. The regulars, of whom there were half a dozen, craned their necks to scrutinize a young man who was an inch better than six feet without his shoes, but who did not look his size because of admirable proportions. His hair was the kind that threatens to become red without ever actually accomplishing it. His face was not handsome, nor was it so homely as to be fascinating. It erred a trifle on the side of gravity. There was nothing roguish about it. Pop Peake, proprietor of the hotel, leaned forward and whispered to Colonel Tip that the newcomer was a sober-lookin' coot. There was disappointment in this observation, for Pop reveled in humor, particularly of the commercial-traveler brand.

"Set right here," Pop called, kicking out a chair at his table. "Fust course is your choice of oatmeal. Second course, any kind of buckwheat flapjacks with sirup. Eggs to order if the hens wa'n't practicin' equal suffrage yestiddy."

"Thank you," said Thorne, who settled into the chair after nodding to the other breakfasters.

"Er—if you'd signed the register," said Pop, "what name would you of wrote?"

"John Thorne."

"Good plain name," said Pop.

"It wouldn't make any difference," said John seriously, "if you were to call baked beans chocolate blanc mange. They'd still be beans."

Pop thought this over briefly and then smote the table mightily. "B'gosh!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Often git off things like that?"

"Why," said Thorne with some perplexity, "I'm sure I don't know. It just seemed to fit in."

"The colonel here says you aim to be permanent."

"I aim," said John, "but I don't always hit."

Pop was delighted. Here was someone worth listening to. The best of it was the young feller didn't seem to know he was getting off things. Just popped 'em out without thinkin'.

"What's your line of business?" he asked.

"Know anything about bees?" Thorne countered.

"Bees? You come to the right store. Kep' 'em all my life. Know 'em from A to Izzard."

"You never found out about them by asking a bee, did you? You learned by watching them."

This was not offered as a rebuff. Indeed it was said very courteously and with an admirable sobriety. Nobody could take offense when it was so patent nothing offensive was intended. Thorne gave undivided attention to his oatmeal, oblivious of the grimaces and glances exchanged by his fellow breakfasters. While he waited for his buckwheat cakes he asked to be directed to the house of Mr. de Marsay.

"Can't miss it. Lives in a castle that he calls a shattoo. We hain't got so many castles hereabouts that you're apt to go to the wrong one. Calc'late to go to work for De Marsay?"

"I don't think either of us knows," said Thorne.

"Um. Know De Marsay?"

"I've never seen him."

"Didn't figger you did or you wouldn't have said 'either of us.' There hain't no 'either' when De Marsay's in the talk. There's jest him."

While John Thorne was discovering what buckwheat cakes can be when issuing from the hand of an artist, Colonel Tip assumed the conversational baton and led the orchestra.

"I had high hopes last night," he said, turning in his high chair and fixing one after another of his auditors with a Daniel Webster sort of frown. "Ahem. Saw Doc buy him a length of old rope."

"Must 'a' changed his mind after he got it over the limb," said Pop, "'cause I seen him this mornin'."

"He is the kind of man," said the colonel, "who wouldn't buy new rope to hang himself. If he was going to take poison he'd wait for a sale of Paris green."

That was that, as natives of St. Croix would put it. It was a well-rounded conversational incident, complete and perfect of its kind. Nowhere in the world has conversation as conversation been lifted to a higher, more artistic perfection than in the Northern New England villages, of which St. Croix is a satisfactory example.

"I hear tell," offered the stage driver, Peddy by name, "that ol' De Marsay's granddaughter's about due to be headin' home from furrin parts."

"Been gone more'n a year," contributed Pop reflectively. "Bet she made them kings and queens step around some. Kind of figgered mebby she'd marry her the Prince of Wales and fetch him back home."

"Nothin' too good f'r a De Marsay," said Peddy as if quoting.

"A beautiful girl," said Colonel Tip, speaking as a man of the world and an accepted *arbiter elegantiarum*—a local Petronius. "A lovely girl."

"'Tain't her fault, I calc'late, if the ol' man's taught her the De Marsays hain't made of meat and bone like ord'nary folks," said Pop charitably.

During this exchange John Thorne had forgone the delights of buckwheat to listen. His eyes illuminated themselves so that they seemed almost out of place in his grave, rather heavy face. It was like encountering a romantic passage in a treatise on paleolithic architecture. He arose, pushing back his chair.

"I expect a trunk by express today," he said, "and I'd like to make arrangements to keep my room for the time being."

"Go to the corner and turn to the right—if you're headin' for the castle," said Pop.

Presently John Thorne stepped out into his first day in St. Croix. It was a proper day, lavish with May sunshine and the music of dickey birds. The encircling hills, alternating forest and farmland, seemed a barrier erected for the purpose of containing St. Croix—not of shutting it in, but of shutting out the rest of the continent. He could hear the river making haste over its stony bed. He could see the white houses of the village, scattered like clean sheep in a pasture. His thought was that he stood in a miniature universe, self-sufficing, set apart with deliberate intent, and pursuing objects of its own choosing. He could imagine St. Croix issuing a declaration of independence from any sovereignty except itself. As a matter of fact, it had done so in some degree.

What he saw, however, was not a universe. It was a principality—a feudal domain. It was ruled from the house toward which his steps carried him, and old André de Marsay, upon whom he was about to call, was dispenser of its justice, the high, the middle and the low. Thorne was not, as he fancied, looking upon a New England township; his eyes were delighted by the beauties of a feudal seigniory, duplicating, so far as André de Marsay's will and imagination could compel, manners and customs and conditions as they had existed in the day of the Fifteenth Louis.

He crossed the bridge and climbed the eminence upon which De Marsay had erected his stronghold. It was a

square keep of white sandstone, protected at its four corners by conical-topped towers, a handsome, symmetrical, eye-compelling residence of which any man might well be proud. There was nothing dark or gloomy about it, no suggestion of dank dungeons, but rather a hint of gayety, of debonair gentlemen who fought joyously and loved romantically. Louis the Well-Beloved might have sojourned within its walls during his youth, before a fearsome piety and terror of death dulled the dance music in his heart and covered with ashes his love for fair women.

From the high-arched doorway one could survey the domain in its entirety. John Thorne paused upon the steps, as André de Marsay must have paused many times during the forty years that had passed since he had completed the transmutation of his dream into enduring stone. Now his face was not heavy, not weighted with sobriety. It glowed as his eyes had glowed.

As he stood he was an anomaly—a serious-minded young man whose heart was dancing upon moonbeams. He made one think of a knight-errant mounted upon a steam roller. He was animated by romance, but he would pursue romance with the inexorability of a bill collector.

He dropped the knocker against the iron-bound door and waited. A stout, personable woman of middle age responded to his summons. She was strangely modern and material to set well upon Thorne's fairy-tale humor.

"I hope," he said, "I am not too early for Mr. de Marsay."

"He hain't up yit," she said. "I'm told"—she paused, and bore down upon the word as if it contained a grievance—"I'm told he's sick."

"I'm sorry. Will you say Mr. Thorne called and will return later in the day?" Before the woman could respond a voice called from spaces within—a male voice, unctuous, with a tenor quality—"Who is it, Mrs. Whidden? What's wanted?"

"Man to see Mr. de Marsay."

"What man?"

"Stranger." Mrs. Whidden surveyed John critically. "Not a workin'man."

There appeared beside the housekeeper a man of middle age and of rather more than middle weight. He had the look of one who thinks in dollars and cents—a banker sort of look. He presented to the world a face unadorned by hirsute accessories—a man, John estimated, with a passion for frankness and openness, who eschewed whiskers because they savored of disguise.

"You wished to see Mr. de Marsay?"

"By appointment," said John.

"Indeed? He is ill. Perhaps there is something I can do. I am Anthony Bracken, Mr. de Marsay's brother-in-law, and his business manager."

Thorne acknowledged his confession of identity and mentioned his own name.

"I take it your coming is on a matter of business," said Bracken.

"You might call it so. Has Mr. de Marsay mentioned my name?"

"I do not recall it."

"In that event," said John, "I think it would be better for me to call later in the day."

"You will not be able to see Mr. de Marsay today. He is ill."

"Then tomorrow," said Thorne.

"Nor tomorrow. I fear it will be some time before he will be able to give attention to business."

"Then his illness is serious?"

"Not serious, I would say," Bracken said judicially. "No—monotonous, I would put it. The doctor says he will be confined to his room for some time."

"If it is not serious—an indisposition—I am sure he will see me if you will have my name taken in to him."

"I fear not. He is not free from eccentricities. Rather jealous of his appearance. Yes, indeed! He is not at his best, and consequently would refuse to face a stranger. I assure you I have his confidence. As a matter of fact, he has shifted the burden of his business onto my shoulders of late, and gives it little attention himself."

"But I had a letter from him only a day or two ago."

"He was taken rather suddenly after his dinner last night," said Bracken. "If you saw him your business would only be referred to me."

"I rather fancy," said Thorne, "that mine is a matter he would not vote by proxy. Thank you for your courtesy, but I fear I must wait for Mr. de Marsay's recovery."

"I can give you no assurances," said Bracken.

"I shall be as patient as I can."

"It may be a matter of weeks."

"If," said Thorne, "it were a matter of years, I should still wait. Good morning, and thank you again."

He turned away, retracing his steps down the hill, thinking as he walked. "Mr. Bracken," he said, "I am prepossessed against you. I don't know why, but I don't like you. It may be you are an exemplary citizen, a good provider and an indulgent father, but you brush my hair against the grain. I'll bet you're a good manager, a fine watchdog of the treasury, and the sort who would open the boss' private mail by mistake. Well, if the no-seeums aren't too thick I can go fishing."

Mr. Bracken exhibited a lively interest in John Thorne. He spent valuable time searching De Marsay's desk and the letter files for correspondence with the young man, but found not a scrap. There must be correspondence, for Thorne had spoken of it. What was its nature, that De Marsay had taken such pains to leave no trace about where it might be read? It intrigued Mr. Bracken, who did not like mysteries. They were abhorrent to his frank, open nature.

III

JOHN THORNE discovered, bit by bit, during the next few weeks that if André de Marsay was a despot he was for the most part a benevolent despot. He combined in his person, and had done so, as Mr. Blackstone puts it, from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the dignities of first selectman and justice of the peace. Unofficially he was also the legislature. He therefore made the laws, interpreted them and put them in execution. When one considers how he paid some 90 per cent of the taxes, and by his industries supported 100 per cent of the citizenry, either directly or indirectly, it will be seen he ruled with some color of justice.

He had seen to it that his subjects were provided with as many modern improvements as could be crowded into so small a measure as St. Croix. Electric light was one of his gifts to local civilization, but inasmuch as it was his invariable custom to retire at ten o'clock the power was shut off at fifteen minutes after that hour nightly. Roisterers who desired to squander, in pleasure, hours more properly devoted to sleep were compelled to have recourse to kerosene. He was also proprietor of the telephone company, which linked together half a dozen straggling communities. The water works were an appendage of the crown. Even the motion pictures, of which André was a rigid censor, were a royal appurtenance. There was no courthouse, because wherever De Marsay's person chanced to be found was the court room.

The village, Thorne became aware, was not restless under this usurpation. It was content. On the whole it got more than it paid for, and on the side of justice De Marsay's rulings were held in esteem. He was a rigid, unbending old man, convinced of the divine right of the De Marsays to rule. But he was just, almost ferociously honorable, childishly proud of name and lineage, and staunchly loyal to his subjects. Who wronged a citizen of St. Croix wronged De Marsay. He was capable of exchanging diplomatic notes with a foreign power on the subject. This was so true that if a citizen of St. Croix rendered himself amenable to the pains and penalties of an adjoining village he was never incarcerated in the local calaboose, but was driven with all haste to St. Croix, where De Marsay attended to his case.

Now for some three weeks he had been invisible, confined to his room by an illness whose nature was not made public. Anthony Bracken administered as regent, exhibiting to any who questioned his authority a general power of attorney from De Marsay. He was thus enabled to carry on the large affairs of his principal without hindrance, for under his power he could bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm. John Thorne considered this fact gravely and came to the conclusion that De Marsay placed a remarkable confidence in his brother-in-law.

Curiosity agitated St. Croix. The post office, the hotel, the depot were backwaters of discussion and conjecture, postulation, surmise and innuendo. Minor events churned the village into frothy conceits. The first of these events—and if you know St. Croix you would perceive it to be not such a minor event after all—was the employment of Doc Roper as De Marsay's physician, and the exclusion of the doctor from the house.

Even a metropolis dotes upon a mystery. The enjoyment of a mystery seems to increase in inverse ratio as the seat of its existence diminishes in population. Undoubtedly De Marsay's illness presented elements of mystery. His malady had fallen suddenly upon him; its nature was concealed. But—and when this point came to the surface tongues waggled vociferously—nobody had seen De Marsay since the night of his seizure; nobody excepting Doc Roper and Anthony Bracken. Callers had been denied, as we have seen John Thorne was denied.

Even Mrs. Whidden, who had been De Marsay's housekeeper these ten years, had been refused admittance to his room. Of this she complained bitterly and without tiring of the subject. With an openness that was more credit to her courage than her discretion, she proclaimed that "suthin' was wrong."

(Continued on Page 65)

Yvonne Went to the Door and Peered Down the Hall. Jean Stood Before Her Grandfather's Door, Motionless as a Statue

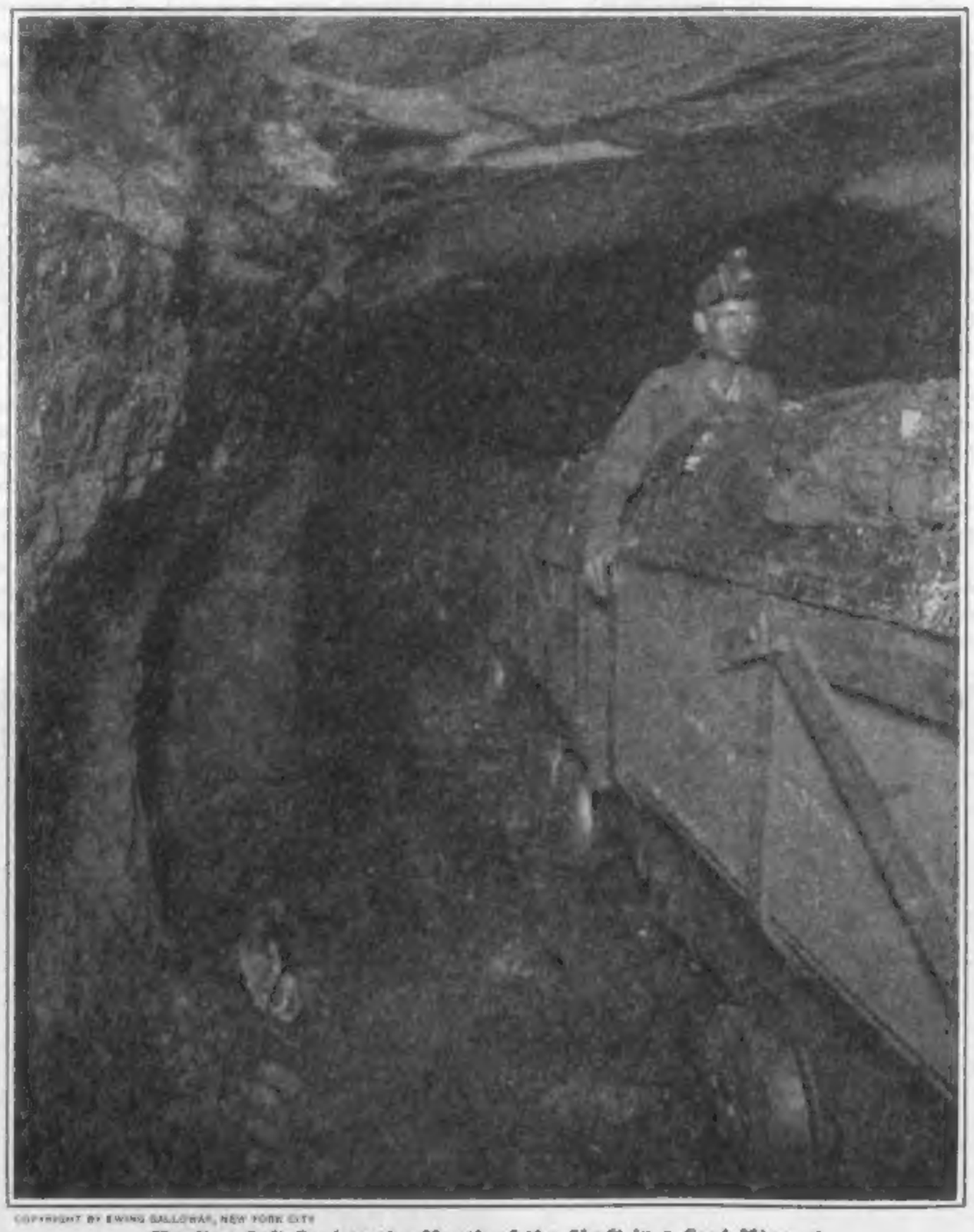
COAL ECONOMIES

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE two great questions of the day relate to fuel. The first is concerned with ways and means to economize on coal, coke and gas; the second is with regard to remedies that will effectively and forever cure our great national coal evil. Because we have such enormous quantities of coal stored away in our mountains and plains Americans generally have never really given serious effort or thought to fuel-economy measures, and the nation has become the champion coal waster of the world. It is only in times of famine that the country awakens to the truth that bituminous coal is the foundation upon which this nation's social and industrial life has been erected. Without soft coal practically every important industry except agriculture would be obliged to shut down, and even our farmers would be compelled to carry on their operations in the primitive ways followed by our ancestors. Stop the flow of coal, and soon our cities would be deserted, for there would be no transportation, food or water.

With mines and equipment capable of producing more coal each year than all the rest of the world combined, we are again facing the certainty of a fuel shortage here in America this winter. Coal is our most abundant and most valuable resource, and the capacity of the industry as a whole is one-third greater than is needed to satisfy our average requirements. Yet we have failed utterly to profit by our past experiences, sad as they have been, and the other nations of the earth are presented with the absurd spectacle of a mighty people with practically unlimited fuel supplies suffering physically and financially because they have never learned how to run their most essential business.

Before we talk of a cure for this deplorable situation let us seek to find ways to relieve our immediate emergency. Even in normal times only 6 per cent of all the coal we produce goes to foreign countries, and of this small total approximately 3 per cent goes to Canada by rail. Although this winter Canada may still get a small tonnage from American mines it is safe to say that practically all our output for months to come will be used at home. Our production of anthracite is used almost exclusively in American homes for heating and cooking, and this winter hard coal will count for little or not at all in industry. As for our bituminous production, 28 per cent of it is used by the railroads; industrials, other than steel and coke plants, normally require 25 per cent of our soft-coal output; the steel plants require about 20 per cent, either in the form of coal or coke; domestic consumers use 10 per cent, and public utilities need 7 per cent. The remainder of our bituminous production is exported, used at the mines, or goes for bunkering ships.



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Hauling Soft Coal to the Mouth of the Shaft in a Coal Mine at Marion, Illinois

The Results of a Fuel Famine

HERE we can see at a glance just which classes of consumers must make the greatest sacrifices and bear the burden of curtailing consumption, in case of a fuel famine such as now threatens. In normal times the railroads consume coal at the rate of 150,000,000 tons annually. This means that each week our carriers require 3,000,000 tons of coal. Even in case of a fuel shortage the railroads will demand their full allotment of coal, and they will doubtless get it, for the curtailment of transportation would be ordered only as a last resort. Likewise, it is to be expected that public utilities will have their fuel needs supplied, so here we have a demand for approximately 40,000,000 more tons annually, or about 800,000 tons each week. The coal mines themselves consume 250,000 tons of coal weekly in carrying on their operations, so we may estimate conservatively that our railroads, utilities and mines will demand and receive 4,000,000 tons of coal each week out of whatever total is produced.

In a year of average business activity the industries of the United States, exclusive of transportation and public utilities, require at least 260,000,000 tons of coal to satisfy their requirements. The steel industry alone consumes approximately 100,000,000 tons of coal and coke annually. Domestic consumers ordinarily use about 57,000,000 tons, but this year, with a serious shortage in anthracite, domestic requirements will total at least 65,000,000 tons. Therefore it is safe to assume that our total industrial and domestic requirements for bituminous coal amount to 325,000,000 tons each year, or more than 6,000,000 tons a week. It is plain, therefore, that the nation's production of soft coal must average 10,000,000 tons weekly or there must be a curtailment of industry. If there has been no surplus of coal accumulated during the summer months, then an output of 10,000,000 tons a week during the fall and winter is insufficient, for industry cannot proceed normally on a hand-to-mouth basis.

In a situation such as now exists as a result of the long coal strike, both anthracite and bituminous will be distributed under priority rulings, and nonessential industries will be deprived of fuel if there is not enough to go around. Some of the same industries that were hit by the coal shortage during the war may suffer again this winter. The steel industry, which was on the priority list, will not now get such preferential treatment, and will have to take its chances the same as other lines of business. The unfortunate fact is that here in America our industries are so closely interrelated that a slowing down of one business generally produces effects that are unlooked for and frequently far reaching. If there is insufficient coal there will be insufficient steel, and the construction program of the railroads will have to be curtailed. A shortage of coal means a shortage of cement, brick, farm implements, chemicals, ice, food, paper and dozens of other commodities that are in everyday use.

For example, let us take cement manufacture. This is only one of many industries that are at the mercy of the fuel supply. A heat of more than 2500 degrees Fahrenheit is required to burn the raw materials in the big cement kilns. Later large quantities of coal are needed to grind the hard-burned clinkers into finished cement. In practically every stage of cement making, coal is used. In a modern plant, 200 pounds of coal is consumed in producing one barrel—376 pounds—of finished cement. This means that when the price of coal advances one dollar per ton, it costs an average of ten cents more per barrel to make cement. Right now any number of cement companies are using coal that was brought in from distant fields at a cost of several dollars more per ton than is normally paid for coal. The cement industry is the largest user of pulverized coal in the United States, and the fourth or fifth largest consumer of raw bituminous. Last year, in a time of slack business, the cement industry burned 7,400,000 tons of soft coal. When this industry curtails production because of inadequate supplies of fuel the building industry immediately feels the effect, and also the construction of roads is hampered. Only 5000 miners are required to produce all the coal used by the cement industry, but if this small group of workers fails to turn out the necessary fuel ten to twenty times as many men are rendered idle.

It is not necessary to devote any considerable amount of space to statements urging the importance of coal in our industrial life. What is true in the cement business is likewise true in most other lines of manufacturing. It takes four tons of coal to make a ton of steel. When we build one 8000-ton steel ship the coal consumed in this work totals more than 13,000 tons. Even the ice that goes in the household refrigerator has necessitated the burning of coal in its manufacture.

How to Reduce Waste

SINCE the burden of saving coal in coming months must fall on industry chiefly and be so costly to the nation through slowing down trade, it is of vital importance that every possible effort be made to get the most out of each pound of coal that is available. The railroads of the country are the greatest wasters of fuel, not only because they can get their coal before anyone else, but because it costs them less than most other businesses. But in a time like the present the fuel practices of the country's carriers should be carefully observed, with the idea of forcing these corporations to go the limit in exercising economy. Ten years ago the fuel bill of the American railroads was only $224,000,000 for the year. In 1919 this charge for fuel had risen to $665,000,000, and it is likely that at the present time, with advanced prices, the railroads are purchasing coal at a rate of yearly cost no lower than that of 1919.

The annual fuel requirement of the country's transportation systems, if coupled in a single train, would have a length of 26,260 miles. Moving at a constant speed of twenty miles an hour this train would require fifty-five days to pass a given point. Consuming such an enormous quantity of coal, and paying more than $500,000,000 each year for it, it would seem natural to suppose that our railroads would have introduced methods designed to cut out all possible fuel waste.

During the war a careful study of the railroad fuel situation was commenced by competent experts, and although not completed, because of the termination of the war, it was carried along far enough to bring out a number of startling facts. Among other things, it was shown that each unnecessary stop made by a heavy freight or passenger train represents a fuel loss of 500 to 1500 pounds of coal. A brake-line air leak on a heavy freight train will often result in the waste of more than a ton of coal in a ten-hour period. Other losses result from using a poor grade of sand, making it impossible to keep the locomotives from slipping on bad rails; from oversized shovels, which encourage the extravagant use of coal; from failure to bank fires properly in locomotives when the engines are standing idle; and from the profligate use of fuel in stationary plants and about railroad properties, where it is not uncommon to see long steam lines with the pipe surfaces almost entirely exposed.

Almost everyone is familiar with the fact that the electrification of our railroads would save the nation no less than 80,000,000 tons of coal annually, or more than one-half the total quantity of fuel used by all the country's industries except transportation and steel making. The truth is that if all our railroads were electrified the annual

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FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

By H. H. KOHLSAAT

xxxv

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S preconvention work for Secretary of War Taft was active up to the day of his nomination, June 18, 1908, in Chicago.

Taft was nominated on the first and only ballot taken. Bryan was again and for the third time the Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

Taft was elected November 3, 1908, receiving 321 electoral votes to Bryan's 162. With the exception of Roosevelt's plurality of about 2,545,500, in 1904, Taft received the largest plurality that any President had ever received, some 1,269,800 votes.

Mr. Taft arrived in Washington early in November, 1908, to close up some of his War Department duties. He had resigned June thirtieth, but had some loose ends to adjust.

I called on President Roosevelt the end of November. He saw me in the cabinet room, waiting for the French ambassador to finish his audience.

As the ambassador left Roosevelt cried out, "Oh, H. H., come here, I want to show you something. This morning as I read my Bible I came across these verses in Ecclesiastes. I got a small Bible, marked them, and sent the Bible to Will Taft."

Solomon said in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth verses:

> Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.
>
> Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.
>
> And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity.

xxxvi

IN AUGUST, 1911, I received a note from Colonel Roosevelt asking me to wire him on leaving Chicago for New York. He wanted me to lunch with him in the Outlook office and meet his associates. I did as requested and found a message at the Holland House on my arrival inviting me to lunch the next day, which was a Friday. As I remember, the colonel told me it was the first luncheon they had served in the Outlook office.

After the meal we went into his room. He told his secretary, Mr. Harper, not to ring his telephone or knock on the door until he opened it. We at once plunged into the subject of the increasing coolness between President Taft and himself. I asked him what was the cause of the apparent break in their relations.

The colonel said when Taft was elected in 1908 he came to Washington to gather up some loose ends in the War Department, from which he resigned as Secretary of War, June 30, 1908. He said more than half of Loeb's time was taken by people calling, writing or telephoning for an appointment with Taft. He said senators and congressmen dropped him completely and hunted for Taft. They paid no attention to him and took no interest in bills he was anxious to have passed before the end of his term.

I told him that was human nature, that "The king is dead; long live the king," applied to Presidents as well as kings.

The colonel continued: "I was very anxious to have Jimmie Garfield and Oscar Straus retained in the cabinet, Garfield to carry out my policies, especially the conservation policies. Taft promised me he would appoint them, and they went ahead with their plans to remain in the cabinet, but were very much surprised a short time before inauguration, March 4, 1909, to be told he had decided to appoint men of his own selection."

After Roosevelt recited some inconsequential annoyances I said, "Do you know you have not given one good, valid reason for breaking with your old friend, Taft? You forced his nomination on the country and should be the last to desert him." I continued: "I'll tell you what is the trouble: You foolishly issued a statement the night of your election in 1904, saying you would not be a candidate in 1908 for what you called a third term, which was not a third term, as you were serving out McKinley's second term. You could have been renominated easily if it had not been for that declaration. You then chose Taft to be your successor, expecting him to look to you for advice and guidance. Naturally, he wanted to be President on his own hook and appoint a cabinet of his own choosing."

Roosevelt screwed up his mouth and said, "I would cut that hand right off here"—putting his finger on his wrist—"if I could have recalled that statement."

Without telling Roosevelt I was going to Washington I took the Congressional Limited that afternoon.

I had promised my friend, Cyrus H. McCormick, to arrange an interview, if possible, in the White House some evening between President Taft, Mr. McCormick, John P. Wilson and Edgar A. Bancroft, of the International Harvester Company, with the Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, present, so I called on President Taft the next day about noon.

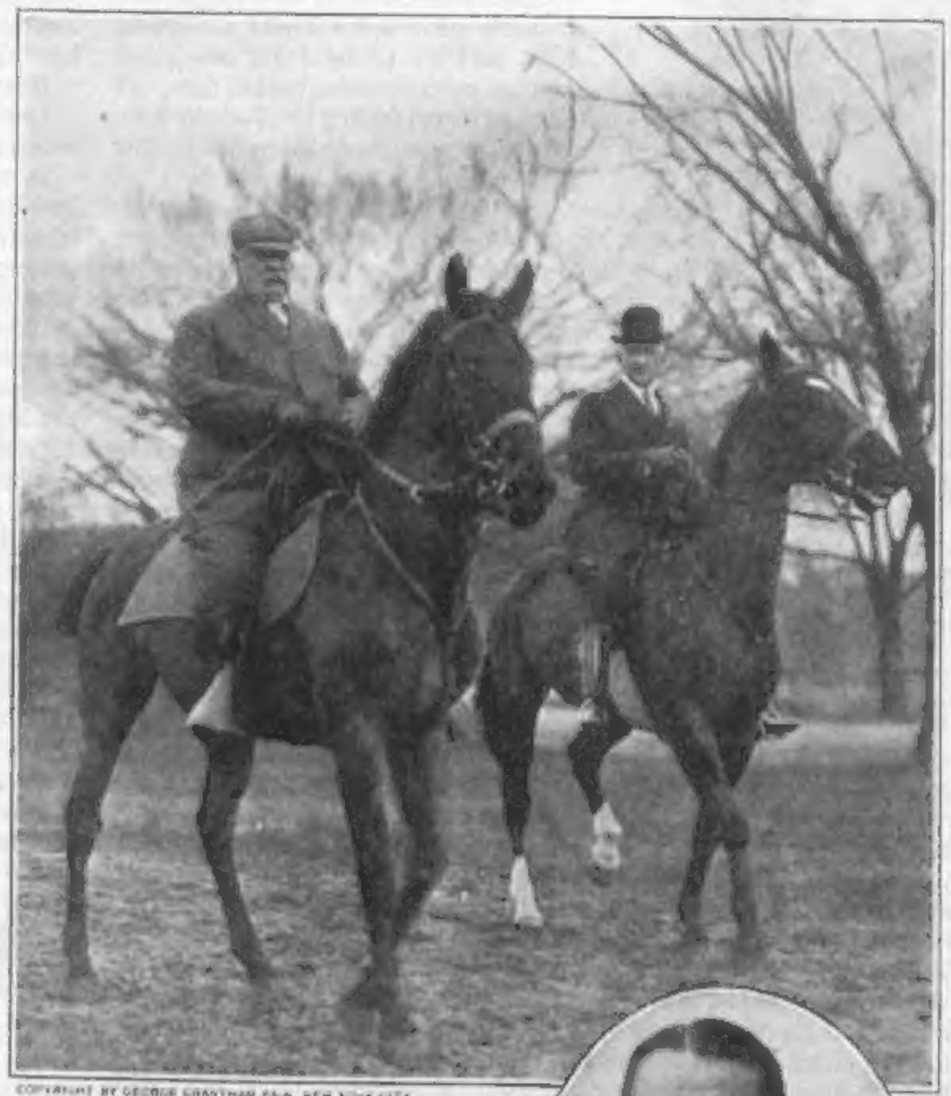
After arranging a date for an evening meeting the President said, "Have you a luncheon engagement? If not come back at 1:30; only Mrs. Taft and some of the school friends of the children will be present."

After luncheon the President led the way to the White House porch and said, "I want to have a frank talk with you. You are a great friend of Colonel Roosevelt's. Through some misunderstanding he feels hurt with me. I must have done something that displeased him very much. Knowingly I have never done anything to hurt his feelings. I may have been tactless, but not intentionally would I do anything to displease him. I owe him everything. He is responsible for my being President. I am so distressed it keeps me awake nights."

The President showed considerable emotion. His eyes filled with tears. I said, "Your failure to appoint Garfield and Straus to cabinet positions, as you promised Roosevelt, made him mad."

"But I didn't promise to appoint them!" answered Taft. "I don't know where you get your information, but you are entirely wrong!"

(Continued on Page 44)



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President Taft Used to Keep Fit by Frequenting the Bridle Path

At Right—Henry W. Taft
Below—William H. Taft and His Family

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The Man Who Never Smiled

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

It Couldn't be a Dream. Now He Could See Her Standing by the Phonograph

FROM Belleair, that pleasing winter colony on the west coast of Florida, the run to Tampa is a trifle for any expensive car. The route, swinging northward about the swampy region of old Tampa Bay, does not touch Rawl's Mill. But if you miss a turning the shell pike fades deceptively into plain country road and then into sandy ruts twisting among pine trees; and Florida sand is no trifle, especially for an expensive car. A tin lizzie might skitter and bounce over, but your heavy limousine must plow through, spending its power on stuff that shifts like mercury. Tall dreary trees lurch all about you and there is no human soul to tell your chauffeur which way Tampa lies.

Vexed, you direct him to turn back. Being himself slightly vexed and too slightly acquainted with Florida sand, he tries with some violence to obey. The front wheels plow sidewise in the ruts, the rear wheels kick up much sand; something happens. And then nothing happens at all.

The chauffeur, investigating, reports, "Rear axle, ma'am."

Your companion relieves himself of short round words, and after that you learn what real silence feels like.

The trees, monotonously straight and tall, are unconcerned about your fate. Near by the trunks are scattered, but in the distance, wherever you look, they draw together like a solid cliff walling you in. No bird sings; there are no birds to sing. Not even a breeze whispers in those remote feathery tops. Silence, that is all. It crowds your voice back into your throat, makes you want to scream, do anything to break it.

Mercifully there comes a faint whistling sigh, a drifting mellow note far off; unless you know sawmills you do not recognize the snore of planers, the cough of the shotgun-feed exhaust, but any sign of life is welcome. It means help. How far away? The carpet of pine needles looks easy to walk on, and your nerves will not let you sit and wait among these lonely trees.

The walking proves heavier than you thought. The sounds retreat and retreat—and stop in one appalling concussion, not so much a noise as the sudden draining off of sound. Then a whistle screams, a voice of terror crying through the forest.

This happened to one lovely lady and one gallant golfer, a rather trying incident which doubtless they have already forgotten. It is Hugh Rawl who will never forget.

An emery wheel had a good deal to do with making Hugh Rawl what he was. Old Tom Rawl very properly meant that his son should know sawmilling from the ground up; indeed, at fifteen Hughey knew very little else. As helper in the filing room it was part of his job to tend the automatic grinder that sharpened the twelve-inch, forty-five-foot band saws, seeing that the grinding wheel fell accurately in each hooked gullet. He was seeing quite closely to this when the wheel, running at four thousand revolutions, flew into three pieces.

Unfortunate? Not entirely. Hughey was tough; he opened his eyes a few hours later and felt guilty because he was in bed in broad daylight, and tried to get up. And a wonderful thing happened. His father's own hands coaxed him back to the pillow, his father's own voice huskily soothed him, and he thought he saw tears on that hard weather-beaten face. A strange warm feeling thrilled the boy, lying there with nothing to do but get well.

Those weeks remained in Hughey's memory as a queerly happy time. A great doctor came from Jacksonville, a marvelously gentle man who could talk so that you forgot the pain; and old Tom never left the room but to hurry back, grinning to disguise his anxiety, sitting with Hughey through wakeful hours, talking to him—yes, even patting his hand. That was the only love that had ever shown itself to Hughey Rawl. He was tough. His face healed better than you would have expected. The scar wasn't terribly bad unless he laughed, so he learned not to laugh. You will hardly have friends without laughter, but Hughey had never had time for friends anyway; he didn't miss them especially. And in time he came to believe he had imagined that strange, warm, happy feeling about his father. It never came again.

A tree fell on old Tom Rawl, and stoically he died. Even at the last Hugh found no way to come near his father; he could only stand there like a stranger, stonily, because he knew what that scar did to his face when he lost self-control. Already he knew, without knowing why, that words could serve him only for the simplest needs. The world moved all about him and he couldn't touch it.

Old Tom's last words were for John Christian—the faithful John.

John was the sawyer and mill foreman, a combination possible in those days of leisurely production. A resentful little man whose eyes were often hot with fires that never found relief in speech; a competent man—if the mill had troubles in those days John shouldered them with few words to Hugh Rawl.

It isn't easy to confide in a man, especially a younger man, who never smiles. Even then the pine woods of Florida were not what they had been, but Rawl's were of the best that remained; the mill did well enough. But nobody thought of claiming any credit for Hugh, and when war came there was no reason why he shouldn't go. The bottom was out of the lumber market anyway.

The rebound to prosperity surprised them all. From John's labored letters he learned that the mill was running to full capacity sawing ship timbers; that Joe Peevy, the bookkeeper, had been drafted and that Hilda Christian had come from business school to take his place.

A woman in a sawmill office! He knew Hilda as he had known the children of all his father's employes, white and black; a flippant green-eyed girl with an astonishing supply of freckles. Keeping books! Men drifting in to sit about the cold stove and chew tobacco and talk lumber, spitting solemnly into the sawdust box under the stove; Hilda perched on Joe's stool, humped like Joe, turning like Joe to listen to the talk. Hugh embellished the fancy with a mental picture of Hilda's freckled chin quaintly moving upon a manly cud.

He amused himself with this, but he didn't smile. He never smiled. He had long ago forgotten how.

He learned that frenzied capitalists from Chicago were building a monstrous mill near Tarpon Springs, rushing to get in on the era of high prices and limitless demand. He knew the timber tracts they had bought, small tracts and scattered, nothing adequate for such a mill. No doubt these had been made to look respectable on paper—there is a theory current in the lumber trade that you can sell anything in Chicago if it has "Timber Bond" printed on it.

Hugh didn't smile.

It was not until he got home that he learned that there was nothing to smile about anyway.

It was true that the Great Northern Lumber Company had built a monstrous mill, true that they had been overtrustful of the timber supply in their haste to reap war prices; they made him an offer which he refused and forgot, having troubles of his own.

Ship timbers are big timbers, and big timbers mean money; but John, carried away, had grabbed ship-timber contracts with both hands, skinning the woods of the readily available big trees and leaving poor and costly logging to be done afterward.

The days of leisurely production were gone, yet John clung jealously to both his jobs—sawing and trying to boss the mill, spreading himself so thin that high-priced labor leaked away around all the edges. And John's attitude defied tactful discussion; always touchy, he was almost truculent now—no doubt from the strain of overwork.

It isn't easy to find fault with a man so diligent and faithful, especially if you cannot soften your words with a smile.

But the issue forced itself. Hugh, going into the mill at a quarter time when they were changing saws on the main rig, found John toiling at the twin engine that handled the log-carriage feed cable under the floor. That was the millwright's job.

He Murmured Broken Words Without Caring What He Meant to Say

Hugh asked mildly, "Where's Charley?"

"Best way to git a thing done's do it yourself."

Hugh hesitated and went on up the stairs. He watched the heavy burnished loop of the saw come dangling down from the filing loft and slip into place on the wheels; Ben Foster, the filer, adjusted the guides and the straining device, tested the taut blade and jerked the whistle cord.

The ponderous wheels began to turn, settling into a steady floor-shaking drone; the saw flowed singing through the guides, its long hooked teeth thinning to a swift blur, ready to slice boards from hard pine logs like cheese; the slanting deck was full of logs, the carriage crew climbed to their posts, men and machines waited for lumber—and still the sawyer's levers, the heart of the mill, stood idle.

Five minutes lost here, ten minutes there; Hugh remembered the disturbing total recorded by Hilda's accurate hand.

John came up the stairs and stepped into the sawyer's box—glancing suspiciously at Ben Foster and Hugh Rawl across the carriage track. He stamped the pedal that kicked a log onto the carriage, whipped the nigger lever in a vicious circle, so that the heavy log leaped and spun and shook the mill as it slammed savagely into the blocks; threw over the feed lever and began to saw. One by one the boards fell and trundled off along the roller bed.

"John's gittin' old," grumbled Ben Foster. "Knocked out four saws for me last week—good saws as I ever put up."

Ben's tone was sour.

It is bad business when filer and sawyer do not work amicably together. They are a team, and either can make unlimited trouble.

But Hugh Rawl had learned to be cautious with words; he said mildly, "That so?"

"Yeah—and then he claimed they wouldn't stand up to the feed. Nothin' suits him."

"You and John don't want to go gettin' crossways," urged Hugh; and he should have laughed, which was the one thing he couldn't do.

John's eyes were hot, flickering from Ben's sour face to Hugh's expressionless mask—watching to see if they spoke of him. John would have denied that he could read lips; he thought he heard their voices. Any sawmill man thinks he can hear voices through the thud of logs, rumble of the carriage, high slurring note of the band, staccato snarl of slashers and cut-off saws. He thought Hugh Rawl spoke indistinctly because his lips moved very little.

John would have said he could saw with his eyes shut, and perhaps at his best he could; but now his nerves were bad. Too savagely the log plunged along the saw; the heavy blade swerved in the cut and hit a carriage block.

Scream of steel on steel, brief thunder of the broken saw that roared loose through the wooden boxing of the wheels—stiff steel with inch-long, razor-sharp teeth racing a mile and a half a minute—piling down in ribbon folds upon the log, whipping out its free end armed with death. Men had scattered. Only John Christian stood at his post—shaking.

The whistle shrieked. The mill ran slow and stopped.

It was only a matter of a broken saw—expensive, yet a thing that happens in any mill. Nobody was hurt; but still John Christian stood and trembled.

Negroes chopped the slivered steel from the log and at a wrathful gesture from Ben Foster heaved the ruined saw out upon the scrap pile. A fresh one was lowered from the filing room; they had to push John out of the way to get it on the wheels.

He muttered, "Git Harper. I ain't fitten to saw right now."

Yes, John was getting old. A simple wreck shouldn't have shaken him that way. He might properly have felt chagrin at his clumsiness, but when the relief sawyer came and he went with Hugh down the stairs you would have thought he was a man wrongfully accused. Sidewise under sullen brows his hot eyes watched Hugh Rawl's impassive face.

He broke out, "Well, say it!"

"Shucks, John, any sawyer has a wreck sometime."

"All my fault, huh?"

"Well, it wasn't mine," said Hugh, perhaps with humorous intent; but his face was never an index of his intent. "What was it? Twin get away from you?"

John mumbled profanely that the twin engine was a pile of junk.

Hugh nodded. "She's about worn out, anyway. I've been thinking we ought to take her out and put in a shotgun feed."

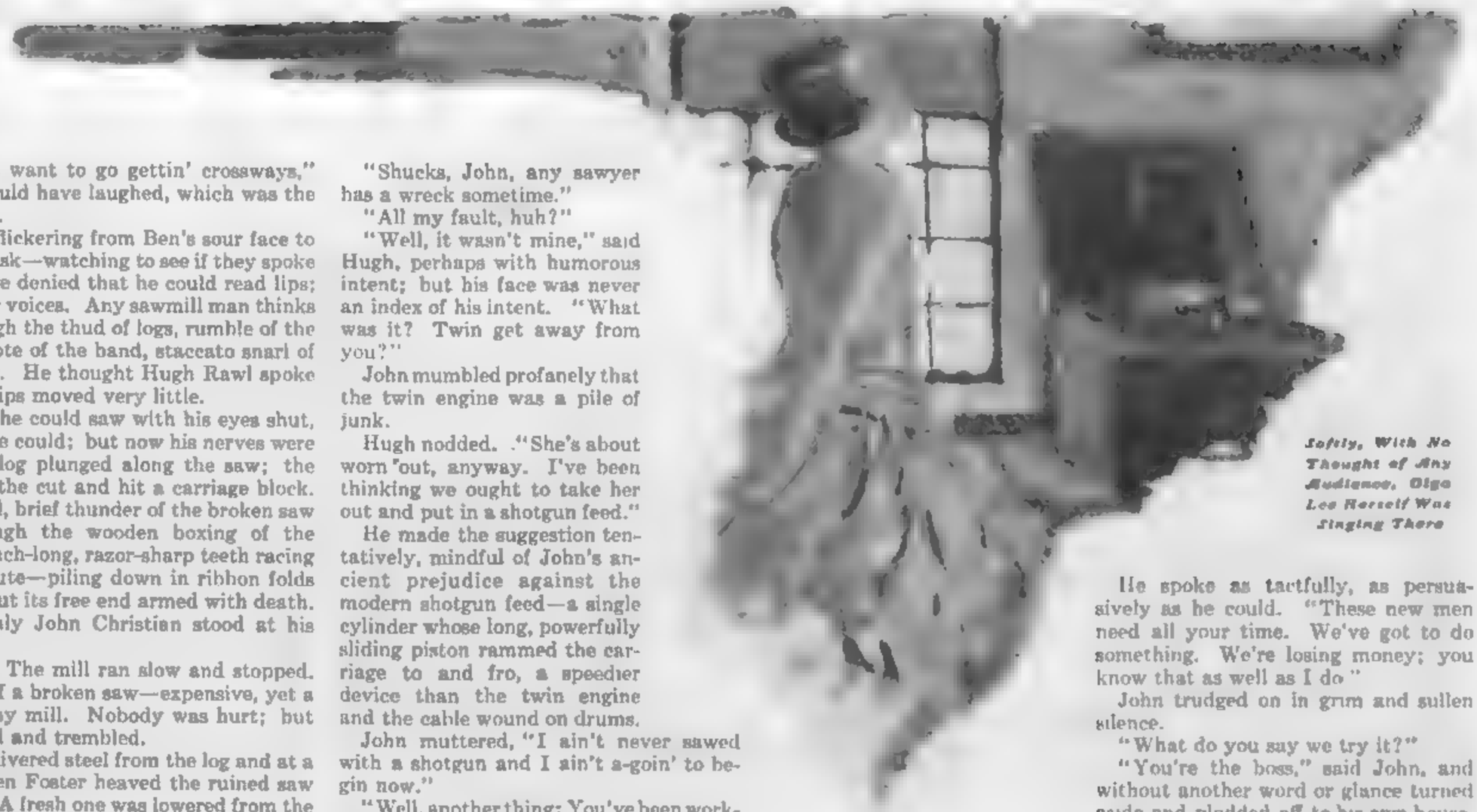
He made the suggestion tentatively, mindful of John's ancient prejudice against the modern shotgun feed—a single cylinder whose long, powerfully sliding piston rammed the carriage to and fro, a speedier device than the twin engine and the cable wound on drums.

John muttered, "I ain't never sawed with a shotgun and I ain't a-goin' to begin now."

"Well, another thing: You've been working too hard, anyway; too much on your shoulders. Why don't you let Harper saw regular and you just run the mill?"

"So that's what's stickin' in your craw, huh? Watchin' me like a hawk ever since you got back! Think I'm ready for the scrap pile? Too old to saw, huh?"

"Oughtn't to take it that way, John. We ought to be boosting the cut, with labor so high and all, but we're falling down—now that we're into a run of little logs. A shotgun is the thing for speed, and Harper's used to one."



Softly, With No Thought of Any Audience, Olga Lee Herself Was Singing There

He spoke as tactfully, as persuasively as he could. "These new men need all your time. We've got to do something. We're losing money; you know that as well as I do."

John trudged on in grim and sullen silence.

"What do you say we try it?"

"You're the boss," said John, and without another word or glance turned aside and plodded off to his own house.

That was the way with Hugh Rawl. His face clothed all his words with cold finality, made his kindliest effort seem the empty form of tact. The world moved all about him and he couldn't touch it.

He didn't know he was especially lonely, because he had always been so. Books didn't help much because he wasn't convinced that people felt and acted as books said they did. He didn't know that the impassivity he met was the reflection of his own.

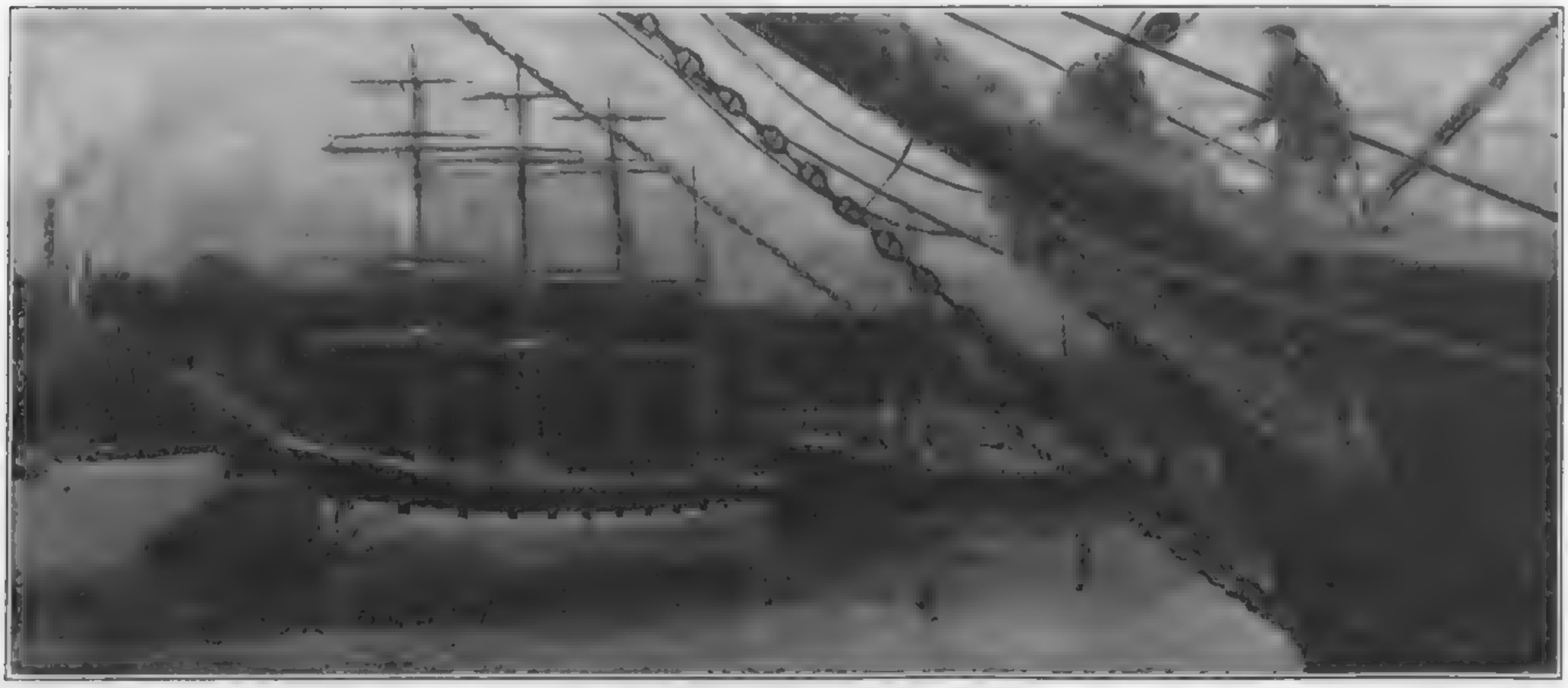
(Continued on Page 106

"There are Several Cars Here," Said Hilda, "But I'm Afraid You'll Have to Wait. You See, We've Just Had an Accident"

OCEAN MAGIC

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



A Tremendous Medley of Sooty Avalanches Descending Into the Yawning Bowels of Tall Ships, Grubby Colliers, Smarter Liners and Humble Lighters

TOWHEAD was tired. For that portion of his twenty years that he could remember he had beaten the sun to rising every morning, by many hours in winter; he had labored like one of the farm horses until dusk; his wrists were red and thick, his fingers soil-grubby and broken, his hands calloused from much acquaintance with hoes, spades and chaff-cutter handles. He was not conscious of his considerable muscular strength, scarcely aware that he possessed an appetite, since the one had come stealing upon him with his healthy growth, and the other had always been full-fed after farm fashion.

But he was tired. He had rebelled. His elder brother had started to haul the bed covers from him that morning, as usual, and Towhead simply dropped him from the open window into a rain barrel beneath. Then he had left, running like a colt, choking with horse laughter, never stopping until his belly told him he was neglecting it. He filled it with turnips from a field. In the evening he came to the outskirts of the great coal port of Cardiff. He again fed his rebellious belly with filched garden truck, and sniffed hard at the unfamiliar tang of salt-impregnated coal dust in his nostrils.

He walked miles through strange streets, gaping at electric lights and glass fronts like the yokel he was. By the time his muscles warned him that he ought to be seeking his bed he had acquired a grimy coat of coal dust, and had reached the vicinity of the docks. Gaping wider, he drifted along with a cursing pail-carrying crowd of seeming demons, and burst upon yet a new world.

The rattle and crash of coal trucks on overhead tips was only one note in the tremendous medley of sooty avalanches descending into the yawning bowels of tall ships, grubby colliers, smarter liners and humble lighters. In the light of dust-clouded lamps black men worked as he had never seen men work. The hurly-burly and choking coal dust bewildered him. He forgot that it was long past bedtime, forgot the farm, forgot everything in the wonder of those toiling demons who he knew were men only by their language.

He stood immediately under a towering gallows from which slanted three wide chutes. Two were slowly rising from over the holds of a low long ship with tall, amazingly complicated masts. Towhead knew nothing of masts or hatches or ships. He knew that untold tons of coal hurtled pell-mell down the chute before him whenever the crash of a tipped truck overhead made him dodge instinctively. Where such an inexhaustible stream of coal came from was a puzzle; the capacity of those hungry ships for coal—and their destination—was a greater.

He stepped back, the better to gape upwards, and fell into the dock. Emerging half drowned, coated a glistening, stifling black, he crawled up on the pontoon that kept the smooth iron side of the ship away from the masonry of the dock. In the electric light, when dust was momentarily swept away on the crooning breeze, he peered for a handhold out of his predicament. There was no thunder in the chute; there was a rope hanging from the ship's rail, and the chute offered a road back to shore. Towhead clambered up the rope, then looked up to make sure no coal was coming down. Up above, harsh voices yelled in fearsome language; in the belly of the ship men went even better. He vaguely noticed some new note in the sounds, but saw only the avenue of escape he wanted.

He started up the side of the chute. At ten feet up he heard that warning crash of a tipped truck overhead. His yell was smothered in a rushing torrent of soft coal. He went hurtling down, down, down into blackness and what he felt must be death.

"Hey, shovel coal, y' bleedin' sodger!" growled a thirsty rasping voice.

Somebody hauled him up by the collar, stuck a shovel into his fist, and gave him a send against three sweating devils who seemed smitten with unholy hatred of a heap of blackness under a square of radiance.

"Trim coal, y' sodgerin' cowson!"

II

DAZED by his tumble, stifled by coal dust, Towhead stood on a heap of sliding coal with a shovel in his hands but no idea of using it. Vaguely he understood that he was supposed to level the heap, and he knew that four demoniacal shapes labored with awe-inspiring oaths to that end; but he was like a knocked-out boxer just rising. Brain and limbs were capable of working, but not in unison. He heard yells, instinctively flung himself aside from another avalanche of coal from above, then again he was hauled to his feet with savage force.

"Bli'me, you ain't drunk, and you ain't hurt. Wot the 'ell is up wi' yer? Got anything on yer 'ip?"

Groping fingers explored his pockets, fruitlessly.

Then a hard, willing, disgusted fist whacked him on the ear and he found himself bustled from side to side until he fell to work with his shovel like an automaton. He heard many fearsome yells above him; the dark bulk of the chute slowly rose out of sight; the men beside him glared and cursed at him.

And above it all he could hear: "Y' muvver was never married an' yer farver was a bloomin' bus hoss! No bottle wiv yer, and y' don't like work. Wyte till th' bleedin' mate gits arter yer body. Bleedin' Cardiff lousebound ——!"

Towhead understood only imperfectly. But such words as he did understand aroused something of the spirit that had urged him to dump his brother in the rain tub. He dropped his shovel and flung himself upon his villifier with a howl. The man seemed to melt from him as the soft coal slid. But he slid, too, and began to hammer a black astonished face. Then a shovel crashed down on his tow head, the black coal heap grew blacker, and he went down into it with a grunt.

When he came to he was jammed against an iron wall with iron ribs making it anything but cozy. Coal smothered him. He felt as if his head was split open and stuffed with smoke. And above all there was a queer sensation of whispering voices not of anything human; queer voices and a strange subtle motion that made his discomfort doubly acute.

He struggled upwards to where he felt the crisp night air moving, and clawed and grabbled his way over the iron fence of a hatch coaming. He tumbled out on deck and again fell into the midst of what seemed to be devilish activity on the part of a lot of black devils led by a white devil. His immediate surroundings were black as night; as soon as he stood on his feet and looked around he saw, over the top of a six-foot wall of steel bulwark, the twinkling lights of the Bristol Channel and the sheen of star-dusted water.

"Hey, mister!" he yelled in alarm. "Take me back to land! I fell into yer boat, mister!"

Somebody thrust a rope into his hands, and a low clear sober voice reached his dazed ears:

"'S trewth! Where'd ye get that kind of she-oak, queer fellow? You have got a proper sailing day. Get holt o' this and put yer back to it and shut yer yapper. 'S trewth! I have seen and sailed with drunks, but ——"

Somewhere near by a raucous voice was howling:

"Ho, Tommy's gone; what shall I do?"

And like the serenade of wolves came the chorus:

"Oh, heigh—heigh ho!"

Somebody in front of him hauled back and knocked him off his balance. Somebody behind dragged at the rope and completed his unbalancing; while the rusty voice near by rose to a shriek:

"Ho, Tommy's gone, and I'll go too!"

Came the yelping chorus as Towhead staggered:

"Tommy's gone to Hilo!"

Stamping feet tramped over Towhead as he fell, and a bustling young second mate thrust into the mob at the halyards.

"What's the matter with you? A watch and a half and you can't drag a tops'l up? Come on, now! Sing out, you!"

Towhead succumbed peacefully to the effects of the fresh air upon his shovel-wounded head, and never knew that he was dragged out of the way and dumped like a sack of oats into the forecastle. Nor did he know that the second mate brought along the chief mate to see him. He never heard what they said until he heard it rehashed by the grimy demons who presently dribbled down to him.

"'N' the mate sez he'll bloody well work 'im up!" swore a youthful ordinary seaman with relish.

"'Oo? That Bluenose cowson?" growled a red-headed shellback rummaging in his bunk, above Towhead's, for a flat bottle. "Yes, he won't! Didn't ye hear the Old Man tell him to use more seamanship an' less language when the tug come down acrost our bows? He won't work nobody up, young feller-me-lad. Them Bluenoses is all alike. Give 'em a box of eggs an' a big stick and they'll play hell."

Towhead laboriously put his legs over the side of his bunk and sat holding his aching head in his hands, wondering at the company of coal-black demons he found himself among, marveling at the motion of a sailing ship just feeling the sea under her after months of lying in dock.

Somebody had tied a rough bandage around his head; the red-headed sailor, seeing that he was awake, thrust a flask of evil-smelling rum under his pained nose.

"Here, have a snifter, me ol' brown son," he said. "I got a head like a 'og tub meself. Drink. 'Twill bring ye to life."

"I want to go home," mourned Towhead dolorously. He shook his head at the drink, sneezing to the reek of it.

"Bli'me! 'E wants to go 'ome!" squealed a waspish little man, his voice hoarse from coal dust. "'E sold 'is bleedin' farm to go to sea, an' nah 'e wants to go 'ome. 'S trewth! Give 's a snifter o' that bottle, Irish."

"I didn't sell the farm," retorted Towhead indignantly. "I run, that's all, and fell into the coal cellar of this yer boat, and I made a mistake. I'd ruther go back home. Ain't there no foreman here that I can see?"

Towhead saw the foreman. Perhaps to say that he saw him savors of inaccuracy; certainly he heard him, heard two of him, in the persons of a big-mouthed Bluenose chief mate and a sturdily profane, utterly capable second mate, in the blackness of a black night, on the coal-blackened decks, amidst a black crew of cursing, grumbling sailors at the mustering aft of all hands when watches were picked.

He asked to see the foreman. The mate told him what he would see if he didn't shut his mouth and carry on. He asked the second mate. He was scarcely encouraged to try further. Somebody whispered that the captain was the man to see, and Towhead was game to seek that autocrat out. But of a sudden the watches were completed, the mate sang out, "Port watch, go below," the second mate set helmsman and lookout from his own gang, and the lost farmer found himself hustled with friendly brutality into the forecastle on the end of the red-headed Irishman's long arm.

"Say, young feller-me-lad, I t'ought ye was sojerin', but I see ye're green as a new topmast," the Irishman said. "Wan av these dock rats musta cleaned out whin ye tumbled aboord, for divil a wan extra man musthered aft. So ye'll do well, me boy, if ye kape quiet, do yer work, an' carry on as th' Bluenose told ye. Ye're slapin' below me, an' me name's Spud Murphy. I'll put ye wise to ship's ways, if ye're a dacint lad."

"Name's Sam Moore," returned Towhead dully.

"Ye lie, f'r I heard Bluenose call ye Towheaded son av a ——!" grinned Murphy genially. "Towhead ye are aboord av this foine ship onless 'tis yerself as intinds foightin' to disprove it."

Towhead felt little inclined for fighting. His head ached and his stomach was turbulent.

"What's the name o' this hooker, anyhow, Red?" growled a bullet-headed, ape-shouldered seaman, struggling to pull a tight shirt over his head preparatory to hardening his coal dust with a sea-water sluice before turning in.

"Arh! 'Tis an ould joke, thot!" spat Murphy contemptuously. "'Thry it on wan av thim youngsters yander."

"But what ship is it?" Towhead asked.

"Are ye trying yer hand wid me this early?" demanded Murphy with suspicion. Then, seeing the palpable innocence in Towhead's face: "Sure thin, ye fell aboord, so ye did, an' can't be ixpicted to know, so ye can't. Well thin, me son, 'tis aboord the foine full-rigged ship Combermere ye are, bound f'r Valparaiso round the Hor-rn, and 'tis yer nose'll be runnin' wid the bitter cowld afoore ye see yer apple-cheeked farm lass again."

"Aye, ye cow-kickin' clodhopper; and yer belly slack'll trip ye up, too," shot over a hairy old salt, sucking luxuriously at his fizzing pipe in his bunk, glorious amidst his coal dust. "She's a bleedin' hungry Liverpool coal wagon, with a swag-gutted skipper and a Bluenose mate. Ho, ye'll howl for home properly afore ye're a sailor, I tell ye."

Out on the dark deck Towhead followed Murphy's lead in dipping pailfuls of water from overside and washing the loosest of his grime from him. Inside again, in the guttering light of the stanchion lamp, he partly dried himself on his outer shirt, and a man beside him reached out and passed an approving hand over his farm-hardened muscles. Towhead glanced at him warily. The man's battered face wore a grin.

"All right, mate," the man said, "I ain't asking for no trouble. You hammered me aplenty down the hold. Give y' best, son. Ye're proper green, though, ain't you? I'll tell you something. The bloke as banged you on the sconce with his shovel done a jump ashore 'cos he thought he'd done you in."

"So thot's why divil th' extry man musthered," put in Murphy. He pondered for a moment, grinning humorously at the distressed Towhead, whose belly rebelled more strenuously every minute he stood on his feet. "Me son, 'tis Providence," he said at last, climbing into his bunk. "Whin thot desertin' rat's name is called again, answer to ut, and ye'll earn wages like a man. Av ye don't, watch out f'r Bluenose, f'r he'll call ye a bloody stowaway an' make ye holler f'r y'r mither in arnest."

III

WHEN Towhead next saw daylight it was in the yellow half glow of a morning sun struggling with a wet brown fog. Water dripped from every yard and sail of the ship like rain; the big ship rolled upon heaving windless seas with a tremendous racket of clattering ports, clashing chain sheets and drumming blocks. And the ship was grimy and desolate, cheerless and gray and black.

Swiftly men conjured sparkling sea water from a head pump; other men no cleaner than the ship brought deck brooms and buckets; a bare-legged, bronze-skinned second mate shot volleys of brine at men's bare legs, and the brooms swished and sloshed and scrubbed in one terrific rhythm of sibilance.

Every now and then the ship's bows seemed to soar into the fog pall; then plunge deep into the heaving, uneasy sea; when she rose again her bows and scuppers streamed with brine like the hair of a woman emerging from a dive.

Towhead hurried to the nearest rail, clutching his broom tenaciously as if that frail support could stand off the inevitable. His spasm over, he dully fell to work among his mates, realizing his helplessness, resigned with an animal resignation to his involuntary employment. Unseen out in the mist weird noises bellowed—bells clanged; whistles shrieked, roared and whooped. Somewhere nearer

(Continued on Page 75)

Four Hours Later the Dog-Weary Watches Turned Up the Gear, and the Ship Charged Along Before the Gale

NOAH'S MISTAKE

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE two most famous passenger lists of all history were those of the Ark and the Mayflower. Both of them contained not merely some of the salt of the earth but some of the prime beef and best bacon as well—and a certain sprinkling of better-deads.

Kindness to animals is all very well, but Noah carried it too far. His selection of human first-cabin passengers was exclusive and rigorous enough in all conscience, and—according to his lights—fairly judicious. Myself and my wife, my three sons and their wives, us four—couples—and no more! Four pairs—brace, as the gamekeepers say—of humans to be the ancestors of all the future myriads of men. One for each color, black, white, yellow and brown, as we naïvely classified them in our childhood days, and with rather less than average nursery intelligence have continued to ever since. We might just as well have divided them into good, bad, middling and indifferent, so far as reason or actual relationship is concerned; but that is another story.

But when it came to animals, Mrs. Noah's S. P. C. A. sympathies seem to have run away with her, and the sky was the only limit. She is not to blame, of course, for the shark and the crocodile and the sea serpent, for they got past her; they could swim. But why under heaven should she have deliberately rounded up and inflicted upon generations yet unborn the hyena, the wolf, the grizzly, the carcajou, the snake and the polecat? Though these were but the small dust of the balance, the lightest of light afflictions compared with the oversights for which Noah himself must have been responsible. For surely no lady in her right senses, in any age of the world, would have deliberately infested her future house boat with mice, or even rats, to say nothing of cockroaches and other lesser and livelier vermin.

The Most Serious and Disastrous Mistake Was in Not Standing at the Gangplank With a Fly Brush Swatting Off All Flies, Mosquitoes, Gnats and Midges

Undesirable Passengers on the Ark

THE most serious and disastrous mistake of all was in not standing at the gangplank of the Ark with a fly brush and swishing and swatting off all flies, mosquitoes, gnats and midges which endeavored to ride in on the backs of the cattle, horses and antelopes.

If this had been done the Flood might almost have been worth while, for it would have swallowed up and overwhelmed in its waves the greatest and deadliest of human plagues, malaria, or jungle fever, which has swept away more millions of lives than all the savage beasts of the forest and jungle put together, including man, have tens. And with it would have been drowned all possibility of the terrible scourges, sleeping sickness, yellow fever, dysentery and summer diarrhea. While if in addition a fine-tooth-comb barrage had been put down upon the few "harmless" rats, mice, gophers, ground squirrels "and such small deer" admitted, the second greatest scourge of mankind, the great plague, or black death, would have been made impossible; to say nothing of typhus, measles, spotted fever and septic fever.

But though poor old Noah has always been counted among the prophets—and he was a whale of a prophet, for he predicted months in advance the greatest cloudburst in history—it would hardly be fair to expect him to foresee in the year of the Flood the latest and most unexpected discoveries of modern science.

Indeed, barely twenty years ago, if we had been criticizing him for too amiable an indiscriminateness in the admission of undesirable passengers to his floating zoo we would have raised our loudest protests against certain of the more bloodthirsty and dangerous beasts and birds of prey—the lion, the tiger, the wolf, the bear, the panther, the eagle, the falcon, the hawk and the night-prowling owl.

Today these would pass the Ellis Island bar of expert opinion almost unchallenged, and our most strenuous objections would be raised against the admission of a far humbler and less formidable—indeed, almost insignificant-looking—little band of small furry rodents: rats, mice, ground squirrels, gophers, wood rats, desert rats, lemmings, jerboas, marmots and hamsters; all the tiny, furry hordes which burrow and scuttle and squeak; not because of the heavy onslaughts they make upon our various crops and our storehouses, though these are very terrible indeed, but because of the raging pestilences which they breed and invent in their tiny interiors and spread broadcast through the parasitic insects which they harbor in their fur.

The relative positions of the lion and the mouse in the famous fable are absolutely reversed, and timid, harmless little *Mus rattus* has swollen to a hundred times the size of the king of beasts. Indeed, the modern moral interpretation of the fable, *hæc fabula docet*, might well be that of the tininess and apparent insignificance of the agencies which unwatched would release the lion of the pestilence upon mankind.

Part, of course, of this transvaluation of values, this utter reversal of judgment, has been due to the almost complete subsidence of tigers, lions, bears, wolves and other fierce, bad beasts of our nursery days to little more than sources of amusement in zoos and of healthful and enjoyable excitement and exercise on big-game hunting trips. A lion in the way has become little more than a treat to anyone armed with a repeating rifle.

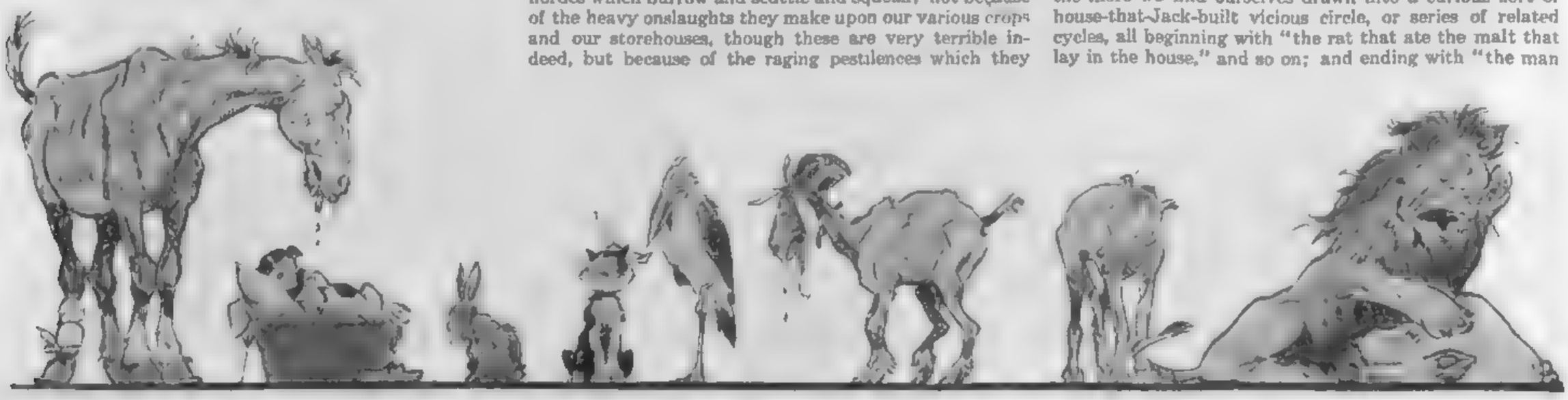
Moreover, it is the almost unanimous opinion of big-game hunters, famous naturalists and great collectors of animals that it is extremely doubtful whether lions, tigers, panthers, leopards and bears ever were a serious menace to human beings, even to mere savages before the deadly fire stick of the white man was placed in their hands.

Man's Three Greatest Enemies

PARTLY this is because the noble beasts of prey, like Indians, though plucky enough on occasion, never go out of their way to seek a fight if they can get what they want without it; partly for the somewhat unexpected and unflattering reason that they don't like the taste of us any more than we do that of muskrats, weasels and mice.

The northern wolf has been ten times as dangerous, the most dreaded foe of our kind through the Stone Age, before the coming of steel, because he isn't so particular. He will eat anything! So our modern censure of Father Noah would not be for those grapevine cuttings which he sneaked into the Ark, but because he did not swat or shoo off all flies and skeeters which tried to ride in on the livestock, and with the assistance of a few sticks, the deck hands and the seven rat terriers on board make a grand hunt to a finish of all the rats and mice which had sneaked in in the grain sacks and bundles of forage for the other beasteses. Words could hardly be too strong, figures scarcely too incredible, to express the tremendous opportunity to protect and bless all future generations of mankind by organizing that rat killing. He would have had plenty of time to make the extermination complete in the months that the voyage of the Ark lasted. For recent findings have clearly shown that the three deadliest and most dangerous wild beasts in the world are the rat, the mosquito and the flea. Emerson may have had a prophetic glimpse of this in his famous cryptic utterance, "A flea is as untamable as a hyena!" Or to put it a little differently from a health point of view, the three greatest enemies of man are insects, rodents and his fellow men.

The more we grope and probe into the origins of disease the more we find ourselves drawn into a curious sort of house-that-Jack-built vicious circle, or series of related cycles, all beginning with "the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house," and so on; and ending with "the man



Nearly All Animals Suffer Severely From Influenzas and

all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn," and so on. With the one big difference that the rat doesn't get killed in real life.

Here is the situation to which we come down with an almost monotonous regularity in tracing back, as far as records of any sort permit, the history of any great epidemic disease: A group of human beings infected by its germ or organism, a group of domestic animals in close contact with them also infected, and usually an insect of some sort acting as a go-between, or carrier.

The Three Deadliest and Most Dangerous Wild Beasts in the World are the Rat, the Mosquito and the Flea

About thirty years ago systematic investigation revealed that, one after another, practically every species of our domestic and zoo animals—including rats, mice, guinea pigs and rabbits, deer, antelopes, tigers, lions, and the like—had just as many and as complicated diseases, in lungs and bowels, in teeth and heart and kidneys, and died as early and as often of them as we did. Not only so, but most of them have the same great diseases in slightly modified form. Cattle, antelopes, pigs, dogs, cats, monkeys, chickens, pheasants, parrots, all have tuberculosis. Every known domesticated or caged bird and animal, from the mouse to the elephant, the wallaby to the giraffe, has pneumonia of great deadliness, and nearly all suffer severely from influenzas and grippes, or distempers and epizoötics closely resembling them.

Nearly all have and die in thousands of great intestinal infections closely resembling typhoid, cholera and dysentery, often with germs hard to distinguish from those of our human diseases. They have even paralysis, not unlike locomotor ataxia, heart disease and kidney disease following these infections; and so on all down the line. Not only so, but they have actually gone us one better and invented a whole lot of new diseases of their own, quite different from ours.

Our first score of excursions into the new field of bacteriology quickly revealed that the mouth, skin, stomach and bowels of every living creature were populated with from fifty to a hundred different species of germs, apparently quite harmless; and that almost every Mr. Hyde disease germ had in an animal's body or its food an absolute double, a Doctor Jekyll of blameless repute and character, which could often only be distinguished from it by the test that it could not produce the disease when injected into the blood of another animal.

For instance, the bacillus of typhoid fever has an innocent double, the colon bacillus, one of the commonest parlor boarders of our large intestine, believed to be even of some service in helping to digest cellulose, or woody fiber, in our food, which is often quite difficult to distinguish from its criminal cousin.

Epidemics in History and Legend

THE tubercle bacillus of both men and cattle has an absolute double in an inoffensive little germ found growing on the heads of timothy hay, which will sometimes deceive the very elect by its appearance and curious staining reactions under the microscope, and which may perhaps be the common ancestor out in the blameless meadows of all the different murderous types of tubercle bacilli, bovine, human, porcine and avian, or bird.

I speak feelingly of our disappointment at landing in this welter of new maladies, this confusion worse confounded, for I happened to spend some of those years in the great zoölogical gardens of Europe, trying to find in animals some simpler and less complicated forms of the great disease processes, particularly cancer and tuberculosis, which would throw light upon their origin and causation in the human species.

But it was almost in vain. The beasts had as many and as complicated diseases as we had; their germ parasites were just as much at home as ours were, and from all that one could judge had been infesting them for just as long a time. No *fons et origo mali*—source and origin of evil—to be found there!

So we retreated in good order for a time and then swung forward for another cast, this time in the direction of the wild animals in a state of Nature. Naturally, we reasoned, animals under domestication and in captivity were not fair samples. They had been placed under what were entirely abnormal conditions, exposed to all sorts of infections and bad examples, great changes made in their food and climate. We must study them in the happy, healthful freedom of the out-of-doors, in their pristine purity before man and his tyranny and pestilences had ever used them.

Another surprise was in store for us. Hitherto our sole sources of information about wild animals had been hunters who were after meat or trophies or fur, or field naturalists chiefly interested in classification and habits. Misled by the rarity with which bodies of animals apparently dead of disease were ever found in the woods and prairies, they almost unanimously assured us that disease was practically unknown among animals in a state of nature.

Their logic was sadly at fault. The rarity of dead bodies in the wilds is simply a sign of the grim efficiency of Nature's scavenger system.

Not only is there the keenest competition for the privilege of burying all dead bodies in a living tomb, but it works ante mortem as well as post mortem, and scarcely a single wild animal is permitted to die a natural death. The moment he gets sick enough or old enough to lose 30 per cent or more of his speed and fighting weight something catches him.

Just as soon as pathologists began to join hunting parties for the pleasure of studying the viscera of the various birds and animals shot they found them simply swarming with parasites and all kinds of disease germs.

Disease germs, instead of the most recent, are among the most ancient living things in the world. Looking back over history with this clew, we found abundant evidence of the frequent occurrence of waves of increase in rodents; that is, small gnawing animals, of which the rabbit, the rat and mouse, the squirrel, the gopher are our most familiar members. They swarm in millions and even march in armies into adjoining districts; then comes a sudden outburst of furious disease that almost wipes them off the face of the earth; then a slow upward increase again to huge numbers, to be cut down by another overcrowding epidemic.

Here is the situation as it now confronts us. For almost every important great infection we have unheavenly twins, or triplets, man and an animal in close contact, both infected and with the same bacillus:

For tuberculosis . . .	Man and the cow
For pneumonia and influenza	Man and every known warm-blooded animal
For tetanus	Man and the horse
For dysentery and summer diarrhea. . . .	Man, fly (?), mouse
For malaria	Man and the birds
For typhoid	Man and the rat
For hydrophobia . . .	Man and the dog
For measles	Man and the mouse
For diphtheria	Man and the cat
For black death	Man and the rat
For smallpox.	Man and the horse and the cow
For sleeping sickness	Man and the antelopes
For spotted fever	Man and tick of ground squirrel
For infantile paralysis	Man, fly (?), mouse
For tularemia—deer-fly fever.	Man and louse of jack rabbit and deer
For tautsugamushi of Japan.	Man and louse of mouse

The striking and significant feature of this long list of cases is that in no less than eight out of the sixteen a rat, mouse or other rodent is indicted, while in six he has already been found guilty by the jury of science without a dissenting vote.

To put the situation in a nutshell, these waves of overcrowding epidemics are no new thing among rodents. In fact all history and legend are full of gruesome stories of huge migrations and invading armies of rats and mice, of lemmings and desert rats, devouring everything living or dead that came in their path, of which the famous Pied Piper of Hamelin and the wicked Bishop Otto, who was devoured alive by swarms of rats that swam the Rhine to get at him, because he would neither give nor sell his hoards of grain to the starving peasants, are a couple of recent examples.

The Common Carriers of Disease

IN OUR sublime and unconscious self-conceit we have supposed that we were the only people capable of building up communities sufficiently numerous and close packed to hatch epidemics—turn harmless bacilli boarders into virulent disease germs. But ages before Babylon and Egypt the desert rats, the prairie dogs, the lemmings and the rabbits had been building up their civilizations of myriads of citizens and then shattering them by self-generated explosions of the plague every seven years. Here were full-blown routine epidemics before man had learned to lay one brick on top of another.

The overwhelming probability is that man did not invent his diseases but took them full-fledged from the only other swarms of sufficient density, his rodent neighbors and uninvited boarders. All that was needed was the spark, the carrier between the rat fuse and the human tinder—a flea, a fly or a cootie.

It is almost certain that the famous legend of the confusion of tongues, called Babel ever since, which scattered the early Mesopotamian civilization, was based upon an outburst of some fierce pestilence, just as centuries later the civilizations of Greece and Rome were given their deathblow by malaria brought home by the conquering legions from Africa.

It is also curiously significant that our great world-sweeping waves of epidemic disease, pandemics as we call them—black death,

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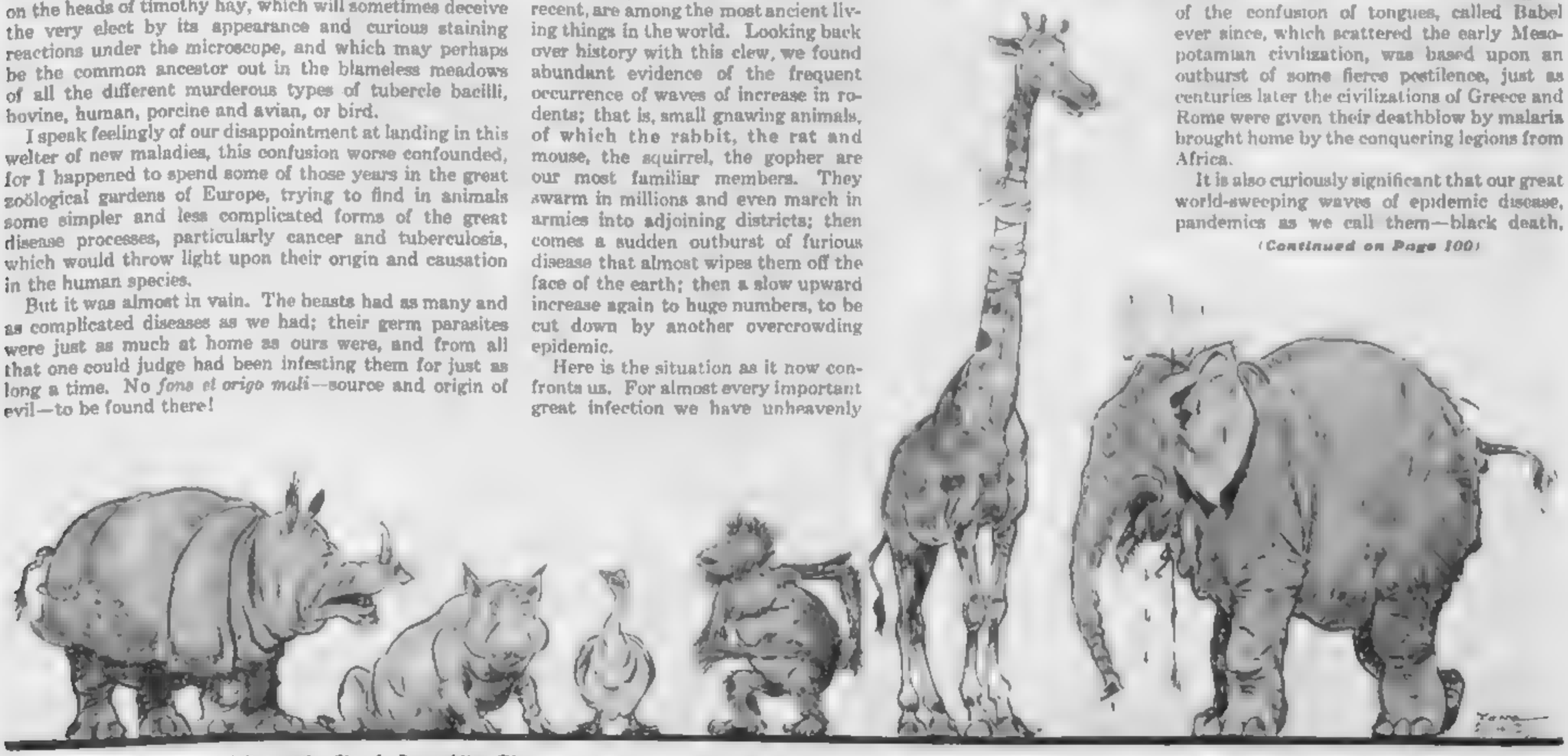

Grippes, or Distempers and Epizoötics Closely Resembling Them

VINGIE DARLING

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"MY DEAR Charles," observed the Honorable Virginia Lauriston in her very clear voice, "you simply must realize that a girl isn't necessarily a fool just because she is a girl." The great drawing-room at Wynwood disposes its noble proportions like a graceful woman. The furniture was looted at the sack of a Continental palace, and upon its south wall hangs Titian's celebrated Pink Lady. The French windows of the great drawing-room at Wynwood give upon the first of sweeping tiers of terraces constructed in the days when everyone had plenty of money. Sir Charles Gillespie liked to sit there in the summer when the cost of heating need not worry him, thus combining spaciousness with economy.

Virginia, swathed in the softest old-rose, poised herself delicately on a carved and gilded armchair, its silk tapestry frayed by the limbs of distinguished generations. Her white shoulders, the most perfect among society, quivered in the faintest shrug. The light from a solitary chandelier high in the painted ceiling caressed her beautifully waved hair; she turned her adorable profile, glanced at her companion out of calm eyes neither gray nor green, and went on reproachfully:

"You don't seriously mean to be a beast to little Vingie, do you, Charles?"

Sir Charles smiled at her a smile enriched by almost sixty years of joyous bachelorhood. The ingredients of that smile are lost and irreplaceable. Eton, two years in the Guards, and then embassy after embassy had gone to its making; the esteem of every head waiter in Europe, the genuine interest of more than thirty reigning beauties had mellowed it. Innumerable tight corners had steadied it. Virginia, aged twenty, could see through it like glass.

"No woman with your looks is ever a fool. Sometimes, however, she's a little ill-advised."

Virginia enlaced her slender fingers round one knee, exhibiting two of the purest ankles in the world, never shifting her level glance.

"You've had your good time, Charles, and now you've got into the stuffy stage and want to water down everybody else's. I should hate you to drive me into deceit."

"Rather a Darling, Aren't You?" She Murmured

"The man is not born who could drive a woman into anything," replied Sir Charles, making, however, a mental reservation in favor of himself.

"You're so impossibly reasonable, Charles dear. A lot of very pretty women must have worked frightfully hard over you. It's very difficult being a girl. You see, I want a career."

"Oh, my God!" murmured Sir Charles, staring out over the umbrageousness of the park.

Virginia fluttered weightlessly across the deep-piled carpet and set herself gently on his knee. One arm stole around his neck and her irreproachably waved hair just brushed his cheek. Sir Charles suffered a desperate internal revolution. He knew she was his ward and the situation might not be exploited; he knew the powder from that moonbeam arm would never really leave his dress coat unless it went to the cleaners.

Virginia, stroking the gray head with devilish fingers, proceeded to intensify the torture.

"Lovely thick hair," she murmured. "Thank heaven you'll never go bald, Charles. You're awf'ly young in some ways—but then, fifty's nothing for a man. I loathe boys, they're so shallow and pig-headed. I don't mean a career in your sense of the word, you old silly—not a typist or a sanitary inspectress or a she-doctor, or even a membress of parliament. They wear simply odious clothes and men hate them. But I've only a thousand a year of my own, and that hardly buys stockings nowadays. Why, even these were four guineas."

She extended one pure ankle. Sir Charles could see with his own eyes just what one gets in the way of half a pair of stockings at four guineas the pair.

"I want a career like Helen of Troy's or Cleopatra's, Charles; something tremendous, that lets a woman be a woman. I should like to toy with statesmen and drive foreign offices mad."

Sir Charles removed the arm from about his neck and achieved a deprecating smile.

"Marriage is the only career for a girl in our set, Virginia; wife of a coming man, one of the great political hostesses; Rupert's, for instance."

Virginia slid lingeringly from his knee.

"I don't think little Vingie wants to be married," she said at last. "My wild oats aren't sown—not one teeny little oat. Besides, Rupert fatigues me. He dances rottenly and he doesn't understand the first thing about women. Where would you be if you hadn't understood women to the very depths, Charles?"

"Probably among the ten richest men in the country, instead of scraping to raise the interest on the mortgage. Rupert will go far, Virginia. He's a worker. A sound, plodding, ambitious fellow, with the sort of face anybody's husband would trust, and the instincts of a gentleman. I should give my daughter to him without a pang, if I had a daughter and he wanted to marry her and there was nobody in a position to get up and forbid the banns."

The door opened casually and there entered Rupert Frack, of the Foreign Office, with knitted brow. He propelled his tall lank figure into the family circle; his dark hair lay protestingly where it had been put, his trousers hung in depressing folds, and his hands, thrust into his jacket pockets, made the garment sag slantwise. He had never really grasped the essential spirituality of tying a dress tie.

Flinging a mechanical smile at Virginia like a bone to a dog he said gloomily to Sir Charles: "I've had a wire from the Foreign Minister in Code Fourteen. Begins: 'J. arrives by air on the tenth and goes to D. Very hush-hush. Please arrange. Practically no servants and the telephone disconnected. Radio set to be installed. Local supplies out of the question; the whole show to be entirely self-supporting. Suitable amusement essential.' Ends ——"

Sir Charles raised his eyebrows and spread out his hands.

"The tenth," he murmured sorrowfully. "That's the opening day of the Hampshire Summer Meeting. Bill Derringham was taking me down in his motor. The Lovelace filly is practically a certainty for the 3:30 race, and I've got a hatful on her at a very tempting price. I shall go and ring up Fordingbridge and tell him exactly what I think of him."

Sir Charles went out jauntily, and if souls wore hats the hat of Sir Charles' soul would have been slightly on one side. Rupert Frack dropped into a chair and stared fixedly before him.

Virginia regarded him with kind eyes, and said: "Rupert, who is she? You can tell me because I'm frightfully sympathetic. Does she wear black underclothes and sniff cocaine, or is she one of those innocent-faced little cats with the temperament of a fiend? Poor boy, you look simply worried to death."

Rupert glanced up palely and smote her.

"I am not in love, if that's what you mean. I haven't time. My mind is occupied with more important matters. When every day brings an international crisis or two, one's private feelings must go by the board."

Virginia seated herself before him.

"Then you ought to be thrown out of the Foreign Office. The whole world is a wangle, Rupert, and nobody can wangle like a woman. I can't think how you dare say you're not in love. It isn't safe. Some day a Hungarian adventuress with cloth-topped boots and moldy furs and a Shaftsbury Avenue hat will put it across you and you'll have to go out and plant rubber in Ceylon to hide your disgrace. You see, you might even fall in love with me one day. I'm considered awfully pretty, Rupert. P'r'aps you've never noticed? Look!"

His mind working in its trivial rut, stumbled on an idea.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "There's that phrase in the telegram. You might provide the essential amusement."

Virginia left him because some situations are beyond words. She went upstairs to her bedroom, undressed, curled herself in an armchair and picked up a book. The night breeze kissed her bare throat and stirred restlessly in her hair.

"Although Angela had dismissed Richard," said the book, "his image remained graven immovably on her heart. She missed his strength, his delicate courtesy, though behind it lurked ever the ruthlessness of the male. She sensed the misery of loneliness. She had ceased to belong to anyone ——"

Virginia threw the book peevishly across the room.

"Tosh!" she muttered, yawning shamelessly.

She spent a deft half hour cold-creaming her face and neck, dabbed a little powder here and there, slid out of her cobwebby wrap and climbed slowly into her bed. As she switched off the light a faint giggle parted her lips. She was thinking of Rupert.

II

AT SIX A.M. Rupert Frack, looking longer and limper than ever in pajamas and dressing gown, entered Sir Charles' room quietly but firmly, carrying a black leather portfolio. He coughed, drew an armchair to the bedside, and sat waiting.

Sir Charles merely opened his eyes, saw Rupert Frack, and closed them again.

"Are you just getting up or just going to bed, Rupert?" he murmured without the least trace of ill temper. "In either case I'm sure they've given you a room of your own. P'r'aps you've mistaken the door. One door looks very like another."

The visitor opened his portfolio and began arranging papers methodically.

"The chief will be here at ten," he explained, "and I'd like to get everything cut and dried before he comes, Uncle Charles. This Janowicz affair is going to be frightfully delicate. I want to have all the ground clear for the chief."

Sir Charles opened his eyes again, experienced, patient, rather heavy-lidded eyes.

"If the Angel of Death were calling for me at ten I should still have my cup of tea and biscuit at eight," he complained. "I never attempt anything whatever before my early cup of tea, Rupert. And as for Fordingbridge's getting here by ten, the idea is nonsense. He'll arrive just in time for luncheon, if he comes at all."

"Still, the matter is very complicated, and it will take some time to explain clearly," asserted Rupert. "I will begin with our note dated April twenty-sixth."

Sir Charles' eyes glinted.

"Go away, you idiot boy," he commanded. "No wonder you look older than I do, Rupert. No wonder you earn people's undying hatred by your poisonous efficiency. No great man is ever efficient. He leaves that to people like you, and then in the nick of time he comes down wallop and settles the whole thing. Get out of my room. You can say your piece after breakfast."

"It throws out my entire day, but of course if you insist ——" grumbled Rupert.

He gathered his effects and departed. In his own chamber he lit a long black cigar, having an iron digestion, and began to pore over a large-scale map of Bessarabia.

At half past seven the laughing feet of sunbeams running races over her adorable face awoke Virginia. She, too, opened her eyes and gazed inquiringly round the room. Fortunately she did not see Rupert Frack sitting beside her bed with a portfolio. Instead she dwelt lovingly on the sycamore-wood furniture, the silk hangings and upholstery, the cream Persian carpet, the dressing-table fittings ivory-backed brushes, and the table top swung back to reveal rows and rows of tiny pots and bottles containing beauty at fabulous prices.

"How good Charles is to his little lamb!" she murmured contentedly; "dear nice, wicked old thing. It takes a long and ill-spent life to teach a man how to look after a girl properly. That's why Rupert's so hopeless. He hasn't a mind above his wretched work. Could I marry Rupert? No; not yet, anyhow. He's too clever and too respectable. I adore a clever man, but he mustn't despise me. Rupert does. He thinks I'm a fluffy, empty-headed little nuisance. He must be taught till he goes sick in the tummy when he hears my footstep in the distance. That's what I call love in a man. A girl goes sick in the tummy if she doesn't hear his footstep in the distance, in case some other girl does."

A smile played round Virginia's delightful mouth, a mouth not too small for kisses and not too large for beauty.

A knock fell on the door. There entered a pretty maid bearing a morning tea set of eggshell china. Virginia poured herself a cup, drank thirstily and began to nibble a wafer of bread spread with golden butter.

"'Morning, Mary," she said. The pretty maid smiled. She was folding Virginia's clothes with caressing fingers. "Give me a hand glass," continued Virginia, and began to examine her face with the ruthless scrutiny of a specialist exploring a possibly inflamed appendix.

"You'd better massage my skin with that Circassian cream," she announced after deep thought. "I don't want to look a hag today."

Remote in the bachelors' wing, Rupert Frack's morning toilet afforded no such charm. He stood moodily before the glass, his mind far away in the Middle East, and the kriss-kross of the razor against his beard fell on deaf ears.

A sad-faced, silent valet struggled with Rupert's clothes. As fast as Grimes pressed them into shape Rupert, like all really clever men—genius as distinct from mere talent—dragged them out again; and Grimes, it give 'im the fair 'ump, so it did—nothing but hiron, hiron all day long.

Exactly at 12:30 the tires of Lord Fordingbridge's car crunched fatly on the gravel outside the main entrance. That jaunty and rubicund old gentleman sprang out with boyish abandon, removed his gray tall hat, and danced over the smooth lawn to greet Virginia.

Exercising the privilege of an old friend he folded her willowy figure against his double-breasted holland waistcoat and kissed her in the manner of a connoisseur. They moved slowly side by side into the house. Rupert received them solemnly on the threshold.

"Good morning, sir," he began with his excessive competence. "Since receiving your code telegram I have worked out the whole matter in great detail. No doubt you will wish to discuss it with Sir Charles at once."

"Hey!" retorted Lord Fordingbridge genially, "not before luncheon, young man, not before luncheon! God bless me, unheard of, absolutely unheard of! Good morning, Charles! I have captured a young damsel. She is the captive of my bow and spear. Let's toast her in a glass of something. The dust on these roads is a perfect plague. My throat's like sandpaper."

"Well," intoned Sir Charles absently, "here's jolly good luck." He made a face at Rupert and drank.

"A little luncheon, I think, if you please, Charles," said Lord Fordingbridge at last. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Virginia sitting beside me. Even at my age there are consolations."

"And the older one gets the more they cost," murmured Sir Charles with gentle melancholy.

For an hour Vingie played skillfully with them all. Then she wandered away on dreaming feet. Lord Fordingbridge watched her go, his eyes a thought less innocent.

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She Sat Down on the Running Board of the Deceitful Car and Propped Her Chin in Her Hands

THE OLD RIP

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

IN NEARLY every town there is a back-number street with traces of former grandeur—a street in which visitors are told, "You see these houses? Well, sir, this used to be the most fashionable part of town—a good many years ago, of course."

To which—your eye roaming right and left—you politely murmur, "Yes, yes; of course."

"But somehow," you will hear the story continued, "I don't know just how, the old people seemed to die or move away, and a crowd of Patagonians began moving in, and—say now!—doesn't that smell sweet? I guess we'd better wait till this woman gets through sifting her ashes. They're blowing right across the sidewalk."

In Springfield there were old trees upon this street, elms of tremendous girth, although the authorities had to keep their eyes open or the Patagonians would have had them down for firewood in no time. And standing back from these trees, the houses of a bygone generation looked out from their broken-shuttered windows with somewhat the same air as a once-dignified and stout old gentleman might look when the Demon Rum has taken the shine off him, and Time has taken the pride out of him, and he knows he can never come back.

Strange somersaults of fortune, most of these houses have seen.

This one of the colonial style, for instance, with the fanlights over the doorway and in the gable ends, was once the home of Miss Emily Stubbs, probably one of the straitest-laced old maids that ever drew breath—so prim indeed that she would never wear high-heeled shoes or silk stockings for fear they might lead her into temptation, and who lived all her life a spinster because she regarded man—and perhaps, who knows, not wrongly?—as the incarnation of original sin.

But poor Miss Emily shunned her last man years ago, lying chastely now in immortal solitude; and the old Stubbs house is occupied by a stout woman with no nose worth mentioning, and a voice like something heard over the river on a foggy night. She is known as Belle Fatima—her own name being hard to pronounce—and she keeps house assisted by a number of stylish-looking young ladies who wear their skirts a little shorter and rub their faces with a powder that has a trifle more purple in its pigment than any other young ladies in town.

Next to Belle Fatima's is the old Jenkins place, now also in the hands of the invaders.

Judge Jenkins had greatly prided himself upon his front bay windows—in one of which a century plant was always seen on a mahogany stand, and in the other a marble bust of Shakspere with the back of its head turned toward the street. But that was long ago—in the days when little girls minded their mothers, and mothers minded their little girls. Today the bay windows have been taken out, and a long, unlovely leanto has been built against the front of the house, reaching to the sidewalk. In this addition two stores have been opened. One is a pool room—a sort of finishing school for young gentlemen who want to get it over and done with; and the other is candy, tobacco and cigars, where if you belong to the élite you can go in for a glass of vanilla soda that will cost you fifty cents, and come out with a hiccup worth a dollar.

Next to the Jenkins place are a number of large houses built in the era when day nursery and night nursery had not yet disappeared from architects' drawings, to say nothing of music room, sewing room and den. These residences, once sheltering each its proud establishment, have now been split up into four-family tenements—tenements which have been further split up by wonderful rows about the disappearance of coal from individual coal bins, and the levitation of washing left out all night to dry on a community line.

Toward the end of the street the houses somewhat improve in appearance, though badly enough in need of paint, and with here and there a window pane broken or a chimney top half blown down. These houses are the Old Guard, which have not yet surrendered. Here, silently and ceaselessly, the battle is still going on. If the invading Patagonians win, it won't be long before they are around the corner, forcing another migration of the home forces. If the defenders win—well, they will win, that's all. They will get no credit and receive no thanks; but here and there perhaps in one of these beleaguered houses you will find an old warrior who wishes no other reward than, when the proper time comes, to be able to repeat with the patriarch of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

II

NEARLY everyone in Springfield knew Fred Bellamy—knew him and liked him too. He was floorwalker at Howell & Menzer's Department Store—a handsome man with his pink cheeks like a certain shade of Alaska salmon,

"Well!" Began Her Mother. "And What Time Did You Come In Last Night?"

and his silvery hair and mustache—and he had a happy, jovial, prosperous manner that made him an ideal Santa Claus at the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Crabbed old ladies who could never raise a smile from anybody else could always count on a spoonful of sugar from Fred.

"Isn't it too bad," new friends would sometimes say, "that he isn't in business for himself? A man like that should never be working for somebody else."

As a matter of fact Fred had been in business twice.

The first time—in Bellamy's Boote Shoppe—he had continued the adventure until he had spent all his wife's money. The second time, when he had bought out Daggett's Undertaking Parlors with the proceeds of a mortgage on his wife's house, he ran another short race on Very Hard Cash, but was presently thrown from the saddle and nearly landed in the mud. A good man to work for others, he was a bad egg to himself and his family, being more interested in beauty than in business, and letting everybody owe him. Yet, with it all, nearly everybody liked him, though there were mighty few who had a good word for his wife.

For one thing, the passing years had left her with a fighter's face—a dour expression that constantly seemed to be smelling fish and was hardly ever caught at a fresh one—an expression whose dominant features were a nose and chin that might have chiseled stone. She had been a Jenkins before she married—a niece of old Judge Jenkins, he who had lived down the street and prided himself upon his bay windows. At the time when she married Fred she hadn't been so dour and unsmiling, but few people remembered that. When Fred had promised to endow her with all his worldly goods she had twenty-seven thousand dollars in Northern Pacific Threes and Santa Fe General Fours. It was after Bellamy's Boote Shoppe had walked away with these prime securities that she began to look sour; and when the four thousand dollars mortgage money had been buried past resurrection in Bellamy, Mortuarian, and Mrs. Bellamy began to realize that she had wed a very gallant gentleman, strawberry peddlers gave her just one look and promptly took their false fruit somewhere else—to Belle Fatima, for instance, who had lately moved into the old Stubbs house farther down the street.

Fred wanted the hair to go with the hide.

"Let's sell the place," he urged. "I hate to tell anybody that I live on Weatherby Street any more. First thing we know we'll have a junk dealer next door, and the front yard full of scrap iron and old brass beds. If we sell now I guess we could get seventy-five hundred, but if we wait till there's a first-class nuisance next door we'd be lucky if we could give the place away."

At that, Mrs. Bellamy gave him her first dour look, though it was far from being her last, and told him a few things that warmed his ears and made him think—as many a man has thought before him—what a fool he had been for ever marrying that.

"To lose that twenty-seven thousand dollars was bad enough," concluded Mrs. Bellamy, raving on as a woman sometimes will; "and the mortgage was worse. But this old house is the place where my father was born, and where I was born, and it's all that I've got left in the world; and I'm going to keep it as long as I live if I have to go out washing to pay the taxes and the interest—to keep us all from being turned out on the street like a family of tramps from the house that's always had a Jenkins in it since the day it was born!"

Excitement had made her incoherent, but Fred caught her meaning even though his ears were glowing. He began to look around him for a job—to consider openings—and every day that he looked and considered, the interest date on the mortgage drew a step nearer, inexorable as death, terrible as an army with banners. Mrs. Bellamy waited as long as she dared, and then one day when Master Frederic came home from a hard day's work of looking and considering—which had taken him in the direction of the local baseball park—he found two strange men sitting down with their knees under his supper table, and was briefly informed, in the kitchen, that these were boarders, and there was room for six more upstairs.

The Jenkinses had always been noted for their cooking, and it wasn't long before the rooms upstairs were filled. But it's a fighting life—this keeping of boarders—fighting against time, and fighting against three big meals a day, and fighting dirt, and fighting the butcher for sending Taurus and the Ram, and fighting delivery men for not getting things to the house in time to cook for dinner, and fighting sick headaches and neuralgia, and dead beats, and bed smokers, and gentlemen who come home at two o'clock in the morning and sit on the curbstone and take off their shoes and laugh at a moon which is nearly as full as themselves.

It was then, particularly, that people began to pity Fred for having such a hard-faced woman for his wife.

"Poor Mr. Bellamy!" old ladies would say. "If he had only married the right kind of a girl!"

They had one child, a daughter Dorothy—one of those not uncommon children who alternate streaks of goodness with layers of badness, as the best of bacon will alternate lean and fat. One minute demure, the next naughty; one day quiet, the next being chased home by a neighbor; one week a lady, and the next coming home with her little clothes worn out from sliding down Jaqui's grain chute—it wasn't long before Mrs. Bellamy had another struggle on her hands, a contest which presently found its sharpest conflicts in keeping Dot from playing on the street, and particularly from running around with the graceless little Patagonians down the hill.

She tried reason at first, and then she appealed to family pride; and when neither of these was productive of results she tried the palm of her hand, and found herself successful. Yes; she gained her daughter's obedience, but she lost her affection. Dot turned to her father, who gave her candy on the quiet and whispered, "Never mind, little honey girl. Poppa loves you."

Mrs. Bellamy, looking suddenly, sometimes caught her husband and daughter watching her with thoughtful attention, as though they were asking themselves: "Who is this strange woman—this old rip—who calls herself

mother? Where did she come from—and when will she break out next?"

The years rolled on—those varicolored spheres—and Fred's prophecy came true. The Patagonians had fought their way up the street, house by house, until now they had reached a stand next door to the Bellamys, changing a one-time dignified residence into a four-family tenement, and keen for further expansion. These old-time houses with their spacious halls and many rooms might have been built to order for them; and to make the Bellamy residence more attractive in their eyes it stood on a hundred-foot lot and had a barn in the rear, a barn which could easily be converted into a garage where cars could be stored at owners' risk for at least five dollars a month each.

It wasn't far from being an epic—that contest for the Bellamy property. Rugs shaken near open windows, ashes sifted when clothes were out to dry, rubbish blowing over a lawn, a dog that slept all day and sang all night—these were but a few of the preliminaries to the main engagement, a struggle which Mrs. Bellamy guessed would last as long as she lived. She accepted it, though, with her chin in the air—an old warrior if ever there was one—and always made it a point of honor to give back as good as she got and then add a little bit more, a principle which the Jenkinses had followed as far back as Concord and Yorktown, and had continued at Shenandoah and Appomattox Court House. Meanwhile Fred had found his position as floorwalker in Howell & Menzer's, and as the years continued rolling by—those varicolored spheres—Dot left school and stayed at home to help her mother, a good-looking girl, though shy from the training she had had, with features like Fred, all but the chin, and that was a Jenkins—a study in heredity that would have warmed Lombroso's heart.

As you can probably guess, Mrs. Bellamy had brought up her daughter on old-fashioned lines—black cotton stockings, low-heeled shoes, and a respectful way of looking at her mother before speaking, as though to say "May I?" But one Saturday morning when Dorothy had gone shopping Mrs. Bellamy found something in her daughter's bureau drawer which set her thinking. This was a halftone cut from the local newspaper, showing a pompadoured college boy with a large initial on his sweater, the picture being mounted in a frame that had evidently been bought from the five-and-ten.

"Silly little fool!" thought the old rip, the war paint on her face in a moment. "Why, if it isn't young Howell! I wonder where on earth she got that nonsense in her head!"

It was indeed young Larrabee Howell, only son of B. J. Howell, of Howell & Menzer; and when you recall that Fred Bellamy was floorwalker at that modern department store, perhaps you can begin to see the romantic notion that was flowering in Dot's mind.

"She's beginning young," thought Mrs. Bellamy; and grimly added, "like her father!" She was in two minds about tearing up the picture, but tossed it back in the drawer at last.

"So that's it—thinking of men already," she mused as she went back to the kitchen. "I guess I'd better take a hand in this myself, before it gets too far. But if she does take after her father," she continued, her thoughts going back to the Booterie and to Bellamy, Mortuarian—"well, God knows I'm going to have my hands full with her before I'm through!"

III

MRS. BELLAMY had asked herself, "I wonder where on earth she got such nonsense in her head." The answer was easy. Dot had learned the rules of love in the movies.

Every Wednesday night for years her father had taken her to the Gem Theater, dressed in her best bib and tucker, and with a freshly ironed ribbon in her hair. Dorothy had been only eight years old when this was started, and at first the language of silent love had been so much Greek to her; but bit by bit she learned what it meant when bosoms heaved and eyeballs rolled and a certain person picked up another certain person's photograph and pressed it like a plaster to the chest. After that it didn't take her long to see that Cinderella invariably married the Prince; and being more or less of a Cinderella herself she considered the possibilities of Springfield and decided that Larry Howell should be the one whose diaphragm would some day rise and fall at sight of her fresh young beauty; and who after surmounting dreadful obstacles would ride away with her into a glorious sunset where love birds sang immortal melodies in gardens of endless love.

There was only one flaw in the plan. Nearly every day on her way to school she saw Larry dashing up State Street in his wire-wheeled chariot. But did he ever notice the trudging little figure on the sidewalk, and start his chest going up and down like a concertina? He did not. And to make it worse, he often had other girls in the car with him—pretty girls, too, who worked in his father's store, and whom he had picked up on his way back from dinner and was giving them something to brag about for the rest of the day.

Dot kept her attachment secret, not even telling Eve Kenneally, her chum, a cool young customer who was a month and a day older than Dot, and gave herself airs on that account. The Kenneallys lived in the house above the Bellamys.

Eve was tall and sang alto—two circumstances that didn't hurt her good opinion of herself—and all her life she had practiced the use of her eyes until she was getting to be a regular little sharpshooter, but didn't intend to rest satisfied until she could bring down twenty-five birds out of a possible twenty-five, and never mind how hard the wind was blowing.

At times Mrs. Bellamy had her doubts of Eve.

"What were you two girls laughing at when I saw you on the street this afternoon?" Dot's mother asked her one evening.

To get the full force of this you must imagine the old warrior's expression—her frowning brow, her chilled-steel eyes, her chin, which looked as though it could be used to crack granite or chip the edges off a paving stone.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dot, flushing without knowing it. "I didn't even know that we were laughing."

"Don't you lie to me!" said her mother fiercely.

"I'm not lying."

"Well, then—what were you laughing at?"

"Oh, I know," said Dot, suddenly recollecting. "Mr. Barnes was pasting a big fat paper codfish on the window of the Mohican Market—you know, one of those paper signs with the price on it. And the codfish had a big nose and hardly any chin, and Eve said it looked like old Sol Kelly, who keeps the secondhand furniture store."

"I don't believe a word you're saying!"

Basing her action upon the rich experience of the past, Dot said nothing.

"What was that man turning around and looking at you for?" continued her mother.

"I don't know," said Dot almost tearfully. "Was there a man?"

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Instead of Sweeping On Past, It Seemed to Come More and More Slowly, Until Finally It Nosed Up to the Curbstone

THEN THERE WERE NINE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE night was dark and cold. So was Eli Gouch. He stood upon the platform of Birmingham's L. & N. station and stared regretfully at the departing train. The interior of the train had been warm and comfortable; but much as he desired to remain upon it Mr. Gouch knew that the conductor's credulity had been taxed to the utmost when he allowed himself to be persuaded that Eli had delivered over to him a ticket to Birmingham. The conductor remembered that the ticket read Decatur; he remembered, but he wasn't sure—and Eli was. His passionate expostulations had prevailed, and now Eli stood on the platform alone and friendless in the midst of a very great deal of inclement and bitter weather.

There had been no particular reason behind Eli's selection of Birmingham as a destination, although there had been considerable inducement for his sudden exodus from Louisville. Eli had boarded the train with the sole idea of immediately placing as much distance as possible between himself and certain militant creditors.

This Enthusiasm for Mr. Mapes Afflicted Eli With a Distinct Pain

The train rumbled off in the distance. A freight struggled noisily past on the tracks of the adjacent Queen & Crescent road. Then there was silence, punctured only by the clangor of cars on Twentieth Street, the rattlety-bang of trunks in the baggage room and the mournful howl of the midwinter storm.

Eli slouched across the platform and directed his laggard footsteps in the general direction of the greatest illumination. He came to a halt within the shelter of the station and stared down Twentieth. That thoroughfare was illumined with a bright and slick gloominess. Its paving was sheeted with sleet. A few pedestrians struggled against the biting gale, automobiles skidded dangerously, a traffic policeman at the First Avenue intersection shivered disconsolately and muttered anathema upon his job.

Eli Gouch had nothing whatever to do and ample time in which to do it. Until this moment Birmingham had been but a name to him; now it was a stark actuality. He drew his sleazy coat more tightly about his large and magnificently muscled figure and visioned a heaven of barbecued pork and Brunswick stew. Eli was hungry and lonely. He was very, very lonely.

A policeman stared at him and Eli fancied that there was a certain malevolence in the bluecoat's glance. He decided abruptly that he had better travel. He did. He slid down Twentieth Street and paused uncertainly at the corner. To the right stretched a dark and barren expanse of street. On the left lights beckoned. Too, instinct guided that way, and so he made his way westward, crossed one street and came eventually to Eighteenth. Then Eli knew that he was home again.

Even the rigor of the winter's coldest night failed to mitigate the multifarious activities of Darktown's Broadway. To Eli's right stretched an array of negro business establishments: Yeast & Snead's Used Clothing Exchange, the Acey Upshaw Taxicab Company, Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. Into the latter the stranger eventually drifted. The big room was comfortably hot, the air fetid with the smoke of many evil cigars and cheap cigarettes. Eli flipped back the collar of his coat, patted down his flagrant necktie and revealed himself as a decidedly personable gentleman of commanding physique. The fingers of his half-frozen right hand roved questingly in the depths of a trousers pocket and took stock of his worldly capital—twenty-eight cents.

Being acutely conscious of the inner man's imperious demands, Eli sauntered to the lunch counter and cast a speculative eye over the menu. He decided eventually upon a service of barbecued pork and a cup of steaming coffee. That dispatched, he felt infinitely better and decidedly poorer. His fortune at the moment consisted of one exceedingly slick nickel and three Lincoln pennies.

A peculiar lethargy seemed to pervade Mr. Peaglar's establishment. The three tables that were operating seemed to be doing so in decidedly desultory fashion. It was patent that the chief interest of Birmingham's Darktown that night was something other than pool. Eli made inquiry and his attention was directed to a vermilion placard which was suspended above the lunch counter:

BASKETBALL

BIRMINGHAM CHAMPIONS
VERSUS
SELMA

TEUSDAY NIGHT—JANURARY 18; 8:30 P.M.
SONS & DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE HALL

ADMISION—$1.00
LADIES—½ PRICE

DANCING AFTER THE GAME

Basket ball! The words meant nothing whatever to Eli Gouch. He knew vaguely that the game was played with a ball and that baskets were, for some unaccountable reason, important items in the contest; but beyond that his knowledge was slightly less than nil.

"Where that Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise Hall is at?" he queried.

The light-tan young gentleman addressed imparted specific information, and once again Eli hunched his broad shoulders, elevated coat collar about his ears and braved the storm. In his pockets was eight cents, in his soul a great yearning to witness the basket-ball game; not because he was interested in it as such, but because it was the thing of greatest interest to the colored populace that night; because, too, it promised jollity and warmth and social companionship. Birmingham's colored set would be present; and where folks were, Eli reasoned, there too might be opportunity.

He experienced some difficulty in locating the hall. Before the building were parked automobiles of all colors and previous conditions of servitude. They ranged from battered and asthmatic flivvers to new and shiny sedans. And a very bedlam assailed his ears. It was obvious that no matter what was occurring, the crowd was vociferously well pleased.

Admission—$1.00. Ladies—½ Price.

With steps which atoned in boldness what they may have lacked in forethought, he ascended to the entrance, paused briefly before a mirror in the lobby to make himself presentable and strode confidently toward the ticket taker.

"How's the game comin'?" he inquired nonchalantly.

The countenance of the doorkeeper expanded into a broad and friendly grin.

"Bummin'ham is runnin' away fum 'em, brother. We was leadin' fohty-one to eight at the end of the fust half."

It was no part of Eli's policy to manifest enthusiasm over the achievements of any save Mr. Gouch.

"Huh! That ain't much score."

The other frowned.

"Reckon we has got the best cullud basket-ball team in the country."

"Fumadiddles!"

"What you mean—fumadiddles?"

"Y'-all don't know nothin' 'bout basket ball."

The doorkeeper stared intently at the powerful figure of Mr. Gouch.

"Does you?"

"Suttinly!"

"Is you a basket-baller?"

Eli planted a supercilious grin upon his countenance.

"Playin' basket ball is the one thing I don't never do nothin' else but."

Interest flamed in the other's orbs.

"Honest?"

"Mistuh Gouch, You Sho'ly Does Dance Elegant"

"Sure as hell ain't paved with no icicles. Ise the champeen cullud basket-baller of the world."

"No?"

"Yeh!"

The hand of the other shot forward.

"Hot dam! Brother, I bids you welcome."

Eli met the other's grasp.

"What yo' name might be?" inquired the doorkeeper.

"Eli Gouch. Fum Louisville."

"My name is Acey Upshaw. Ise a Bummin'ham residence."

"Please' to meet up with you, Mistuh Upshaw. Tell me sumthin' 'bout this basket-ball team you has heah."

Acey exhibited no reluctance in complying with Eli's request. His story, punctuated by wild chorused shrieks from within, was of the advent of one Neuritis Mapes into Birmingham, of that gentleman's basket-ball prowess and of the manner in which he had formed a team to represent Birmingham. It appeared that he found much good material ready at hand; young colored athletes who had played on teams at school and elsewhere. There was Florian Slappey, who was accounted a floor runner second only to Neuritis, and Dr. Brutus Herring, who played the other forward. Then, too, there were Cleophus White and George Shivers and Spokane G. Washington and Frenzie Gillings and Sidney Skigg. Under the expert coaching of Neuritis they had developed a court team of no mean quality.

The sport was new to Darktown, and when the team was returned victorious over its first opponent Birmingham colored folks commenced to interest themselves. Since then there had been a constant succession of easy victories. This night the hitherto undefeated Selma team was tasting gall and wormwood. There was no doubting Mr. Upshaw's rabid enthusiasm or the fact that it was common to all of the city. He gazed respectfully upon the newcomer because of Eli's pretensions to basket-ball greatness. At the moment there was no proficiency in the world so popular with Birmingham's colored citizenry as that.

But the wealth of detail held no interest for Mr. Gouch. He listened with what patience he could muster, caring nothing whatever about the game and craving only to be admitted free to the excitement within. And at length, when Acey's discourse had been glowingly completed, he made a move to enter.

"Does you wish me to buy a ticket, Brother Upshaw?"

"Nossuh! Nossuh, indeed! We is glad to compliment visitin' players."

Mr. Gouch entered the hall. A wild burst of noise pounded upon his eardrums. His eyes rested first on the floor, and he saw there what appeared to him to be chaos. Players thinly clad—"Looks like they ain't wearin' nothin' on'y union suits," commented Eli—leaping wildly about the floor, fighting for possession of the large ball. Five of the players wore uniforms of navy blue, and upon the breast of each of them was a large S. The others streaked over the court in costumes of melancholy yellow which Eli later learned was supposed to be gold. Their chests were inscribed with enormous B's. And the Golden Cyclone was obviously experiencing an enjoyable evening.

Nor were the spectators less colorful than the players. The hall was jammed to capacity. Colored folks were out *en masse*. Even Eli, stranger though he was, could not mistake the fact that the sport was being sponsored by the city's dusky best. Everywhere an atmosphere of enthusiasm and care-free gayety.

Eli Gouch was very glad, indeed, that he had alighted in Birmingham. He was pleased, too, that he had thought to introduce himself as a basket-ball satellite. It might prove a trifle embarrassing to maintain that pose, but Mr. Gouch had lived fairly well by reason of nimble wit and he was not particularly appalled by the difficulty of the task he had undertaken.

The excitement oozed into his blood and he tried to watch the game. It was wholly unintelligible to him. Fighting, scrambling, racing, shouting and every once in a while one of the gold-clad players would throw the ball through a basket decorated in gold and there would be a delirious howl of applause.

"'Pears to me," soliloquized the stranger, "that they is excitin' theyse'ves a whole heap 'bout nothin' much a-tall."

Suddenly there came the startling crack of a revolver. Eli leaped affrightedly. Then he noticed that play had stopped. The blue players from Selma gathered into a little group and gave a sportsmanlike yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!
Are we licked?
I'll say we am!
Who went an' licked us?
Bummin'ham!

The locals replied with equal sportsmanship:

Selma! Selma! Rah! Rah
Selma! Selma! Rah! Rah!
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Se-e-e-elma!

The huge score board on the far end of the court gave mute testimony to the fact that Selma had been decisively trimmed. According to the blackboard the final score had been 71 to 19, and even to the untutored mind of Eli Gouch that resembled a one-sided score. He gazed enviously upon the slender, gold-clad figure who was hoisted upon the shoulders of a dozen admirers while the crowd gave a cheer for Neuritis Mapes.

This enthusiasm for Mr. Mapes afflicted Eli with a distinct pain. In the first place, Mr. Mapes was nothing to get enthusiastic about. He was small and skinny and not particularly pleasing to the eye. True, Eli remembered that only a few minutes since Mr. Mapes had been slipping around the basket-ball court with the agility of a panther and that most of the shots which had trickled through the golden basket had started from his fingers.

Eventually the basket-ball players disappeared in search of the showers and immediately there was a wild scrambling for the dance floor. Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra settled itself in a corner. Ten minutes later the dancing started. Eli Gouch stood lonesomely in a far corner, watching enviously, when he became conscious of a figure by his side. He turned to face his ticket-taking friend. "Mistuh Upshaw."

"Yeh. Come 'long with me. I wants you to meet up with Mistuh Neuritis Mapes."

Eli was more than pleased to meet up with anybody. He desired acquaintances—the more the better—and just at the moment he was anxious to become friendly with the hero of the hour. He was piloted across the floor to where Neuritis, looking even more insignificant in his clothes than he had in the basket-ball uniform, was the center of a vociferously admiring throng. Acey edged into the crowd with the massive and inspiring figure of Eli Gouch in his wake.

"Neuritis," he said, "heah's that gemmun I was tellin' you about."

Neuritis' hand shot forward eagerly to clasp that of Eli.

"I sho'ly is delighted to make yo' acquaintanceship, Brother Gouch."

"Tha's mutuality," returned Eli politely. "You got a team heah which ain't so ve'y awful."

Neuritis bristled slightly.

"I think we has the best cullud team in the country."

Eli shrugged.

"You talks foolishment. I used to play on a team which two of us fellers could lick yo' whole crowd."

Neuritis and the other auditors were impressed.

"What team does you play on now?"

"Ain't playin' nowheres."

"Hot ziggity! How 'bout playin' with us?"

Eli's answer was languid and indifferent.

"I ain't aimin' to stay in Bummin'ham."

"But ifn you plays good basket ball we wants you to."

"Ain't cravin' to play no basket ball. I an' it is done."

"But a feller which plays as good as you do ——"

"Besides," explained Eli airily, "I has got a good job waitin' fo' me in N'Yawlins an' I ain't got no job heah."

Neuritis hesitated, but only for an instant.

"Does you feel opposed to a winder-washin' job?"

"A which?"

"A job washin' winders in white folks' houses?"

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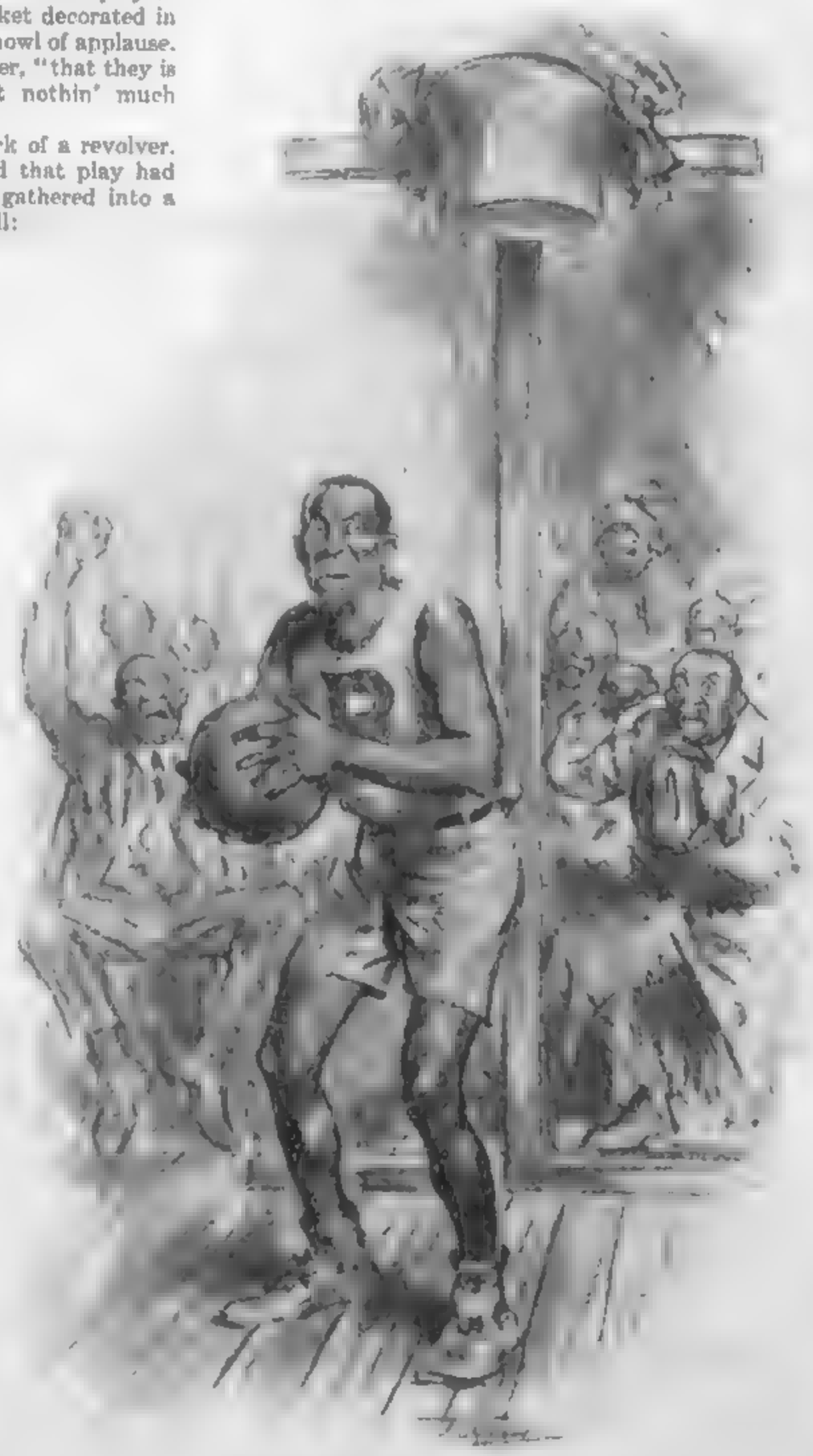

Eli Was Nervous. He Stood Motionless

WANTED—BIG MEN

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT IS a fair question to raise whether this country has not grown faster in recent years than the quality of the human material which handles the business machine. To be specific, it is a question whether the aggregations of capital have not grown more rapidly than knowledge and ability to operate them. We have many large industrial and financial establishments, and the tendency seems to be to have even more. But where are the men to run them?

Certainly there is no point in constantly enlarging the size of our banks and in organizing new industrial consolidations if managers cannot be found to handle the resulting mass. No one suggests, of course, than men of such caliber are wholly lacking, or ever will be. Leaders are always brought to the top by the conditions, circumstances and emergencies of their time.

But it must be admitted that America's industrial and financial bigness has come upon it with a terrific rush, and that growth without organization often proves unhealthy and dangerous. We have not adjusted ourselves to the suddenness of the sweep. It would not be surprising if human beings lacked the combination of knowledge and vision to keep up with their country. In a period of years which seems a rather short span to those in middle life this country has gained in population more people than live in any country in South America.

But its growth in banking resources, in steel-producing capacity, in life insurance in force, in telephones, in automobiles and other similar items makes even the increase in population look small. Not only has American life been radically changed by increased communication but in two of the most important of the newer means of communication, the automobile and the telephone, this country has, relatively speaking, almost a monopoly or corner on the world.

The expenses of the United States Government increased from $1,000,000,000 to $21,000,000,000 as the result of a year or two of war. Our industrial rush has not come quite so fast, and yet if we consider the changes wrought by telephones and automobiles there has been the same sort of flood of torrential magnitude. Is it not probable that men accustomed to smaller things should be submerged and lost in larger affairs, their knowledge and imagination alike unequal to the test?

Coaxing Out Latent Talents

IT MAY be objected that the industrial machine could hardly increase more rapidly than the man power to handle it, because it is only the product, the creation of man. But there is no fact more generally conceded or agreed to than that man's inventive faculty exceeds his organizing, managing faculty. The second must always catch up to the first. It is a fine evidence of inventive genius to devise a deadly gas capable of destroying a whole city, but what a shocking reflection upon man's political, upon his organizing and executive power that he does not know how to prevent its being used for such a purpose!

Inventions are based on the oldest of sciences, mathematics, physics and chemistry. Big business, on the other hand, or even ordinary business, is chiefly the art of getting on with great numbers of men, with immediate subordinates, with armies of rank-and-file employes, with customers, with stockholders, with public authorities, with the public. It involves the training of subordinates, the promotion and selection of employes, the payment of salaries and wages, and a whole network of intricate personal, social and human relationships which have arisen to plague mankind only in comparatively recent years.

Surely no one with a grain of optimism in his nature doubts that experience will develop the knowledge, ability and vision to operate great business and financial enterprises. The mistakes should not prove fatal or other than retrievable. But there is just as little doubt that we are now in the period of maladjustment, in which the facilities for the aggregation of capital have gone ahead of the knowledge of how to operate it.

Unfortunately there is one trait in human nature which always works against the successful conduct of large organizations. Men who themselves are entirely competent to build up and carry on these enterprises rarely have the faculty of developing others to take their places. It may be that they do not know how, or it may be that they are jealous of their immediate subordinates.

Most of us are either scornful or fearful of those just below us, who serve as our understudies or perform duties similar to but just a shade less important than ours. Captains of industry and Wall Street financiers are not alone in this respect. Mechanics have a poor opinion of helpers and apprentices. It is a universal failing.

But when men at the head of great aggregations of capital hog the rewards and the limelight of high position the results are often serious. The head of a great institution may be a shining, brilliant success in every respect but this one. But, in the concrete terms of an actual case of unusual magnitude, here is what I mean: The president of a certain institution is a man of extraordinary fitness for his place, except that he has become so jealous of his senior vice president, a younger man of unquestioned ability who is slated in time to succeed the president, that as a result the whole place is thrown into a constant uproar.

It must not be supposed for a moment that in raising the question of whether talent for the conduct of large enterprises is lacking the writer means to imply that latent talent is lacking. There may be thousands of men down the line in every organization or languishing in obscurity outside of it who are capable of doing the big job. But either the inclination or the technic to bring them out and up is what is absent. It is a relative, not an absolute lack of men that I am writing about.

All this in a sense is an old story. These failings and these discordant human relationships are deep in the nature of man. The subject is new only as ever-changing conditions make it such. Many supposedly big men have proved anything but giants in stature in the last two years. Executive reputations have gone down in the general deflation, certainly faster in a number of cases than the cost of living. Yet at this very time the integration of industry is going forward at a greater rate than ever. There are mergers of companies in every line—steel, sugar, copper, motors—each of which needs the leadership of competence, integrity and vision.

It is difficult, of course, to appraise at their true value those who occupy important positions. In one frame of mind the public regards them as supermen, these captains of industry, so called. They are idealized, their strength emphasized and played up. If one's name is mentioned often enough the public thinks he must be a big man; whereas he may merely have a good publicity agent and deserve no higher appellation than that of a stuffed shirt. Or, in another mood, the public may tear its industrial and financial idols to pieces, suspect them of every form of crookedness as well as weakness and incapacity, just as it does so often with its public men.

So-Called Business Supermen

THEN, too, if the subject be viewed merely from the standpoint of property rights, of invested capital, of bonds and stocks, there is always the fear that springs from a natural and justifiable timidity that great corporations may be mismanaged. Are the interests of the bondholders and stockholders, of merchandise creditors, of bank creditors, well cared for? Will they get regular interest and dividends? Is the loan sure to be paid off? Is that fellow who has been made president able to steer such a large ship through rough waters as well as smooth? Are such vast and complicated interests really safe in his hands?

So impressed at certain times at least are investors with the importance of the human equation that they pay practically no attention to statistics and reports, but pin their hopes entirely upon men, upon leaders, upon what too often, alas, are merely names and imagined figures, behind which lies no substance.

Now it must be admitted at the start that if supermen are wanted to conduct the big aggregations of capital the task of finding them is well-nigh hopeless. An official of one of the outstanding industrial combinations of the country, one of the half dozen largest, was asked if he found the officers at the top to be supermen. He has been with the concern only a relatively short period of time, and is high enough to come into close contact with the men at the top, and yet is enough beneath them to take a presumably more detached point of view.

He replied:

"I have never before worked for anything like as big a company, although I have had many years of experience in corporation affairs. I had previously thought that the big fellows who run these giant organizations must be supermen. I thought I should find conditions entirely different from ordinary business, if I should ever get into such a place. But I was mistaken, of course. Character and habits control everywhere and carry over unchanged into organizations like this, even though the business does run into the half billion.

"Indeed, I believe the larger a concern the more impossible it is to find any man who is wholly satisfactory in his place. The greater the operations the more people there are whose temperaments will clash with his."

My informant then went on and expressed the most profound admiration for the head of his company; and also for one of the vice presidents and department heads, although in more moderate transports. This at first seemed inconsistent, but the further the writer went in his search for supermen the less inconsistent it appeared. The admiration expressed for the head of the company was for certain qualities of character, certain features of stability, which inspired confidence. There was no pretense on the part of the subordinate that his superior was especially brilliant or wonderful or in any sense a superman. But he could be trusted, and the official whom I was interviewing seemed to regard that as the most important thing in the world.

"The only difference between what you call big men and others," said another corporation executive, close to but not quite at the top, "is that they make bigger and more costly mistakes. Consider the price changes in the past few years, upon which rock so many companies have split. If you could examine the minutes of a few large corporations you would find that the boards of directors, made up of names which are so awe inspiring to the general public, were no wiser in calling the turn than the little piker speculators in brokers' offices. They were scared stiff when prices had reached bottom and were about to turn upwards, and they wanted to expand rapidly and showed lots of courage after the market for their product had been improving for about a year."

"When you know these people well," said still a third executive, near but just under the top, "your idea changes considerably from that which you get from reading the write-ups in the Sunday papers and magazines. If you go on a yachting trip with them for a few days, and have a drink with them, and hear them swear a little you realize they are quite human and wholly different from what reading their names in the papers for years might lead you to believe."

The Acid Test of Sudden Wealth

"DON'T forget, either, that in high places as well as low there are many misfits. I am not speaking only of the men who haven't the qualities which fit them for the positions they hold; of those who have the technical knowledge and experience, but no sense for outside relations; of those who have both the knowledge and experience as well as the proper relation toward the outside world, but who are beasts to their subordinates and keep the office in a constant turmoil; of those who get along well with men and are wonderful salesmen, promoters and business getters, but who know nothing of the business itself; and of those who have all these endearing qualities, but whose private lives are such that the public has no confidence in them.

"I am speaking just as much of the voluntary misfits, the men who don't care for these high positions, but are practically compelled to hold them because of the pressure of boards of directors who do not know where else to turn. There are the men who want to retire, whose wives make life miserable for them because they don't retire. There are the men who don't like the work, who would rather be out-of-doors, whose health does not warrant them in staying in such positions."

It is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, and the writer has no desire to exaggerate its importance; but the public probably fails to realize the full extent of the temptations which beset men in the highest corporate positions. Most such men in this country rise from comparative poverty and obscurity. When they near the top they become obsessed too often with the desire to make a fortune for themselves rather than to give the company their best services.

Thus acquired, great and sudden wealth may turn their heads. They run after women, splurge on the expense end and become arbitrary and unnecessarily autocratic toward their immediate subordinates. To win the position and rewards of exceptional business success and yet keep the qualities and abilities which carried one there—that is none too common an achievement.

What looks like a real-to-goodness captain of industry may turn out under the acid test of sudden wealth and power to be merely a convincing talker, a super business getter rather than a superman. There may be lots of personality but no real ability. Many of them go crazy spending money instead of devoting such abilities as they have to consolidating their high positions by painstakingly building up a solid organization to carry on. Under the acid test of sudden wealth and power many prove to have no real honesty or decency of character, and gradually the investing public gets wise to that fact.

Such in briefest possible outline is what might be called the unfavorable or pessimistic view of the subject, true enough by itself. Indeed, what is stated here is a carefully toned-down, expurgated version, not of what might occur to an outside, uninformed observer, but the essence of what was stated to the writer by half a dozen persons actually in the game. But this viewpoint cannot stand by itself. It is partial, narrow and far from being the whole truth. We come much closer to the heart of the subject in the brief reply made to the writer's questions by the president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Mr. Walter C. Teagle:

"I remember that H. H. Rogers used to say that if a man was 75 per cent good he was so much better than the average that no one should mind the other 25 per cent. You are looking for the impossible. No man measures up to success in all lines. No matter how good he is in one thing, the thing in which he isn't sticks out. What he can't do looms up more than what he can do. This is not peculiar to high executive positions. Men at the head of large enterprises differ in this respect not at all from other groups or classes. You are talking about human nature, that is all."

"That is an extremely modest and charitable position to take," I said; "but I would hardly have expected it from one in your position. Your company has long been regarded as a model of successful management."

In his reply to this remark Mr. Teagle indicated that the success of the Standard Oil Company has not been due, in his opinion at least, so much to the efforts of supermen as to the simple fact that those who have conducted its affairs have had the foundation of experience and knowledge of the business they happened to be in, however deficient they might have been or may be in other respects. He expressed rather scant sympathy for the theory apparently employed by numerous individuals and companies that because a man is a success in one line he is necessarily a whirlwind in others.

Mr. Teagle was emphatic in his opinion that executives should know the business they are in, and should not expect or be expected to know how to do everything else.

"After thirty-five years of personal experience," said the head of another important manufacturing concern, "I find it is much more difficult to discover the type of mind that makes a real executive than for any other work. We are handicapped by the fact that there is no definite education for the development of such men. There are always a large number of engineers of various kinds, and of professional men, for the simple reason that we have educational institutions which have definite courses for the training and development of such careers. A man can study electrical and mechanical engineering or chemistry, or he can take a definite education to become a lawyer or a preacher. This is true, perhaps, because there are so many places open to such men, while the positions of larger executive responsibility are comparatively fewer."

How to Choose Good Executives

"THE average mind seems to be so constructed that it can grasp some one thing better than many things. In discussing such matters our board of directors often reach the point where they agree that the combined qualifications of some two men in our organization would make just the man that we would like for a larger job, but we have no one man who has all the qualifications that we would like to have combined in one man. I have no doubt that every large concern has that same experience. The same factor has to be met in the outside world and in every phase of human activity."

The president of a financial institution made a very similar statement to the writer. At the moment he was looking for a manager to head his most important branch, and had narrowed his choice down to two. The position is one of first-rate importance, carrying a large salary and opportunity for still further advancement. The writer saw the records of the candidates. No two men could be more different. The merest glance showed that one man had training, groundwork, experience, knowledge, maturity and demonstrated ability to handle the problems immediately in front of him. The other was distinguished by drive, push, ability to promote and get business, but with comparatively little knowledge and experience in the immediate subject matter. They were even of different nationalities. Which was to be chosen? If only their qualifications could be combined!

Very well then, let us accept the limitations of our subject, which means that industry and finance are bounded by the limitations of human nature. Nor does it seem to the writer that in pointing them out suspicion need be aroused or confidence destroyed in corporate management. Obviously, the practical question is not to improve human nature, but to use the imperfect material which exists to the very best advantage.

"There are men enough for every place," was the engagingly frank and honest confession of a representative of one of the chief stock-and-bond holding groups of bankers in the country. "If you promise to use no names I will tell you exactly what I mean. Take A. B & Co., which you know to be one of the leaders of their industry. They were in a very bad way not long ago, and at the suggestion of a man I know"—naming a capitalist of national renown—"I put in one of his lieutenants. But you know as well as I that they're

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922

Realism From the Census

THE returns from the last census afford many examples of the typical development of American industries. Soap may be used in illustration. We are the heaviest users of soap in the world. The manufacture of soap is an undertaking based on a highly specialized technic. In 1909 there were 420 soap-making establishments in the country; in 1919 the number had fallen to 348. The 420 plants in 1909 had 18,393 persons engaged in gainful employment, or 44 to the plant. In 1919 the persons engaged numbered 28,919, or 83 to the plant. Fewer plants but larger ones. In 1909 the industry used 28,360 units of primary horse power, or 68 per plant. In 1919 the industry used 33,710 units of primary horse power, or 97 per plant. Fewer plants but more powerful ones. In 1909 each person engaged in the industry used 1.54 units of primary horse power. In 1919 each person engaged used 1.16 units of primary horse power. A saving of power per unit of employment. In 1909 the outturn of hard soap was 1,794,249,000 pounds, or 97,551 pounds per person engaged. In 1919 the outturn of hard soap was 2,231,793,000 pounds, or 77,174 pounds per person engaged. At first sight this looks like a fall in production per unit of employment. But during the decade the character of the outturn has been considerably modified. The products have been greatly diversified, and the quality refined in many directions. In 1909 the value of hard soap was given as 80 per cent of the value of the total outturn. In 1919 the value of the hard soap was only 67 per cent of the total. The items for the two censuses were not identical and the data for the last census were naturally more complete. Taking the figures for comparable products, the value of the outturn in 1909 was $115,455,000. The value of the same products in 1919 was $334,878,000. The dollar has different values in the two periods, therefore we cannot use the index number (290) as representing the expansion. If we correct for the difference between the dollar of 1913 and 1919 on the basis of the index of the Federal Reserve Board (210), the outturn of 1919 in terms of 1913 dollars would be nearly $160,000,000. This is 139 per cent of the value of products in 1909, and the 39 per cent gain may be taken in a general way to indicate the expansion in the soap industry during the ten years, judged by outturn. The population of the country in the same period increased only 14.9 per cent. When measured by number of persons engaged in the industry the growth was 57 per cent. Measured by the primary horse power the gain was 19 per cent. The conclusion would be that centralization has been accompanied by increased efficiency in plants and horse power, but not in employes.

This last fact, taken in consideration with the changed relation of value of hard soap to the total value, suggests that diversification and services demanded by the growing standard of taste of the American public have been expensive, an inference that appears to hold with many commodities.

Red Shirts or Black Shrouds

THIS is the season of the year when in the more thickly wooded or sparsely settled portions of the country local storekeepers do quite a nice little business in heavy woolen outer shirts whose pattern is that of alternate red and black splotches, or even an unrelieved and raucous red. This phenomenon is somewhat puzzling at first. Has the whole countryside suddenly changed from khaki-colored clothing to scarlet, vermilion and similar shades? Of course it is possible the lumberjacks may be laying in a store of winter garments, but why, oh, why this particular color?

Unfortunately there is another and more sinister explanation. With red garments gleaming through the trees fewer of that vast army that sets forth each fall, millions strong and armed to the teeth with the most modern of high-powered rifles and shotguns, will kill one another instead of the rare and fast-disappearing article for which they are hunting—wild game.

But is there not some especially designed or colored garment that would prevent men, women and children from killing one another or themselves by reckless, careless driving of automobiles, by going into waters where they cannot swim, and otherwise disporting themselves to their own destruction? Is there no form of shoe or necktie or knickerbocker that will prevent men from dropping lighted cigarettes where millions of dollars will be lost through forest and other fires?

Alas, no garment or any other preventive now in sight seems able to keep many thousands from rushing annually to their own destruction through sheer carelessness. A great broad state highway crosses a mountain range and dips down into a valley at a steep grade. At the top of the hill the state highway department has put an enormous sign, with a huge red arrow, the word DANGER, in letters that the most near-sighted can read, and a notice in letters almost as large that "a steep hill two and a half miles long is immediately ahead."

But does that sign deter large numbers of motorists from dashing down the hill at full speed and from putting on brakes in a state of sudden alarm about halfway down when the extent of the declivity is fully realized? By no means. And what happens frequently when that is done? Why, the car turns turtle over the bank, and the one medical practitioner in the valley below sets fractures, on one occasion six or seven in a single day. But he cannot restore the dead. There is not a driver, however nervous or amateurish, who cannot descend the hill in safety if only he proceeds with reasonable caution and at a reduced speed.

Life is proverbially mysterious in its rewards and punishments. If the careless and reckless killed themselves and no others the question would cease to be one of public interest, and would take care of itself automatically. But the callow youth who drives himself into a lamp-post and eternity at the rate of sixty miles an hour usually injures others even if he does not kill them while on his primrose path.

Civilized man has driven out beasts and savage natives with firearms; he has conquered distance with motor-driven vehicles. He has made machines in endless numbers, mostly for his comfort and benefit. He has raised many standards by means of these instruments. It is perhaps too much to hope to keep them altogether out of the hands of the heedless, the thoughtless, the utterly unchristian in their disregard of others' rights. Every population must have its proportion of morons and fools and mere hogs. But until these elements are more thoroughly conquered the progress of machinery and invention carries forward with it a dark and repellent shadow.

Truth and Economics

THERE is no cause the advocacy of which gives more pleasure to a greater number of people than the need of economic education. It is such a neat little topic for editorial writers to moralize over. It takes no great learning or effort to tell other people that it is their duty to understand the elementary principles of economics. It sounds well, and avoids the hard necessity of thinking, to say that if only people understood economics better our problems would dissolve like the morning mist.

Prominent men who like to see their names in print are always willing to be interviewed or to write articles on a truism like this. Rich men even leave money to found bureaus to disseminate economic facts. To urge a wider knowledge of economics merely postpones a decision upon the issues that arise. It is always safe to tell people to study economics, for there is the hope that they will embrace your particular brand and come to your pet conclusions.

But who is founding institutions to promote the plain unvarnished truth? We already have enough unread statistics, surveys and reports to swamp the cosmos. The only remedy that is suggested for coal strikes and coal famines is a fact-finding agency, although the coal industry has been investigated already scores upon scores of times by governmental and private agencies.

If any foundation, institution, bureau or agency will take a subject and without bias or prejudice carry it through to clear logical conclusions, it will be teaching the people more than economics; it will be spreading the truth. Such was the recent study of the national income. But studies or surveys of this description, which stand by themselves, which are understandable, which have a meaning, which find readers, and which form a sound basis for reasoned opinion, are as rare as the proverbial hen's teeth.

Reams of alleged statistics and facts are given out, it is true, by so-called bureaus, agencies and the like, in regard to questions of current public interest. But the public is not always certain whether average wage figures given out by bureaus on the employers' side invariably include the lowest-paid groups. Nor is it certain that when the statements come from the side of organized labor the higher-paid groups are invariably included.

A responsible labor organization was quoted in an appeal for striking railway shopmen as saying that "a wage of twenty-three cents an hour was established for section men [by the Railroad Labor Board] and this wage is the basis upon which all other wages are calculated." But according to the statement of the chairman of the Railroad Labor Board such a wage had been fixed as applying to only 6702 out of 200,031 section men, and only in limited sections of the South, where living costs are far below those of the country as a whole. Moreover, in many cases in these particular sections living quarters are furnished the men free. For all section men the average wage fixed was 32.7 cents, or 118 per cent above 1915.

Despite these facts, sympathy was appealed for on the ground that a wage of twenty-three cents had been fixed. It is the widespread presentation of the whole available truth that is needed in the field of industry. There are many statistics, surveys and reports that contain valuable if biased and fragmentary facts and statistics. They are of interest to the professional student and the college debater.

What the busy public wants is clear brief statements of all the available and agreed-to facts. It is willing to leave to the professors, journalists and statisticians an examination of the ex-parte announcements of propaganda bureaus. Surely out of the welter of privately endowed foundations and government bureaus there must be some way found to make clear, understandable, unprejudiced statements of the available truth in regard to industrial questions in dispute. If this is impossible, then all our vast machinery of government departments and private endowments is merely laboring like the mountain to bring forth a mouse.

Where the River Shannon Flows

By L. B. YATES

Free State Troops Resting on Their Arms After an Encounter With the Republicans in Which the Former Were Victorious

IF YOU take the evening train from Euston Station in London and travel due northwest until two o'clock in the morning you finally detrain on a bleak dock at Holyhead. At that point, and before taking boat for Kingstown, your baggage is subjected to a most searching scrutiny by officialdom. It is rather a rough-and-tumble proceeding, but nevertheless very thorough, because—who knows?—one might have an ordinary gat or an innocent bomb concealed somewhere around his belongings. The authorities are most solicitous in this regard, and take no chances, because nothing in the nature of high explosives or weapons is allowed to be taken into Ireland.

Across the Irish Sea from point to point it is only sixty-four miles, and the passage consumes three hours. Along about five o'clock in the morning one commences to get a faint outline of the coast. First a leaden-colored shadow rears itself against the sky, and so blends into the horizon that one doubts whether it is land or simply a darker line of cloud than those above. On nearer approach this line takes on a tangible aspect, then melts into shadowy blue, which later merges into ghostly purple.

The Ireland of Today

BEYOND the dark-blue haze of those hills lies the Ireland of story, song and sentiment; and when you peer behind these misty barriers you find a country of wondrous possibilities, albeit countless contradictions, because at this time of writing the glorious hawthorn-hedged fields of the Emerald Isle lie mostly in shadow. Perhaps you have pictured to yourself a land ringing with wholesome laughter and rapid-fire repartee. You visualized no doubt a happy-go-lucky, carefree people, with few yesterdays and many tomorrows in their calendar; but it jars the visitor somewhat when he finds that the Ireland of today has put away many of the lighter phases of character which were nationally traditional, and is now serious-minded and thinking hard. A few weeks ago the machine guns were popping all along the Liffey-side in Dublin and Rory O'Connor's snipers were replying from the fastness of the Four Courts, while the papers were telling their readers in big headlines that dreaded civil war had broken out in Ireland. After that came the death of Arthur Griffith, followed by the deplorable assassination of Michael Collins.

And the people are asking themselves by what manner of political juggling their land has been transformed into a country of the unexpected and unknowable. They do not quite understand why the treaty with England, which purports to establish what is called a free state, does not permit them to conduct peaceably their various business affairs and proceed to rehabilitate the country on a sound commercial basis. Instead of this, however, Ireland has found itself in the midst of furious fighting, ruthless reprisals and factional bickerings. What Ireland needs more than anything else now is some Moses to rise up and lead her out of a house of political and fanatical bondage.

Other countries perhaps have had like experiences in the days of their beginnings, and the thinking portion of Ireland's citizenry does not expect that all this will be accomplished overnight; but they want to get ahead faster than they are going, and they do not want to have it said that they are progressing backwards.

The People's Want

PREVIOUS to the breaking out of internecine hostilities the writer had gone up and down the country, talking to all sorts and conditions of people. By that I do not mean the demagogic politician or half-baked savant. I don't mean the patriot-at-a-price; I mean the people; and that takes in the merchant, the farmer, the cattle buyer, the day laborer, the artisan and the multitude that go to make up what is called the great masses, and from them I gathered an almost universal answer

These people want peace. They want professional Irishmen and blatant politicians suppressed. In a word, they want to be free to think for themselves and the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. You can't tell them that the hope of Ireland lies in the destruction of everything worth while.

Leaving the six counties of the north out of the question, the Ireland of today is politically divided into two camps—those of the free state, or provisional government as established by the treaty with England, and those who hold to the old theory that Ireland should be a free and untrammeled republic, entirely separate from and rendering no allegiance to the British crown. But Ireland lies to the west, only separated by a water stretch of some sixty miles from the English coast; and as England sees it, a republic raised up at her very gates might, through the intervention of foreign influences, in time of stress develop the greatest menace with which she might have to contend. The British Government has

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Free State Troops Taking Possession of a Building That Had Been Fired

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Child Labor

(A Rimed Editorial)

I MET a little ragged boy
Who looked full twelve years old,
Although he said that o'er his head
Scarce six had passed, all told.

'Twas winter. In the icy air
He seemed about to freeze,
His trousers, frayed, a lack displayed
Of even B.V.D.'s.

"Oh, tattered boy, why do you quit
Your home to brave the storm
When you might stay indoors all day,
Comparatively warm?"

"Oh, sir, I have no home," he said;
"I'm sorry to confess
The landlord's thrown me on my own
By summary dispossess.

"Till recently I had a job
That kept me 'neath a roof,
But two days back I got the sack,
Helped by a foreman's hoof."

"My lad, you're using slang!" I cried,
"Avoid the solecism!"
He hung his head. "Excuse," he said,
"My thoughtless vulgarism.

"Hunched up before a desk I sat
Upon a hardwood seat
Too low to see in front of me,
Too high to rest my feet.

"Six hundred other children slaved
With faces drawn and wild,
For foremen gruff would deal a cuff
To anyone who smiled.

"With scratchy pens, on paper coarse,
Ill fed, too tired to speak,
We worked away twelve hours a day—
Our pay was five a week!

"And every single day we worked
In that unhallowed den
We had to each turn out a speech
To sell to congressmen!"

"Your grammar's bad. Besides, you fib!
The two are worthy mates!
The solons grand of this dear land—
Our own United States—

"To speak their thoughts need not the help
Of children such as you!"
"Sir, do not chide! I've said," he cried,
"No word that isn't true!

"Read this Congressional Record, sir!
And you will quickly see
I tell but truth!" And here the youth
A Record gave to me.

I read it carefully throughout.
Alas! I could not find
One speech above the level of
A kindergarten mind!

Apologizing pats I gave
Upon that urchin's head;
"Why were you fired?" I then inquired.
"I got too old," he said.

Oh, reader, may your chest, like mine,
With indignation heave!
Oh, voters true, it's up to you
This scandal to relieve!

Send every lazy congressman
To his political grave
Who dares to shirk his proper work
While little children slave!

Bolt every idle candidate
And vote for him alone
Who scorns ill-paid child labor's aid
And only writes his own! —*B. Ireland.*

The Crime Wave

"WHAT'S in the paper?" asked Mrs. Pipkin that evening.

"Oh, lots of things," said Mr. Pipkin, opening it. "For instance, here's the case of a man who threw bricks and pieces of iron at one of his best friends, his chum, you might say."

"Horrors!"

"Yes, and what's more, before he threw 'em he tied his friend to a tree; his friend was a little fellow too."

"Oh, awful! I think it's terrible the way men are acting nowadays."

"And here," continued Mr. Pipkin, "is something about a man who was run over by a steam roller and crushed flat. The man who drove the roller did it deliberately, too, it appears."

"What a frightful thing! Where did it happen? The police arrested the brute, of course?"

"I don't know; perhaps so. The paper doesn't say."

"Well, of all the outrages I ever heard—ugh! It makes me ill even to think of it."

"Here's something else," said Mr. Pipkin, still hiding behind the newspaper; "something about a vicious mule that kicked an old man in the pit of the stomach and sent him through a plate-glass window."

"For pity's sake, don't read me any more!" cried Mrs. Pipkin. "Dumb brutes are getting as bad as men. I never saw anything like the papers nowadays. They're full of nothing but crimes and violence and horrible depravity. Read me some of the funny things, can't you?"

"I did," said Mr. Pipkin.

"You did? When?"

"Just now. Just this minute. What I've been telling you wasn't crime and accident. I was giving you a little synopsis of tonight's comic pictures on the sporting, household and editorial pages. That was all." —*H. H.*

The One Thing Lacking

LITTLE Milton Moskowitz, one of the fresh-air kids from the East Side, whose acquaintance with vernal Nature had been confined to the New York parks where he had to keep on the asphalt and off the grass, was sent to Bear Mountain with a hundred other youngsters from the tenement districts.

Milton gasped at the panorama of river and mountain before his gaze and then sat down on a rock and wept.

"Oi! It's fine," he wailed, "but there ain't no place to play!" *Roy L. McCardell.*

How We Won the War

HE WAS grizzled and tanned and untidily dressed,
As he sat there enjoying a smoke;
And the boys and the girls gathered round him impressed,
As they gazed at the medals that hung on his breast,
And they listened with awe as he spoke:

"We was dug in near Mons in the mud an' the rain.
It was back in the fall of 'Eighteen,
An' the boches were raising particular Cain,
With their shrapnel an' bombs dropping round the terrain.
Oh, I'll never forget that there scene.

"Then along comes Jack Pershing. I says to him, 'Jack,
Say, it looks like there's trouble ahead,
For I think them there boches has planned an attack.'
'Bill, you're right!' he replies with a slap on the back.
'Won't you dope out some scheme, Bill?' he said.

"So he sends for Ferd Foch, an' we chin there, us three,
Until finally I says to them, 'Say,
You two boys better beat it an' leave this to me.'
An' so Jack says, 'All right, Bill,' an' Ferd says, 'Oui, oui,'
Which is French for 'Let's call it a day.'

"So the following morn I slips over the top
With a Lewis gun strapped on my back.
An' I starts in to run, and I don't never stop
Till I reach the Hun's trench, when I suddenly drop
An' I opens my deadly attack.

"Then the boches cry 'Kamerad! Spare us, we pray!'
An' they lays down their rifles an' guns;
An' the number of pris'ners I captured that day,
Not including three gen'rals I grabbed on the way,
Was a million an' eighty-five Huns.

"So I lines up the boches an' ties them up neat,
An' I starts out to capture some more,
When along comes the Kaiser an' says, 'Well, I'm beat.
I don't think I can stand such a crushing defeat.'
An' so that's how we ended the war."—*Newman Levy.*

"Oh, Shut Up, You Nasty Cheerful Little Beast!"

From The Salome Sun

TWENTY years ago there was no one here but me—and now there's folks a-living as far as you can see. On some nights when the Tourists are thick and the section men all in town and a good game going at Blarney Castle, as many as 75 or 90 people have been counted here—which is a big increase from nothing in twenty years.

It is a characteristic of the country, however, as one cow man who now has over a thousand head of cattle is said to have came here riding a blind mule and driving one red steer. It really would be a fine cattle country if we had more grass & water.

Soak up a little sunshine to cheer you on your way, and don't fuss about tomorrow but be glad you're here today. A smile will make you feel at home and fill a heart with song—so be glad that you have reached Salome—and Pass A Laugh Along. What if you're short of money and the road seems long and rough? A laugh makes life seem funny and three meals a day enough. You'll take nothing when you leave here on the trip that goes one way, so why sit around and grieve here—Let's Have A Laugh Today.

Ten days ago George Moore had as fine a crop of barley as anyone ever saw. Then the jack rabbits started in to mow it down and now about 500 coyotes gather around every night and chase the rabbits back and forth across the field until they have got it all tromped down and George says the grasshoppers are finishing it up daytimes. Never mind, George; you don't have to raise barley to make it now. You can get malt sirup all ready made and you ought to be able to gather enough hops out in your field to mix up with a shot of our dancing Salome water and make something with a real kick. If you can't do it that way, throw in a coyote or two and I'll bet you'll get something that will make the boys howl and want to chase the jack rabbits too—and maybe hop around a little also.

The man at the Salome Service Station and Garage says he has a lot of Salome Suns that he hasn't been able to fool anyone into buying and he will be glad to give them away to Tourists coming through if they will stop and ask for them and promise not to leave them around cluttering up the landscape where the burros are apt to find them and get sick from trying to digest such stuff.

YOU CAN'T GET VERY FAR WITH A LOAD UNLESS YOU GREASE YOUR WHEELS.

Where, oh, where, is the Wise Old Man, who said he knew how Old

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

If you came down from your home town
To visit Campbell's farms
Your eyes would dance with every glance
At fields just filled with charms!

Acres and acres of the finest tomatoes that grow!

Stretching away as far as the eye can reach! On the great Campbell's farms in fertile New Jersey, the tomato is developed to its full perfection. Vast crops are grown. Seeds from perfected fruit are planted in thousands of acres which yield their luscious harvest to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is made with this juicy, red-ripe, flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines. Just the pure tonic juices and rich fruity parts strained to a fine, smooth puree enriched with golden butter and spiced to a delicious nicety by the famous Campbell's chefs. What a treat for your appetite!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Rum Tum Ditty

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

THE CHANGING EAST

Japan and the Alien—By Isaac F. Marcosson

A Part of Asakusa Park, Tokio—Gay With the Banners of the Moving-Picture Theaters

THE Japanese living abroad have created more international complications, considering their comparatively small numbers, than any other race. The "seed of the sun" ripens into litigation and legislation, especially in certain portions of the United States. Wherever limitations have been placed on life, liberty and the pursuit of labor, the Nipponese have invariably maintained that they are unjust and unfair. As a consequence they have projected a vast body of propaganda to create a friendly sentiment and if possible to lessen the restrictions.

In all this volume of inspired protest the Japanese seldom admit that they are not exactly blameless in the very performance they denounce. At home they play at the same game. Their attitude towards the alien, therefore, is well worth pointing out. It reveals what every visitor not blinded by sentimentality or hospitality inevitably discovers—namely, that beneath the proverbial and studied politeness of the great majority of the little islanders lurks a distrust, possibly a dislike, of the foreigner. No alien can own land outright in Japan. He is also barred from acquiring shares in the leading banks and all the subsidized companies, and government endowment works overtime. Moreover, the moment he sets foot upon Nippon soil he becomes the target for an espionage that is as stupid as it is persistent. His mail, luggage and person all suffer from the same well-nigh incessant scrutiny.

In this article an attempt will be made to set forth the real attitude of the Japanese towards the foreigner. I use the word "attempt" advisedly because no outsider really knows just what is going on in the back of the Japanese head. This elusiveness is part of an inscrutability which, together with the language barrier, baffles the investigator of Oriental life and conditions. There is no intent here to indict a nation for the shortcomings of its officialdom or the peculiarities of its people. The plain blunt facts will be presented. They will perhaps shock enthusiasts who have seen Japan through a mist of cherry blossoms or who have read the immense amount of emotional and therefore often irresponsible material written about the country.

Rules and Regulations

THE Japanese themselves resent what they call the officiousness—they are putting it mildly—of the endless rules and regulations that extend to every activity. This surveillance is embodied in what is probably the most irritating group of civil servants in the world. Here you have one of the many parallels between Japan and the Germany that was. In both countries, as soon as a man puts on a uniform he appears to become a truculent and unthinking machine. Despite the veneer of democracy this attitude still obtains in the Teutonic republic.

Prince Tokugawa

All nations, regardless of color, are in the same boat when it comes to what might be called national weaknesses. We, for example, resent qualities in the British, the French and the Italians; and they in turn have ample reason for criticism of us. But the Westerner is inclined to take his medicine with a sense of humor and sportsmanship. The Japanese, on the other hand, are not only sensitive and resentful but they regard the American attitude as expressed by the California and other legislation as persecution. As a matter of fact, save in the western part of the United States, they have been accorded more special treatment than any other race. This has been notably true in England. In addition, an unending adulation has been heaped upon their much-advertised absorption of Western civilization. It is hardly justified, when you put the probe mercilessly into their general commercial life and methods. The feudal idea, as I pointed out in previous articles, persists both in national custom and in government procedure.

The moment a foreign writer departs from the even tenor of unstinted praise of things Japanese he brings a flood of contradiction and even abuse upon his head. The most trivial comment in facetious vein is made into an issue. This is because the Japanese are masters of the art of press subsidy. Nor is it confined to their own journals. With some conspicuous independent exceptions, you must accept what you read in Japan with reservations. As in China, there is a stream of official and semiofficial data emanating from endowed news services and other organs that is often misleading. That well-known institution, "the highest authority," so often quoted in the newspapers, has almost assumed the proportions of an octopus in Japan.

When a book makes an unpleasantly frank, if accurate, revelation of conditions in Japan it is immediately suppressed. Within the past few years there have been two conspicuous examples of this procedure. One of these books dealt with economic and political conditions, and the other was a novel. Both are by British authors.

The fundamental difficulty in getting at anything like a dispassionate estimate of the Japanese, whether it is their attitude towards the alien, their diplomacy or their mode of life and work, is not born of personal prejudice on the one hand or sentimental admiration on the other. It goes much deeper, for it is purely psychological. The Japanese do not understand us, and by the same token we do not comprehend them. The man who says he understands the Japanese is very much like the absurd person who maintains that he understands women. This is the sum and substance of the whole business. People like Lafcadio Hearn, who have lived in Japan for many years and who have tried their hardest to know the Japanese, even to the extent of intermarriage, have been the first to confess their utter inability to get them. When you have no ax to grind, when you have nothing to sell, and when you have a self-respect that is proof against every conceivable kind of flattery, you leave the country with the feeling that you have been tolerated. This, too, despite the eternal entertaining and the solicitude that is constantly on tap. It gets down to a blunt but uncompromising revelation. The average foreigner feels ill at ease with the Japanese, and the Japanese reciprocates. While in Japan you feel that you are a constant target for a scrutiny that becomes irksome, to say the least. Once outside its pale you have a sense of profound relief.

Western Clothes and Eastern Customs

WHAT is the reason for this? It is difficult to answer without some dissection of the Japanese character, which will also help to pave the way to an understanding of the attitude towards the alien.

At bottom the Japanese is evasive and deals in indirection. Circumlocution is his middle name. These are the traits that immediately irritate the Anglo-Saxon. In business there is no short cut. It is almost impossible to get a Nipponese to give a frank yes or no. He hedges himself about with qualifications and, like the Chinese, he prefers to compromise rather than to make a straight decision. This explains a good deal of Japanese diplomacy. As a rule his mind is incapable of being occupied with more than one matter at a time. The successful routine worker gets rattled the moment a new or unexpected job is given him, or when he is suddenly thrown upon his own resources.

Japanese intelligence is imitative rather than initiative. Suspicion, egotism and curiosity are instinct with the race. Education as we know it is almost unknown, for pupils learn nearly everything by rote. They are not taught to think and reason. One of the first things that struck me in Japan was the amazing memory of every man who acted as interpreter when I made a speech. They invariably made the same explanation: "We had to memorize everything we learned at school."

Many Western habits are shed with foreign clothes. The real and unchanging Japanese is always underneath. Once a Japanese, always a Japanese. There is no genuine assimilation of foreign life or customs.

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Building Good Will for America Abroad

Hupmobile Spreading the Gospel of American Manufacturing Integrity by the Faithful Way it Serves in Lands Far from Our Shores

The volume of Hupmobile business abroad is very considerable. It is as large, as we have said before, as our home demand will permit.

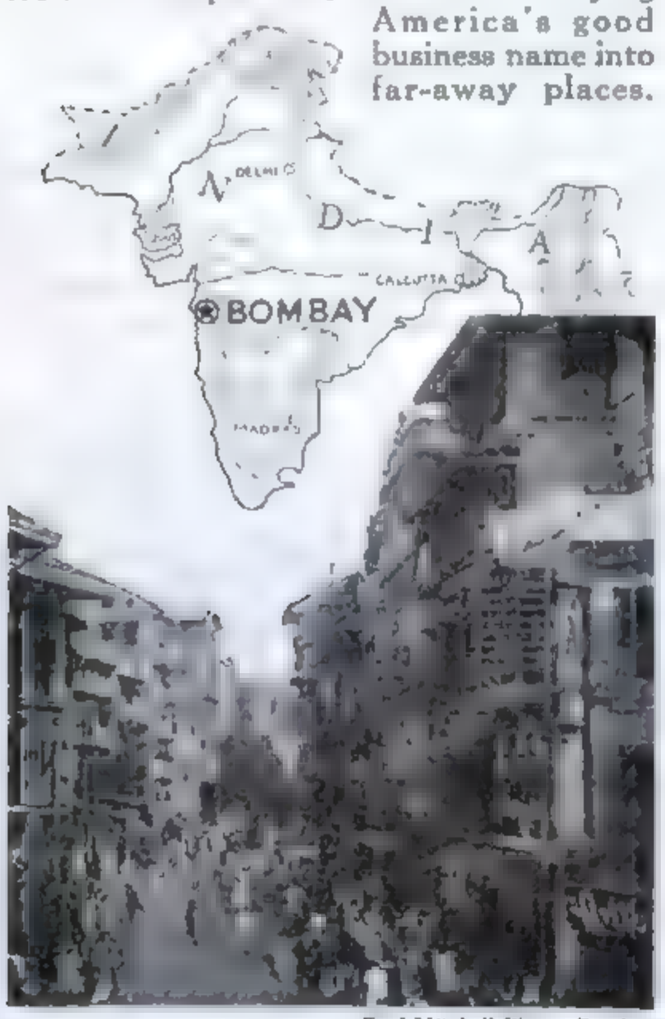
It was growing each year until the war all but put a complete stop to American exports. This year it is registering its customary pre-war increase.

But it is not the volume of our foreign business that we would emphasize, so much as the world-wide honor in which the Hupmobile is held.

Here is an American business name and institution that instills respect and regard in foreign lands.

Wherever the Hupmobile has gone abroad —and it has penetrated almost to the farthest reaches of civilization—America, and things American, are looked upon with favor.

It is a pleasant task that has fallen to the lot of the Hupmobile, this task of carrying America's good business name into far-away places.



Fred Mitchell Photo, Bombay

Kalbadevi Road, Bombay, India

Piazza del Duomo, Milan, Italy, with the famous Cathedral of Milan

(Ed. al Brogi)

It was begun early in Hupmobile history. Business men from Europe, South Africa, and other quarters came to Detroit then, as they are coming now.

They came seeking a trustworthy American motor car, that they could conscientiously recommend and sell to their own peoples.

That was the beginning of the world-wide business of the Hupmobile. The car first impressed the shrewd men from overseas.

Then it began to show the stuff it was made of, in far-off places and in unfamiliar hands.

Everyone who has encountered the Hupmobile abroad must have felt a thrill of satisfaction in sensing the good will it has generated.

Travelers have written in letters by the score, telling how glad they were to see an American car so far from home, and how well the Hupmobile is thought of outside of its own country.

They note among foreign-speaking Hupmobile owners the same loyal enthusiasm that distinguishes the Hupmobile ownership here.

They hear the same accounts of brilliant performance, dogged endurance and everlasting reliability that are constantly being told and retold in the United States.

The Hupmobile and its world-wide good name are a distinct asset to both the national and the international relations of American business.

The good will which is given to one American product is a favorable influence toward American products at large.

The Hupp Motor Car Corporation is proud that it has been privileged to assist in an entente cordiale of business that must, by its very nature, be stronger and deeper and more lasting than any other international relationship.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 26

A common manifestation of Japanese temperament lies in an obsession—it is nothing less concerning what other people think of them and their country. Like the Chinese, they pin everything on face, or personal prestige. If a manager falls out with his employes they may complain about him to the people higher up. The moment an inquiry is instituted they will express only admiration for each other. Thus nobody loses any face by the transaction.

A further obstacle to anything like real understanding with the alien is the lack of a sense of humor in the average Japanese. Their narrow patriotism, group consciousness, and utter inability to mix, repel intimacy and preclude anything like a warm feeling for them. I have yet to find an American, no matter what admiring terms he has employed in speaking or writing about the Japanese, who will confess that he has ever felt like slapping one of them on the shoulder and saying, "Well, old man, let's go somewhere." The sense of strain is always present. The reverse is true of the Chinese. With them you may feel natural and unconstrained. If they dislike you they say so quite frankly.

No foreigner, regardless of the period of his residence in Japan, really feels at home there. An American woman who has lived in and about Tokio for fifteen years told me that in spite of all the acquaintances she had made she still had the feeling that she was camping out. If she had resided in one of those flimsy wood-and-paper native houses which seem a part of the outdoors her state of mind could readily be explained, but she has invariably occupied a foreign structure. She was an unconscious victim of the indifference that the Japanese feel for the alien. When this indifference becomes interest it is usually because the foreigner has something useful to offer in the shape of information, publicity or a more material commodity.

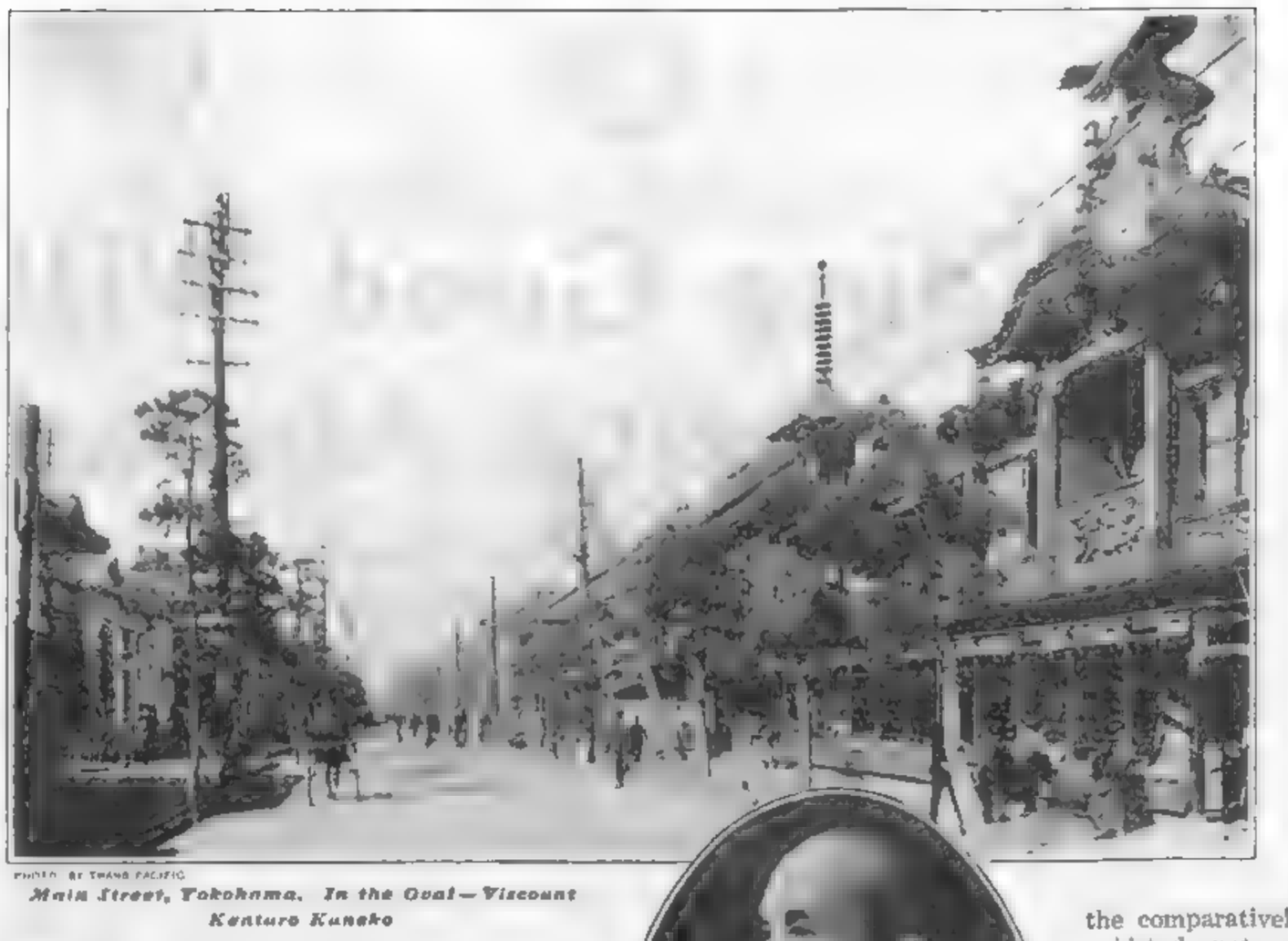


PHOTO BY TRANS-PACIFIC

Main Street, Yokohama. In the Oval—Viscount Kentaro Kaneko

Nations as They See Each Other

NOW we can get onto the first phase, so to speak, of the Japanese attitude towards the alien. Just as we find the Japanese taciturn, incomprehensible and masked behind evasion, so does he see us as a voluble, unrestrained and domineering people. If one of them so far forgets himself as to express his real feelings he will admit that save for utilitarian purposes the alien is not figuratively to be embraced as a brother. This is one result perhaps of insularity. The fad for foreign clothes, food and even gold teeth spent itself long ago in Japan.

It is only fair to say that there are two types of Japanese. When you talk with men of the world like Prince Tokugawa, Doctor Dan, head of the vast Mitsui interests, and some of his associates of the stamp of K. Fukui, or J. Inouye, governor of the Bank of Japan, at their clubs, you feel that Japan has really assimilated the western conceptions and that there could be no basic psychological differences between Occident and Orient. As soon as you leave the western atmosphere in which you encounter these men, and get out into the real Japan, you wonder how the idea of Japanese power and efficiency developed. Not only is the general productive effort primitive but, save in the highly organized industries, there is an almost medieval touch to life and labor. It may be a picturesque detail such as the rice field, gleaming like an emerald against the sky, but it is also highly uneconomic and in many cases unsanitary.

Another important preliminary must be disposed of before we go into the specific restrictions that Japan has placed upon the alien. It deals with that larger fundamental which underlies all discussion of East and West. I mean race. Is the friction between Japan and America over immigration due to race or to economics? It may seem remote from the subject in hand, but nevertheless it has a distinct bearing upon the Japanese relation to the foreigner, and therefore becomes part of this narrative.

National Pride

JAPAN places no barrier upon immigration within her borders, for the good and sufficient reason that there is no room for any but her own kind. With a population of sixty million people living in an area about the size of California, and with an increase at the rate of about seven hundred thousand a year, the reason is obvious. Japan, however, takes good care that the comparatively few Chinese who work in her midst do not supplant any of her own. While I was in Japan she deported two hundred Chinese from Kobe because they were working for a lower wage than the Japanese.

Race is a fetish with the Japanese. Moreover, it is a valuable asset. The whole immigration problem in connection with America is an instrument—"a potential weapon in her political arsenal," as it has been so well termed. Wisely she did not raise the race question at Washington, for she remembered the disaster that attended her attempt to employ it at Paris. But it remains a strong ally of the politician, especially the militarist. With it national pride can always be stirred. In an earlier article I showed that whenever the Elder Statesmen, particularly Prince Yamagata, wanted increased military appropriations it was only necessary to expose the issue of race discrimination against the Japanese, to get them over.

There are many alarmists who believe that the next war, so capitalized by propagandists, platformists and others, will be the long-expected race conflict. This fear appears, for the moment at least, to be unfounded, although the birth rate of the yellow man is on the increase and that of the white is on the down grade. Though the dream of a white man's Pacific is gone, any first-hand investigation in the Orient today must disclose the fact that the struggle

(Continued on Page 30)

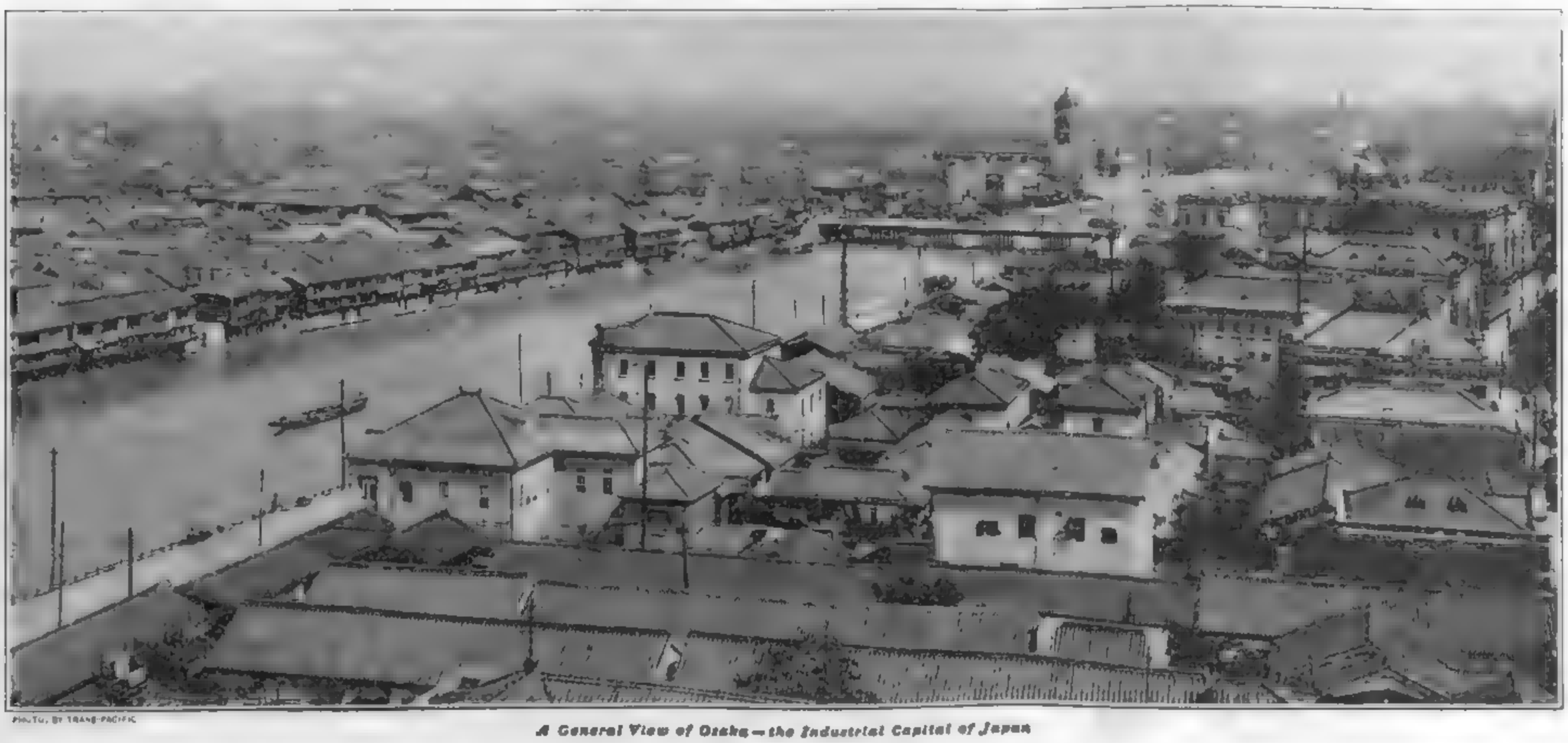


PHOTO BY TRANS-PACIFIC

A General View of Osaka—the Industrial Capital of Japan

The Standard of Comparison

The *New* Master of the Road

The 1923 Buick Seven-Passenger—$1435

Marked comforts, refinements and the most complete equipment characterize the 1923 Buick Seven-Passenger Touring Car and heighten those splendid qualities of appearance, riding ease and power which have made this model so often patterned after.

The long graceful lines have been accentuated by lowering the body height appreciably and by the new full crown fenders, drum type head and cowl lamps. The sitting posture for all seven seats has been made perfect in its comfort; the top has an exclusive tailored design with a distinctive type of windshield visor to match its trimness; a rear-vision mirror, completely new instrument board, cowl ventilator and transmission lock are among the many other touches of fine craftsmanship which are reflected in this new model.

The time-proven Buick type of cantilever spring has been given an entirely new suspension which absorbs road roughness and does away absolutely with any necessity for rear snubbers or shock absorbers. The famous Buick Valve-in-Head motor, the velvet Buick clutch, the body construction—all evidence the painstaking care invested to make this car a master.

This new model of the Buick Seven-Passenger Touring is, indeed, the finest of the long line of motor cars of this type that have borne the Buick name.

Among the other improvements and refinements are: etched threshold plates, nickeled foot rest brackets, high-grade tonneau carpet, windshield wiper; nickeled scuff plates on the running boards and nickel steering wheel spider.

$1435—F. O. B. Buick Factory

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 28)

for existence is first and foremost in the minds of the peoples there. War has proved to be merely a contest for economic exhaustion in which both sides lose.

Race as such really has little to do with the strain, antagonism and misunderstanding that exist between the Japanese and the foreigner. It would be more to the point to say they are due to certain of the Japanese characteristics that I indicated, coupled with aggressive policies and inflated nationalism. But at the root of all of it lies that ancient cause begot of business. Touch the pocketbook and you always start trouble. This is why I have maintained that even the California issue with the Japanese is mainly due to commercial rather than to racial reasons. When the business conflict is coupled with other irritants, such as a low standard of living and a refusal to assimilate, you get the answer.

Perhaps the best approach to Japan's attitude towards the alien may be obtained from an explanation of the little-known part that Herbert Spencer had in shaping it. This was revealed in an appendix to Lafcadio Hearn's book, Japan—An Attempt at Interpretation.

In August, 1892, Spencer, who had touched on Japanese social disintegration in his First Principles, was asked by Kentaro Kaneko—he is now Viscount Kaneko and a member of the Privy Council—to suggest a procedure by which Japan might preserve her independence of foreigners. The great philosopher did so in no uncertain terms. When he sent the letter he made the provision that it should not be published during his lifetime. He added a postscript, giving Kaneko permission to communicate his views to the then Count—he later became Prince—Ito, who was the Bismarck of Japan and the author of her constitution. Although this document was formulated in 1889, there is no doubt that in subsequent legislation and policies Ito employed some of the suggestions of the Spencer epistle.

Restrictions Against the Alien

SPENCER died December 8, 1903, and the letter to Kaneko was published in The Times on January 18, 1904. In the light of subsequent events and particularly what might be designated as Japan's racial immobility, it makes interesting reading. The letter is much too long to reproduce in full, but some pertinent extracts will be found of value here.

At the outset Spencer makes this general statement:

> The Japanese policy should, I think, be that of keeping Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length. In presence of the more powerful races your position is one of chronic danger, and you should take every precaution to give as little foothold as possible to foreigners. It seems to me that the only forms of intercourse which you may with advantage permit are those which are indispensable for the exchange of commodities—importation and exportation of physical and mental products. No further privileges should be allowed to people of other races, and especially to people of the more powerful races, than is absolutely needful for the achievement of these ends.

If the Japanese needed any impetus for their feeling that the foreigner is only useful for what he can bring, as one notable expressed it, this did the trick.

Spencer then proceeds to point out the specific steps to be taken. The restrictions against aliens so clearly reflect them today that I give his suggestions in full. They are:

> Apparently you are proposing by revision of the treaty with the Powers of Europe and America "to open the whole Empire to foreigners and foreign capital." I regret this as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a *point d'appui* (a point of advantage), and there will inevitably in course of time grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese: these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement; and from this there will grow eventually subjugation of the entire Japanese Empire. I believe that you will have great difficulty in avoiding this fate in any case, but you will make the process easy if you allow of any privileges to foreigners beyond those which I have indicated.
>
> In the pursuance of the advice thus generally indicated, I should say that there should be not only a prohibition of foreign persons to hold property in land but also a refusal to give them leases, and a permission only to reside as annual tenants.
>
> I should say decidedly prohibit to foreigners the working of the mines owned or worked by Government. Here there would be obviously liable to arise grounds of difference between the Europeans or Americans who worked them and the Government, and these grounds of quarrel would be followed by invocations to the English or American Governments or other Powers to send forces to insist on whatever the European workers claimed, for always the hub bub here and elsewhere among the civilized peoples is to believe what their agents or sellers abroad represent to them.
>
> In the third place, in pursuance of the policy I have indicated, you ought also to keep the coasting trade in your own hands and forbid foreigners to engage in it. This coasting trade is clearly not included in the requirement I have indicated as the sole one to be recognized—a requirement to facilitate exportation and importation of commodities. The distribution of commodities brought to Japan from other places may be properly left to the Japanese themselves, and should be denied to foreigners, for the reason that again the various transactions involved would become so many doors open to quarrels and resulting aggressions.

In this connection it is worth while noting that after much insistence on the part of Japan the Powers revised their original treaties with her between 1894 and 1897. This was after Spencer's suggestions had been communicated to Ito. One important detail of the revision was the surrender of extraterritorial rights. In return Japan opened the country to foreign residence.

On the subject of intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, Spencer forecast the friction and worse that has resulted from so many unions of this kind. He declared:

> It should be positively forbidden. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriage of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run. . . . If you mix the constitution of two widely divergent varieties which have severally become adapted to widely divergent modes of life, you get a constitution which is adapted to the mode of life of neither—a constitution which will not work properly, because it is not fitted for any set of conditions whatever. By all means, therefore, peremptorily interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners.

Now for the concrete restrictions upon the alien in Japan. The first and most important relates to land ownership. In justice to the Japanese it must be said that they are not so drastic as those that operate against them in some portions of America. On the other hand they were instituted long before ours went into effect.

Technically no foreigner can own land outright in Japan. In practice, however, there are various methods of evading this prohibition. The first is by ordinary lease, running for a convenient term and renewable at the will of the lessee. The rent of this leased property is subject to review by the courts on the application of either party.

The second is to secure what is called a superficies title, which may be obtained by aliens in any part of Japan save in her colonies and fortified areas, and which runs for any number of years. Some have a life of nine hundred and ninety-nine years and give the same control over the soil as a fee simple would.

A third way around the bush is for the foreigner to form a joint stock company under the commercial code of Japan. Such a company becomes what is known as a juridical person and thereby has the same rights as the Japanese.

I asked many well-informed Japanese the reason for the ban on alien ownership of land. Practically all replied that when these laws were formulated the idea was to prevent the feudal suzerainty that has always been coupled with land tenure in the country. In the old days the daimio, or war lords, owned the countryside in very much the same way that the barons did in England back in the time of King John. With this proprietorship was vested an iron rule. Thus the Japanese keep alive the feudal idea not only in their customs but also in their fears.

In forming companies the foreigner has the choice of three kinds. The first is the *Gomei-Kaisha*, which is an unlimited partnership under Japanese law. The second is the *Goshi-Kaisha*, which is a limited partnership; while the third is the *Kabushiki-Kaisha*, which closely resembles our corporation. All three varieties become juridical persons as soon as they are registered.

Disputes Over Foreign Settlements

IN CERTAIN large cities of Japan foreigners have special rights which are now the subject of a keen dispute. They were bestowed when the empire was opened up to foreign trade. The government then set aside certain districts in Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe and Nagasaki in which foreigners were to reside. They correspond to the foreign areas which still exist in so many Chinese communities, notably Tientsin.

These districts in Japan were known as foreign settlements. The land in them was sold only to aliens, who did not receive a title in fee simple but a lease in perpetuity. In addition to the purchase price of the land, which was very small, these perpetual leases provide for an annual payment similar to a ground rent, which is nominal. The leases further contain a provision that the annual payments are in lieu of municipal taxes.

In the early period these foreign settlements were under extraterritorial jurisdiction—that is, the nationals were tried only by their own kind and had control of the tariff. In 1897 the Powers surrendered their extraterritorial rights in Japan, but the perpetual leases continued.

Recently the Japanese authorities have contended that the annual payments made on them do not exempt perpetual leaseholders from all municipal taxes. The holders refuse to pay them, and their attitude has been supported by the British, French and German Governments. Although some Americans hold these leases our position is one of waiting. The matter is still in controversy. The fact that the Japanese have sought to exercise all rights over these valuable properties shows a tightening in the attitude towards the foreigner.

When a perpetual lease is transferred from a foreigner to a Japanese subject the perpetual feature is canceled and the native acquires a fee simple. The exemptions from taxation which the perpetual leaseholder enjoyed are not transferable.

A more drastic prohibition on aliens exists in the matter of mining. All foreigners, as individuals, are forbidden to engage in mining. There is nothing to prevent the outsider from operating a right owned by a native, however. An alien, together with Japanese, may form a company and own mines. The restriction applies to all the Japanese colonies save Korea, whose mineral resources were originally developed by Americans and British. When Japan acquired the possession she did not change all the national laws. The Japanese give a logical reason for the exclusion of foreigners from mine ownership within their confines. They maintain that the coal and iron resources, especially the latter, are limited, and they do not want such vital assets for war and peace to pass out of their hands.

When it comes to the limitations on stock ownership you find Japanese exclusion working in characteristic fashion. The alien is barred from owning any shares in the big banks and in the companies that have received government subsidies. It is impossible for an American to become a security holder in his own name in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the largest Nipponese steamship company.

The limitations on ownership of stock in the Bank of Japan—the Bank of England of the empire—or in any of its kindred financial institutions, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, is not so surprising. The Bank of France, for instance, allows foreigners to become stockholders, but they are deprived of the right to vote. Even with bank-stock ownership there is the usual loophole for evasion. A group of foreigners can form a Japanese company and hold stock in the name of the company.

Protecting the Merchant Marine

IN CONNECTION with the Japanese banks you have a strong manifestation of what must be designated as something that at least resembles a resentment of foreign financial enterprise. The Japanese are getting more strict all the time in their supervision of alien financial concerns that do business there. A foreign express company cannot get a banking license. These concerns do a private banking business in the United States, and when they sought to take it up in Japan they were met by a blank refusal. Moreover, a foreign life-insurance company that invades Japan is required to deposit one hundred and fifty thousand yen in cash before it is permitted to do business. A fire and marine insurance corporation must have one hundred thousand yen cash on hand.

Foreigners cannot become members, stockholders or brokers in the various stock exchanges in Japan. They can, however, own the stocks of the exchanges. Unlike the United States, every Japanese stock exchange—they are semiofficial institutions with government charters—issues stock in its name and it is freely traded in. The equity behind it is the earning power of the Floor.

There is also an opening for the enterprising individual to own stock in the forbidden companies if he cares to go to a lot of trouble. He can buy stock in the name of a Japanese, who indorses the shares and gives the real owner a power of attorney authorizing a transfer at any time. The Japanese then hands over the shares, but remains the stockholder of record and the dividend checks go to him.

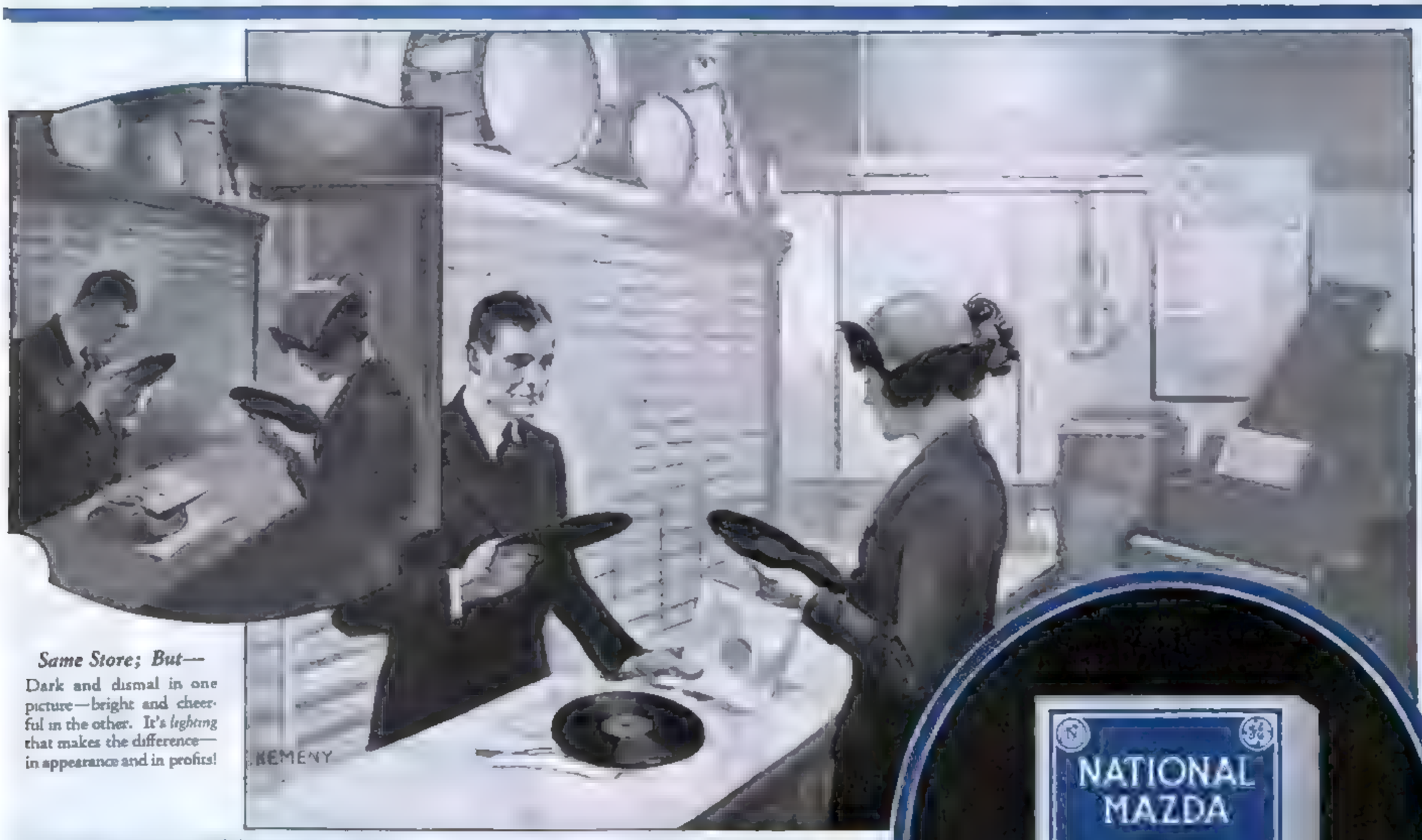
Japan has taken good care to conserve her merchant marine, which, like her navy, is the pride of every national. Not only is the foreigner prevented from actually owning shares in all the companies—for they are all subsidized in one way or another—but no foreign ships are permitted to carry passengers or freight between ports in Japan. No launch, barge or boat of foreign registration can ply in Japanese harbors for business purposes. An alien is denied the right to own a vessel flying the flag of the Rising Sun.

Another characteristic ban—the tightest of all, for there is no way to beat it—applies to the Japanese colonization companies. These are 100 per cent Nipponese. No reason is given for the copper-riveted exclusion, but when you know Japanese economic-penetration methods you can readily understand. The Japanese handle the emigration business in their own way and there are many kinks in the system. They want this matter to be entirely in their own hands. The Japanese, however, is not an enthusiastic overseas wanderer, save under American skies, and the largest of the colonization companies, organized to populate Korea, has not been a brilliant success.

When you reach the delicate subject of naturalization you touch the matter that has inflamed Japanese pride and ruffled the national feeling. In view of our attitude towards the Japanese, the procedure in Japan is interesting. There is a widespread belief that a foreigner can become naturalized into a Japanese family only by marriage or the adoption of a Japanese name. Though these constitute two of the approaches, there are other ways. Any foreigner may become a Japanese subject if he has been domiciled in the country for at least five years continuously; if he is twenty years of age; if he possesses property or the means to support himself; if he has no nationality, as the technical phrase goes, or is willing to lose the one he has. When he becomes a subject of the Mikado by marrying a Japanese woman on condition of being adopted into her family and assuming the family name of the wife, only one year's residence is required. In all cases the permission of the Home Secretary must be obtained.

(Continued on Page 112)

LIGHTING Helps in SELLING



Same Store; But—
Dark and dismal in one picture—bright and cheerful in the other. It's *lighting* that makes the difference—in appearance and in profits!

Add Good Lighting to Your Selling Force

Lighting is a factor in selling almost any kind of goods. Lighting can help the sale or make it harder. When properly used, it is the most valuable addition that can be made to the selling force of the store.

In merchandising music, for instance, soft agreeable lighting can add very definitely to the favorable attitude of the customer. It can help him to put all other thoughts out of mind, and compose himself to listen attentively to a demonstration. At the same time another customer may be trying to select a title or read a sheet of music—and the lighting can so sharpen his vision as to make the task of his eyes much easier.

It is not at all impossible to combine *plenty* of light for vision, with *softness* of illumination for ease, comfort and relaxation. And so, in any kind of store, a study of lighting will reveal money-making opportunities that have quite probably been overlooked.

Certain it is that most store proprietors *think* they have good lighting when it is really bad, or at best only *passable*, when compared with what they might have at little if any greater cost! More complete directions than those in the next column will be sent on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 309 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

A Safe Rule for Lighting Most Stores

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—Lamps should be well shaded, and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white or prism glass rather than clear or frosted, and should surround or enclose the lamps. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

Beautiful and Economical—

Homes roofed with richly colored Barrett Everlastic Shingles possess a distinctive beauty no ordinary roofing can give. Yet the moderate price of these artistic shingles puts them within reach of the most modest purse.

Their rugged mineral surface in warm red or restful green is a joy to the eye—while it provides remarkable fire and weather protection. Additional durability is given by a special "seal-back" which protects the undersurface from air and moisture. The quality and reliability of Everlastic Shingles are above question. They are made by America's leading manufacturer of roofing materials for more than fifty years.

Whatever the building to be roofed—home, barn, school or factory—some one of the six styles of Everlastic Roofings will meet every requirement of price, appearance and service.

The dealer in your town who sells Barrett Everlastic Roofings can save you money. Let him quote you prices.

Your Choice of Six Styles

Everlastic Octagonal-Strip Shingles
A new Everlastic Shingle that i the latest development in th shingle. Beautiful re mineral surface Made a form that offers a variety of ngths in laying

Everlastic Multi-Shingles
Four shingles in one. Made high grade surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Fire-resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles.

Everlastic Giant Shingles

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing.
The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

Illustrated booklets of the six styles free on request

The Barrett Company

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

THE OLD RIP

(Continued from Page 17)

"Was there a man! You know right well there was a man!"

"No; honestly, ma ——"

"Don't you lie to me!"

"I'm not lying."

"Dorothy," said her mother, after one of her chilled-steel stares, "so far as I know, you've been a good girl all your life, and I'm going to see that you stay a good girl. Now you listen to me. If I thought for one moment that Eve Kenneally was leading you wrong I'd never let you go out with her again as long as you live! Now you remember that—and be careful!"

It was in the following week that Mrs. Bellamy found the picture of Larry Howell in Dot's bureau drawer.

"Yes," she finally sighed to herself after her first tragic outburst; "takes after her father and simply can't help it. And now she'll probably pick up with some silly young fool with a slick tongue—and be sorry for it all the rest of her life—like—like many another woman has been, God help us all!"

Mrs. Bellamy was peeling the potatoes for dinner half an hour later when she suddenly paused and slowly raised her eyes to the ceiling, as though she were saying to herself, "Now what is this which, like an egg of mystery, has just been laid within the darkened nest of my mind?"

As a matter of fact it was shaped something like an inspiration, and for the next few days it might be said that Mrs. Bellamy kept it warm underneath the wings of her thoughts, turning it over from time to time and apparently listening to it now and then with her head on one side, as though waiting to hear it peep.

After That Dot Snuggled Down Between the Two of Them and Let Rhondy Hold Her Hand From Time to Time

On the fourth day it hatched, and one by one then four of Mrs. Bellamy's elderly boarders were replaced by four new young and single men.

The first was a clerk in Slossberg's Furniture Emporium—a steady young man who carried his change in a purse, and his purse in a one-way pocket.

The second was the district manager of the Springfield Refinery Company, dealers in hides and soap fats. He knew to a dot the value of calfskins and old bones, and went back to the office every night after supper to prepare his work for the next day.

The third was a young banker—that is to say, he was perched on a high stool every day from eight-thirty to four with his nose near the open page of a ledger—something like a large pale canary perched in front of an enormous piece of cuttle on which he could do nothing but sharpen his bill.

And the fourth was a knobby-faced, shock-haired young man who worked for the Springfield Motor Boat Company and was fooling around with a carburetor of his own invention which was one day going to make his everlasting fame and fortune. This aspiring citizen was built something like an upright-piano box, except that he had large feet and large hands and one of those pudgy countenances generally supposed to be lucky which are sometimes known as mugs' faces. His name was Joe Hoyt, and he was the proud owner of either the first or the second flivver that was ever built.

When Mrs. Bellamy secured her furniture clerk she thought to herself: "There! A nice steady young man, and I like the way he looks after his money. He'll just do for Dorothy, and living here I can keep my eye on them both, and see that everything is carried on as it should be."

Whereupon she looked very determined, and you could easily imagine her taking Mr. Slossberg's clerk and Dorothy each by the ear, and marching them up to the nearest altar and having it all over and done with so she could get back home and cook her boarders' supper.

But when the hide man came Mrs. Bellamy amended herself, saying, "I'm glad Dorothy hasn't taken to the other young man yet. This one's a manager, and will probably have a business of his own some day."

And when the young banker moved his trunk and suitcase in Mrs. Bellamy still further revised her plans, for when all is said and done, a banker is a banker, and there's a divinity that shines over money which seems to shed a radiance on all who come in contact with it.

"And everybody knows how money makes money," she told herself. "The interest I've paid on that four-thousand-dollar mortgage!"

But when Joe Hoyt came along, flat-footed, big-chested, mug's-faced and moley, riding high in his prewar flivver, and every faucet in the house stopped from leaking within half an hour of his arrival, something seemed to come to Mrs. Bellamy which might almost be described as a voice from heaven; and going past the door of Joe's room that night and seeing him drawing designs upon a homemade trestle board she looked into the future with the eye of prophecy, and briefly, definitely told herself "That's him!"

IV

DOT and Eve were out walking. Dot was rather subdued, but Eve was full of the devil that evening.

"Here comes Mr. Toomey," she suddenly whispered to Dot. "I'm going to give him the ten-ton look, and you watch close and see if it doesn't get him."

All girl friends have their private jokes, and this was one of Dot's and Eve's. The ten-ton look, of course, was based on the title of Barrie's play, but it had been curved and twisted into another meaning. Eve flattered herself that, among the glances with which she could bring down the male birds, she had one look—delivered from the corners of the eyes and accompanied by a barely perceptible motion of the head—which had an effect upon the male consciousness equivalent to a ten-ton weight falling, let us say, from a height of twenty feet, upon the rounded crown of a wooden pile. You understand the analogy? Of course, this wasn't a look to be used promiscuously, but was reserved for hard cases, and was used experimentally more than anything else, to see if it worked.

Mr. Toomey drew nearer, unconscious of the test to which he was about to be subjected. He had married children of his own, Mr. Toomey had, and seemed to put his food in a little round tub shaped something like a pudding bowl, which he carried around in front of him, perhaps so that he would always have it near him. He was chiefly famed in Springfield for his cynical look and the sour manner in which he turned down applications for loans at the trust company of which he was cashier. But just as Dot and Eve strolled past him he got the ten-ton look.

"He fell, all right," murmured Dot without moving her lips.

"I'll say he fell," muttered Eve with satisfaction. "They all fall when they get that."

"Don't look back!" said Dot in sudden alarm. "If mom ever catches us ——"

"Let's pretend to look in this window then."

They suddenly turned to look at a display of hammers and saws in the window of the Nail Keg Hardware Store.

"Yes," said Eve with a glance over her shoulder. "He turned around to look. Didn't I tell you he would?" To which she added this gem of modern wisdom: "It don't seem to make a bit of difference who they are—they all fall just the same."

They sauntered on—two soulful-eyed young damsels—somewhat sad, perhaps, at discovering so early in life that men all fall the same.

"Say," said Eve, another thought striking her, "what's the idea of your mother clearing out the old boarders and filling up with new ones?"

"Ain't it enough to make you sick?" said Dot morosely.

"But tell me ——"

"Oh, forget it!"

"Have you made your pick yet?"

"No, and I'm not going to - out of that bunch. Honest, Eve, did you ever see anything like 'em in all your life?"

"Pretty fierce," said Eve reflectively; "especially that homely one with the funny ear."

"He's the worst of the lot."

"Fresh?"

"No! Never even looks at you."

"Has he asked you out to have a ride yet?"

"He has not!" said Dot hotly. "You think I'd ride in that? Or with him, either—the big baboon! I wouldn't be seen dead in his old machine!"

"Gee, I don't blame you," said Eve. "If they put me in that thing when I was dead I'll bet I'd come to life again and make an awful squawk!"

Whereupon both young ladies sighed a little at the incomprehensibility of that great puzzle which is sometimes called life—homely girls of no particular intelligence being born unto car rides and even driving their own broughams around the town on pleasant afternoons—while attractive young girls, smart, witty and with an undeniable sense of humor, had to foot it up and down the sidewalks and think themselves lucky if anybody happened to speak to them out of the front end of a delivery truck.

"Let's go down Washington Avenue," said Dot, breaking a silence that was beginning to grow forlorn.

So they turned down Washington Avenue, a stately old street with a double line of maples that nearly met over the roadway. This gave it a hushed mysterious air—a true setting for romance and love's young dreams—and when you hear that Larry Howell lived on this same street and that his wire-wheeled chariot was sometimes parked in front of the very house where he lived you can begin to see why Dot liked to go down Washington Avenue, treading on flowery visions, her hatbrim touching the moon.

Larry's car wasn't in sight that night, however, and they had reached the end of the avenue and were turning back before Adventure found them. A young man had just turned out of the gateway leading to

Jim Henry's Column

But a Job is a Job

I needed a job once—badly. I dream about it now—years later.

About everything else has happened to me, for that matter, but somehow being without a job was the worst.

If it wasn't that my kids think I am a great man, I would tell of some of the things I had to do to earn a living.

What I am groping for is some way of putting a little hope into you fellows who need a job, without patronizing you.

We older men have all been through it. We all made our fight and won out according to our abilities. We all found our jobs, just as you are certain to find yours. And the experience, bitter though it was, didn't hurt us. It made men of us.

But it's about time I got to work at my own job of selling you a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

It may seem heartless to sympathize with a fellow for being jobless and then try to take four bits away from him, but I don't look at it that way.

Whatever you do at this critical period, don't admit for a minute that the best is too good for you. Don't accept second-rate stuff. To do that is fatal.

Generally speaking, I don't admire swank, but when a gritty kid is hanging on to his right to existence by his eyebrows, I don't care if he puts on the front of a head waiter.

So, even if it's your last half dollar, I advise you to swagger into a drug store and demand Mennen's. For a few minutes in the morning, anyway, it will put you on the level of captains of industry, movie stars and prize fighters.

All the money in the world won't buy a better shave than you can get with Mennen's. It is one of the few things that has reached perfection.

Say, I am going to be a good fellow and let you keep your fifty cents. If you are really out of a job, I will send my regular 10 cent demonstrator tube free. I'll even throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men—a he-powder which is great for after shaving and bathing. It doesn't show.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen-Salesman)

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one of the large houses as Dot and Eve strolled along. More from habit than anything else Eve tried a little sharpshooting and, registering a bull's-eye, the young man raised his hat.

"You don't know him!" whispered Dot under her breath as they passed on.

"Not yet," said Eve, calmly enough.

"Well, now, you look out," murmured Dot. "He's following. And one thing I won't stand for—I won't let strange fellows pick me up on the street."

Eve said nothing, but away down deep she started humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart—a tune which always meant that Eve was satisfied, and stood her in the same stead as a pinch of snuff used to serve a gentleman of the old school just after he had made a very good move at chess.

"Now remember!" Dot cautioned her.

Behind them the young man had drawn closer, and it grew increasingly difficult for the two young ladies to continue to stroll along as though unaware of his existence.

"A beautiful evening for a walk," Eve suddenly remarked to Dot in her most musical alto. "I'm glad we left the car home, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Dot in a faint voice, not knowing how to stop her.

"It reminds me of the lahst time we were at Atlantic City," continued the irrepressible Eve, "the time we drove down—do you remember?—and strolled along the boardwalk in the moonlight."

"Yes," said Dot more faintly than before.

Having thus worked up the proper background Eve looked over her shoulder, and again the young man raised his hat.

"A beautiful evening," he said.

"Oh, how do you do?" said Eve, as though up to that moment she had been unconscious of his presence.

And now comes a thing that is hard to describe. As the young man stepped forward between them Dot hurriedly looked to the right and the left, as though fearful of seeing her mother come hurrying forward, that steely-cold glance in her eyes and her chin looking as though it were made of the material from which cold chisels are manufactured.

"How do you do?" said the young man, and lightly cupped his hand under each girl's elbow. Eve did nothing about it; indeed, that experimental young lady was wondering, more than anything else, what he would do next. But Dot quickly pulled her elbow away, already hearing, faint, distinct and altogether dreadful, "What did he have his hand around your elbow for?" and "Don't you lie to me!"

Now whether or not it was due to the strange law which causes masculinity to prize that which is hard to get, as soon as the young man saw that Eve was agreeable and that Dot wasn't, he gently dropped Eve's elbow and turned his attention to Dot—although if you had been there you might very well have thought that he turned to Dot because she was the most attractive with her Bellamy features, her Jenkins chin and a complexion like the petals of a moonlit rose. Whatever the reason, he did turn to Dot, and again he tried to cup his hand under her elbow, and was no more successful than before.

"Aren't mad, are you?" he asked.

Dot wouldn't answer him.

"Mad? No. She's bashful, that's all," said Eve.

"Is that right?" he asked, still speaking to Dot. "You just feel bashful?"

Again Dot wouldn't answer him, and again she fearfully looked for a grim-faced figure in the shadows of the trees. She felt herself trembling a little, and wouldn't have spoken then for worlds, for fear her teeth would have chattered. Yes, it was all right theoretically—this being greeted by a possible prince—but on the screen girls didn't have old rips for their mothers, and weren't afraid to speak when they were spoken to—just a deep glance into each other's eyes, a little bosom heaving, and the thing was done. Dot was glad when the young man began to talk to Eve. She stole a look at him then, and caught her breath when she saw how much he resembled Larry the same keen features and laughing eyes, the same fair hair and careless manner of irresponsibility. His name, she presently learned, was Rhondy Bent, and he had just come down from the factory to bring a car for funny, little rich Miss Chedsey, who lived in the biggest house of all on Washington Avenue.

"I'm going to stay a few days till her chauffeur gets the hang of it," he said; "or I may settle down here if I can find anything good. Detroit's pretty slow just now, and I like this place, as much as I've seen of it. A mighty pretty place, I call it," he said, turning to Dot again; "and some mighty pretty girls in it too!"

For the third time Dot made no response; but trust her for knowing that Rhondy was more interested in her than in Eve; and trust her, too, for knowing that Eve was trying to win his interest away from her, chatting and laughing as though she had known Rhondy for years, and practicing her glances on him every time they came to a street lamp.

"She'll give him the ten-ton look pretty soon," thought Dot, not altogether liking it to see how quickly her chum would rob her of a possible admirer, "but I'll bet I could get him away from her—any time I wanted to try it too."

And after that she wasn't quite so distant. And when they met again the next night, and the next, it was a toss-up whether Rhondy paid most of his attentions to Eve or to Dot. Eve certainly gave him the most encouragement, but it's a question if Dot didn't give him the most to think about, and that's the thing that counts.

"Automobile demonstrator and salesman"—this was how Rhondy described himself; and although, of course, he wasn't rich like Larry he—well, he might be useful. It was one of the strangest riddles of life that a girl without a fellow seldom got one, but if she could once catch her first candidate—if she could once get a possible customer looking in at the store window, so to speak—there was generally a rush of business, and she could take her pick. So perhaps if she allowed Rhondy to be attentive to her, Larry Howell would see it sooner or later, and he'd have something to think about, too, and maybe—if then she were to give him the ten-ton look —— Her thoughts remained vague, inconclusive, but the germ of the idea was there, all right.

It was on Monday night that they first met under the maples of Washington Avenue. It was on Friday night that Rhondy took them both for a ride. By pre-arrangement he met them near Jordan's Garage with Miss Chedsey's limousine, and they climbed up on the front seat with him—Eve, of course, in the middle. Fortunately both girls were of a modish slimness and no one was much crowded.

Dot was nineteen years old, and that was her first ride in a real car. It was one of those nights which are almost unfair to youth—spring in bud, a full moon, and the scent of growing things heavy in the air. The car swept on, mile after mile, devouring the road in front of it with a deep purr of contentment, its headlights picking out constantly changing scenes more beautiful than any moving picture. Now and then the river appeared on the side of the road, sometimes far below and sometimes nearly on the same level with them—silently flowing on as it had probably done long before the first little man was here to see it, and as it would probably continue to flow long after the last little man has done his last little chore on this our earth and has wonderingly moved elsewhere.

Away down deep again Eve started humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart, and it wouldn't have needed much to have made Dot cry—she felt so happy and yet so sad—and wanted life to be like this always, but knew precious well that it never would be.

"We'll go down to the shore and have a look at the sea," said Rhondy.

Dot started. It was forty miles to the shore, but surely they could do it in an hour, the way they were going. That would be two hours altogether. At that rate they'd be home by half past nine.

But a moonlit ocean isn't a thing that can be left in a minute, and going back they didn't travel so fast as they had come. For once in her life, though, Dot didn't care—present joys outweighing future woes. She sat in the middle going back, nice and warm between Eve and Rhondy, enjoying it all the more, perhaps, because she knew that Eve didn't like it. When the road was smooth enough to permit it Rhondy held one of her hands. At first Dot had mutely protested, but after all, it was little enough to give in exchange for such a heavenly ride, and she nearly had to laugh when she saw how jealous Eve was about it, when that wide-awake young lady discovered what was going on. So after that Dot snuggled down between the two of them and let Rhondy hold her hand from time to time, and closed her eyes and imagined it was Larry Howell who was riding with her, and Eve and Rhondy a million miles away.

It was after eleven when they got back home. Rhondy wanted to take them right to their doors, but you ought to have heard the way the two girls sat down on that bright suggestion! So he dropped them at the corner and they almost ran down Weatherby Street, like the two conscience-stricken little minxes that they were. They came to Eve's house first, and Dot waited for a moment to see what would happen, the main question being whether the door was locked. Eve was up the veranda steps like a shadow, and a moment later the front door was opening at her first touch on the knob. There was a quick wave to signify "It's all right; good-by," and then Dot cautiously hurried down the street and tiptoed up her own front steps.

But it wasn't all right there! The front door was locked and she knew she would have to ring the bell and get her mother down to let her in. Already she could feel that steely eye and feel that icy shower of questions: "Where have you been till this hour of night? Do you know it's getting on for twelve? Who were you with, and what were you doing?" And then like the merciless thrust of a dentist's needle, "Don't you lie to me!"

Upstairs in her mother's room she could see a dim light.

"Asleep," she thought. "I'll have to ring and ring, till everybody in the house wakes up and knows about it. And maybe one of the boarders will come down, and that will be worst of all, if mom catches him."

It occurred to her that just possibly the back door might be unlocked—perhaps one chance in a million—and it was while she was on the back porch, trying the door and finding it fastened against her, that she saw the light in the barn.

"That's funny," she thought. "Maybe there's a fire. I'd better go and look."

It wasn't a fire, though. It was Joe Hoyt—that big baboon with the Spanish War flivver and the mug's face—and he had been working on that everlasting carburetor of his, trying to do away with one more part, his ultimate hope being to get the thing into such simple shape that for a dollar he could sell an article that would make the ten-dollar carburetors look seasick and wish they had never been born.

"Oh!" gasped Dot, as they caught sight of each other. "I—I didn't know there was anybody here. I thought maybe the barn was on fire."

"No," said Joe. "It's me."

He was wiping his hands on a piece of waste, and after those three words he paid no more attention to her than he paid to the woman that Cain went away and married in a far country. But Dot was paying attention to him. It had just struck her that when Joe ceased his labors and went to bed he would have to unlock the front door, and that then she could go in with him and quietly make her way to her own room.

"It's all right," he said, seeing that she still waited. "I'll be careful. There won't be any fire."

"I'm not scared of that," said Dot—"only ——" With a sigh of gratitude she caught hold of a good one. "Only I felt sort of creepy, coming up from the house by myself, and I guess I'll wait and go back with you."

"I won't be long," he said. At that he took his precious baby and began to fasten it back in the flivver. "Say, now you're here, do you mind just wiggling that lever—no, the lever—the lever!—that little iron stick that's bent over at the end—that's right. Wiggle it now till I tell you to stop."

After he had told her to stop he looked at his watch.

"Half past eleven—I didn't know it was so late," he said. "Let's go."

He walked down to the house with heavy deliberation, and in the shelter of his presence Dot certainly had no cause for creepiness.

"Out kind of late, aren't you?" he asked. "Been to a party?"

"Kind of a party," whispered Dot, with a warning point of the finger at her mother's bedroom window. "I—I didn't know it was so late, either."

(Continued on Page 36)

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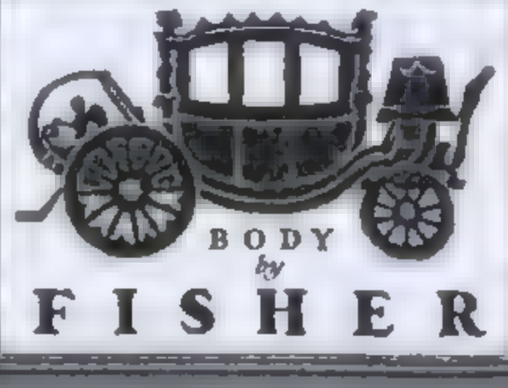

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Huh-huh," said Joe. But however poor he was as a conversationalist, he was rich enough as a door unlocker; and a minute later Dot was in her room and hadn't wakened anybody. She got up early in the morning, but her mother was up before her, and was getting Joe his breakfast on the kitchen table.

"Well!" began her mother the moment she saw her. "And what time did you come in last night?"

"Oh, I don't know. I—I often wish I had a watch," said Dot, swallowing hard.

"Don't know!" There was acid in Mrs. Bellamy's tone, ice in her eyes. "Well, you'd better begin to think it out. Where did you go to? Who were you with?"

"Oh, it wasn't so late," said Dot with a pleading look at Joe that said "Please don't give me away."

"No, that's right, Mrs. Bellamy; it wasn't so late," said Joe, misinterpreting the look. "She'd have been in earlier, too, if it hadn't been for me."

"How do you mean—if it hadn't been for you?"

"Well, when she came in the gate she saw a light in the barn, and thought maybe it was a fire. But it was me—see?—working on the carburetor, and when she came up to see if everything was all right I got her to helping me—working the levers and one thing and another."

"What time was that?"

"Hard to tell exactly. The last time I looked at my watch before that, it was quarter past nine. It was my fault getting her to help me. So I'm the one you ought to give it to—if you're going to give it to anybody—not her."

"No, Mr. Hoyt," said the old rip, secretly satisfied at the way her plans were falling together. "I'm sure I don't intend to give it to anybody. There's nobody in this world who likes peace more than I do, but if I had a dozen children I would do my best to bring them all up right, and then if any of them went wrong I'd have nothing on my conscience to reproach myself with."

"That's right," said Joe in an absent voice, his mind again upon his darling child.

In her gratitude Dot poured him another cup of coffee, and tried to catch his eye in order to show her appreciation, if only by a glance. But Joe didn't look at her, and when he arose from the table a few minutes later the cup of coffee which she had poured him was left untouched.

"Because he had to tell a lie he's got no more use for me," thought Dot hotly, and her face beginning to burn in downright earnest she asked herself, "I wonder where he thinks I was last night."

And, oh, how she hated him then!

V

DOT had had enough joy-riding to last her for a while, and as Eve wouldn't go alone neither of them went. As the days passed by, though, Dot thought more and more of that wonderful ride to the shore, and less and less of the worry it had brought her. Which is, perhaps, only another way of saying that she was still on the bright side of her youth. Rhondy had taken a position as chauffeur with Miss Chedsey, and had come to board on Weatherby Street, next door but one to Belle Fatima's. One morning as he walked past the house with a neighbor Dot heard them chattering away in Patagonian.

"I'm sure that he was born here, all right," thought Dot, "and of course he can't help it what his folks are. And anyhow there are some nice people among the Patagonians—I don't care what mom says."

Indeed, if anything, it added another chapter to her romance. First, there was the thought that Rhondy liked her better than Eve; second, that Eve was jealous; third, that their ride to the shore must remain a secret; and now came the discovery that Rhondy was of Patagonian descent—that at one time, at least, he had belonged to a race of invaders which, laughing with scorn at the idea of being assimilated by America, was now laying its own ambitious plans to do the assimilating itself. There was a thrill in this for Dot. It reminded her of the Civil War plays that she had seen on the screen, where a Southern heroine had been loved by a gallant young Northern officer with little whiskers in front of his ears, and she had saved him from capture, and pretty soon he had turned around and delivered her own family from a fate that was worse than death.

"Let's take a walk up Washington Avenue," she said to Eve on the night after she had made the discovery just mentioned.

"Why?" asked Eve with a trace of irritation. "Are you expecting to see him?"

However that might have been, it wasn't long before a darker shadow detached itself from the shade of a tree, and a moment later Rhondy was walking between them. Perhaps because he sensed Eve's irritation and guessed the cause, he paid all his attentions to that sharpshooting young damsel at first, and it wasn't long before Eve was walking with her chest out, and putting it all over Dot. Dot didn't care, though. Every little while Rhondy squeezed her hand with a pressure that said, "You know why I'm being nice to her, don't you?" And though Dot didn't squeeze his hand back again, at least she understood, and felt quite old and superior.

Rhondy had a great scheme.

"Listen," he said. "You don't want to go out in the car, so I've got something better. A friend of mine has a boat on the river, and asked me to fix it up for him. I told him I'd fix it up for him all right if I could have the use of it next Sunday morning. What you say, heh? A fine big boat, mahogany, and an awning, and cushions, and everything. We'll go down the river to Shark Island and back, just us three together. What you say, heh?"

Again his hand was around Dot's fingers, but feeling that this was the touch of the tempter, she didn't let it stay there.

"I can't," she said. "I've got to go to church Sunday morning."

"Yes?" he asked. "But who will know? Every Sunday you can go to church, but it isn't every Sunday that you can go on the river, and in a fine boat like this."

Dot visualized herself upon the river—a shy maiden, trailing her hand in the water, and half turning her head away from a chivalrous young gentleman—a mid-Victorian damsel feeding three graceful swans over the edge of a boat—Leander's girl on the wooded shores of the Hellespont—Cleopatra on the bosom of the Nile.

"No," she said with something like a sigh. "I've got to go to church on Sunday morning."

Rhondy knew that she was weakening, a man having an instinct in these affairs which is far more powerful than anything he can reason out; and leaving Dot alone he turned to something easier.

"How do you feel about it?" he asked Eve. "Church—or the river?"

"Me for the river," said Eve without a moment's pause. "Aw, come on, Dot. Be a sport. Church is like home—you can always go to church. And, anyhow, nobody'll ever know; so what's the difference?"

It took a bit of doing—the old rip's eyes seeming to cast a chill on poor Dot's heart all the way from 76 Weatherby Street—but in the end she consented.

"If I stay afraid of her all my life," she told herself, "I'll never go anywhere—or have anybody. When she was young I'll bet she didn't ask anybody if she could go out with pop. I'll bet she just went. And anyhow, it isn't as if I was doing anything wicked—just, just floating down a river and getting back in time for dinner, and nobody ever knowing whether I've been to church or not."

It was then that she had said "Yes," though in rather a muted voice, and wouldn't have been greatly surprised if a portent had suddenly appeared in the sky—a fiery fist shaking itself at her, or a pair of terrible eyes that seemed to say "Don't you lie to me!" But neither of these things appearing, and the world apparently wagging on much the same, Dot grew braver and became quite excited over her coming adventure.

"And anyhow," she thought, just before she went to sleep that night, "when you're simply driven to tell a lie, the way I am, I don't believe it counts against you as much as it does against the one who makes you tell it." At that she drew a deep, deep sigh, such as are seldom drawn except by the very young and the very old. "Poor pop," she thought. "How he's stood it all these years, I am sure—that I—don't know."

VI

SUNDAY set in like a gift from the gods—clear and yet balmy—a day just bursting with spring. Dot always had her work to do on Sunday before going to church, but when she dressed that morning she dressed underneath for yachting—putting on her heather-mixed stockings, for instance, and a cashmere-knitted petticoat that was warmer than you might think from the weight of it. And when she put her stockings on she looked at her little pink toes with an air of fearful pleasure and said, "Sh-h-h! You're going to walk around in a boat before dinnertime!"—and hastily thrust them out of sight before they could ask any questions. And when she put her petticoat on she smoothed it over the hips, and wriggled herself a little as she looked in the glass, and although she didn't say anything at first she looked very thoughtful, because at that moment the bells of St. Peter's Church began to ring for first communion. "Bong-ng-ng! Dong-ng-ng! Wrong-ng-ng!"

Dot stood for a time, her hands still smoothing her hips, and you could hardly tell whether she was listening to the bell or wondering what dress she was going to put on.

"I don't care!" she suddenly exclaimed, shaking herself out of her reverie. "I'm going—and that's all there is about it!"

She slipped on a house dress and went downstairs.

"You were a long time dressing this morning," said her mother, looking over her shoulder from the kitchen stove.

"Was I?" asked Dot.

"Were you? You know you were. What have you got your woolen stockings on for—a warm morning like this?"

"It's the style," said Dot, busy laying the table.

"Well, it's a fool style—that's all I say!" And Mrs. Bellamy gave her daughter one of her sharpest glances.

Poor Dot—her heart began to sink.

"Now she's started noticing things, she'll watch me all day," she thought, and she began to imagine a possible cross-examination on her return home from the river:

"What was the text today? Is the minister's cold better? What was the anthem? What dress did Mrs. Lawrence have on? You didn't notice? Why didn't you notice? Who sat in front of you? Was Miss Waterman there? She was? Well, that's strange very strange—for Miss Waterman went past here at eleven o'clock on her way to visit her brother! Young lady, where have you been this morning? Now—don't—you—lie—to—me!"

"Right out in front of the boarders, too, as like as not," thought Dot. "She never cares who hears her when she starts. And there they'll all sit watching me, especially that great big fool of a Joe Hoyt, who knows I told a lie the other night—and first thing I know—first thing I know ——"

Dot choked a little sob—one of those confidential affairs which never get to be public property—and although her thoughts didn't go very far in this direction, just for a few awful moments she thought of those stylish young ladies who helped Belle Fatima keep house, and who chewed their gum in such a world-weary manner whenever Ed Harrigan gave them a free ride to the station house in his nice new lattice-covered wagon.

"I don't know," she thought. "It doesn't feel safe, somehow. I guess I'd better put it off—till—till some other Sunday morning when she isn't noticing things so much. Eve can go with him if she wants to—she always has more fun than me—and I'll just tell 'em that mom started being nasty about it, and I didn't have the nerve."

So at ten o'clock Dot started for church, walking as demurely and reverently as the young lady of whom Mr. Thackeray wrote a poem when he ought to have been writing prose, and as she turned into the church she happened to look up at the sky, and there she saw a blanket of black clouds up above where the river had its source near Mount Kanahka.

"Pretty early in the year for it," said a weather-wise old parishioner to his neighbor, "but looks like thunder in the air."

"Gosh, this ain't early," said his neighbor. "Why, I remember back in the year when Tilden was elected and done out of it, it thundered and lightened on the nineteenth day of March and hailstones fell so big that the boys played marbles with 'em."

And, oh, how gratefully Dot sang, and with what a full heart she prayed, as it kept getting darker and darker until finally it began to thunder right in the middle of the sermon, and old Mr. Whitehead, the sexton, had to go around to the switchbox in the vestibule and turn on some of the lights.

(Continued on Page 38)

The New Oakland Six

Consider the Unequaled Value of The New 1923 Oakland

What other car, at anywhere near its price, even approximates the value of the New 1923 Oakland? Visit an Oakland salesroom and examine its incomparable merit. Be unsparing in your analysis. Go over it point by point and your own sound judgement will convince you that here is motor car value without equal.

Note particularly its powerful, quiet, flexible engine, so good that we guarantee its performance in writing for 15,000 miles. Mark the unusual roominess of its body; the comfort of its deep-cushioned, genuine leather seats. Scrutinize the sturdy chassis construction—the deep frame, long buoyant springs, the size and strength of every moving part. Observe the beauty of its finish, its full crown fenders, and drum type lamps.

Fortify the conviction you will inevitably arrive at by questioning any of the many thousands who now own and drive this Six-44 model. They will tell you, as they have voluntarily told us, that they have found this New Oakland a car of unwavering dependability; comfortable to ride in, beautiful to look upon, and genuinely economical to maintain.

Do these things and you will buy this car, not upon our word, but because of its own inherent high quality, quality almost unbelievable in a car that is sold for only $995.

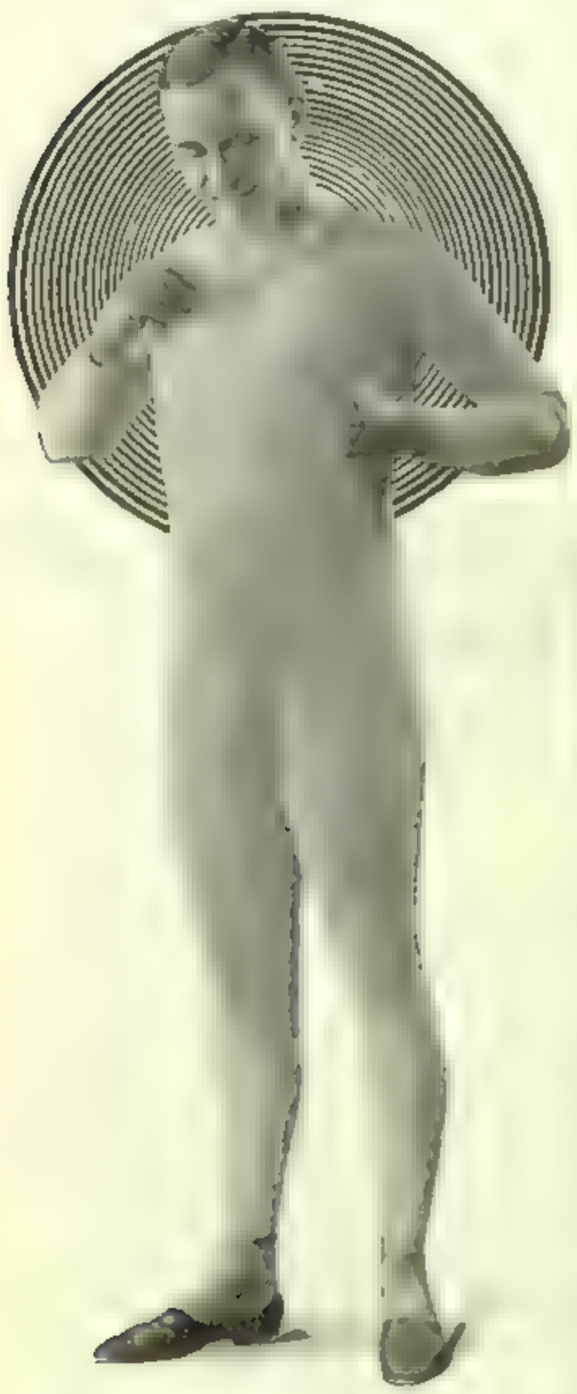
Roadster, 2 Passenger - $[illegible] *Coupé, 2 Passenger - $1185* *Sport Car, 4 Passenger - $1165*
Touring Car, 5 Passenger [illegible] *Coupé, 4 Passenger - 1445* *Sedan, 5 Passenger - - 1545*
Prices f. o. b. at Factory

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Touring Car
$995

Visit the show room and see among other improvements two new, absolutely exclusive and extremely valuable features of the entire 1923 Oakland Series.

HATCH



ONE BUTTON

MEN who believe in cutting red-tape down to a minimum are quick to appreciate the advantages of the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT

They find that this modern, efficient kind of underwear saves time and trouble in dressing and undressing; saves costly repair bills for replacing lost and broken buttons; and fits more perfectly than any other union suit they've worn. With only one master-button at the chest, instead of a whole row, it has to fit. It's knit to the figure, instead of being buttoned into shape.

HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

This garment is featured at good stores almost everywhere, but if you cannot get exactly what you want easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free anywhere in the United States

Men's suits $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00

Boys' suits $1.00, $2.00

FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY
ALBANY, NEW YORK

UNION SUIT

(Continued from Page 36)

"I hope Eve didn't go," thought Dot, but away down deep in her heart she knew that Eve had gone. "It's a good thing there's an awning on the boat," she continued. "They can pull near the shore somewhere, and they won't get wet—very."

The rain came tumbling down and as the sermon neared its close Dot could hear friends and relatives arriving in the vestibule with umbrellas and raincoats.

"Maybe pop'll come for me," she thought. "Oh, wouldn't it be awful if I had gone on the river, and pop came to get me—and I wasn't here!"

But when she reached the vestibule there was no handsome silvery-haired gentleman waiting for her. Instead, there was a frowning-faced, shock-headed individual named Joe Hoyt, and under his arm he had an umbrella as large as a good-sized parachute.

"Your mother thought I'd better come and get you," he said as he opened the big top.

If those around her had smiled there's no telling what Dot might have done; but instead of smiling she noticed that they looked at her as though they were thinking, "My, but aren't you the lucky girl to have somebody come and fetch you with a nice big umbrella like that!"

So Dot stepped under Joe's portable roof and together they went down the walk that led to the sidewalk, Dot stepping gracefully, knowing full well how many eyes were on her—but Joe flopping along in his usual flat-footed manner, let the puddles come where they may. At the sidewalk another surprise awaited her. Instead of turning to the right Joe tilted the umbrella, and there was the antediluvian flivver standing in a rushing brook that filled the gutter—like another ark that was only waiting now for Mr. and Mrs. Noah before starting on its cruise.

Again, if those around had smiled there's no telling what Dot would have done; but instead of showing signs of mirth they first looked up at the flooded streets and then they looked at Dot as though to say, "My, but aren't you the lucky, lucky girl to have somebody come and get you in a nice dry automobile!"

The little madam quite began to fancy herself, and when Joe lifted a flap on the side of the car and disclosed a dark little interior that wasn't unlike the inside of a tent she stepped up into it with a decided sense of adventure. Joe then boosted himself into the driver's seat and fastened the flap behind him, and so tentlike and cozy it straightway became that they might indeed have been Little-Caught-in-the-Rain and Big-Chief-Heap-Much-Wool about to set out for the Garden of the Gods in a portable tepee.

Little-Caught-in-the-Rain settled herself back in her seat as the car started forward, and wondered what Big-Chief would say to her first—probably something about the weather or even about being glad to have the chance of coming to get her. But Big-Chief simply sat there under his Heap-Much-Wool, thriving on silence, fattening on quietude, his big bulky head set over at an angle and listening, though Dot didn't know it, for any symptoms of a gurgling noise from that darling child of his underneath the hood.

"I never thought ——" began Dot, when she could bear the stillness no longer.

"Sh-h-h!" said Joe, frowning and raising his right paw.

Again Dot didn't know it, but Joe's little darling had just complained to poppa. Joe tickled it with a bit of wire that stuck out through the instrument board, and gently turned a knob with a fist as big as a picnic ham and yet as soothing as the hand of a beautiful nurse. The complaining stopped with a contented little gurgle, and Joe's face grew tender like a cherub's when the seraphim are coming out to play.

"I'm getting her where I want her," he said to Dot.

Dot made no answer to this, but told herself that he had a coarse, low streak in him. "I wonder how he'd like it," she thought, "if I said 'Sh-h-h!' to him?

"It's because of the other night that he doesn't treat me with more respect," she continued. "He probably thinks that I was running around with somebody, and that I do it all the time. If I could only make him think ——"

At the corner of Lafayette Avenue and North Main Street a happy thought came to her—or at least she thought it was a happy thought—for when all is said and done, you must remember that the child was only nineteen—and turning to Joe she said, "Oh, Mr. Hoyt ——"

"Yeh?" said Joe, still beaming to think how cleverly he had tickled his baby.

"About the other night—you know, when I came in so late—you must have wondered ——"

"Yeh?" said Joe when she paused.

"You probably didn't know," said Dot with dignity, "that I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Oh, darn!" suddenly groaned Joe, scratching his wool in a dull rapture of anguish, and in answer to Dot's startled look he added in a broken voice, "Didn't you hear her? She's coughing."

A series of spasmodic little barks was indeed coming from under the hood, and Joe began to turn the knob in the opposite direction, pausing every so often to tickle his pet and make it happy again. The coughing gradually stopped.

"That's the worst of her," said Joe, wiping his forehead. "She won't stay put. You can't rely on her. And when a thing's like that, it ain't no good. But by Guy, I'll get her steadied down yet if it's the last thing I ever do. You see if I don't!"

In his face then she saw the same grim look she so often saw in her mother's. She sat back in her corner as far away from him as she could, and didn't speak again.

All afternoon it rained, and blew, and rained again—the wind twisting the elms till they writhed as though they were doing a majestic sort of shimmy, and the rain slapping the windows' faces as though it had a spite against them. More than once Dot wished it would stop so she could run in next door and find out from Eve what sort of a time she had had on the river, but she didn't have a chance. It grew dark early that night and they had just turned on one of the electric lights and sat down to supper when Mrs. Kenneally came running in with an overcoat over her head.

"Have you seen anything of my Eve this afternoon?" she asked

"No," said Mrs. Bellamy. "She hasn't been here. Why?"

"It's the queerest thing I can't make it out. She left for church this morning at the usual time, and I haven't seen a sign of her since. Of course I thought she'd gone over to Minnie's because of the rain, but I just phoned Minnie and Minnie hasn't seen her, and where she's gone—or what has happened ——"

Dot slowly turned red—a process that was presently accelerated by the knowledge that her mother's eye was on her.

"Well?" suddenly demanded the latter. "What do you know about it?"

"Not much," said Dot, miserably enough—turning redder and redder because every eye was on her then except Joe Hoyt's. "Only—I think—I think Eve was going on the river this morning with Rhondy Bent, down to Shark Island—and maybe something's happened to them. Oh, oh! And they can't get back!"

Whereupon, as you can probably guess, Mrs. Kenneally put her plug into the third stage of amplification.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? She'll be drowned! My poor little Eve will be drowned! Oh, what shall—I—do?"

Mrs. Bellamy raised her hand for silence, and then she looked around the table like a general taking stock of her forces. Unchecked, her eye passed over Fred, and old Mr. Wilmerding, and Mr. Curtis, and the young bank clerk, and the steady young man who worked in Slossberg's, and the district manager of the refining company, and then at last it came to rest on Joe Hoyt. With frowning attention they looked at each other—those two grim look meeting grim look—two germs of the old rock in silent communion—two bits of good steel that could each get a spark out of the other when occasion required it—and then Mrs. Bellamy spoke:

"You think you could get a boat down at the factory, Joe?"

"Guess so," said Joe, rising.

A minute later his flivver was swishing down the road toward the factory, and on Joe's face was that look of paternal pride which you seldom see except upon a young father whose first-born has just acknowledged him for the first time as "Da-da'"

"Started right off at the first flip of the crank!" exulted Joe. "Attababy! Attaboy!"

VII

HE WAS back at ten o'clock and had started on his supper again at the exact point where he had left off.

"Stuck up tight against Shark Island," he reported. "Calls himself a chauffeur, but I guess he has quite a ways to go yet. Got his carburetor full of water and didn't know it. Now my baby—you couldn't get water in it like that unless you first drilled a hole in it, and then put a funnel to her ——"

Mrs. Bellamy recalled him.

"Was Eve wet? The girl next door?" she asked.

"Kind of. Not very. They had a boat with a roof. They got good and wet coming home with me, though. My old scow, she was open to the weather, but she knew how to keep her pop-pop-pop going, all right."

Mrs. Bellamy poured him another cup of coffee—coffee at night being her idea of a party.

"I'd like to see a daughter of mine do a thing like that!" said she.

"Girls are pretty gay, I guess, nowadays," said Joe.

"My girl isn't!"

It wouldn't have been so bad if Dot hadn't been there, but as you can guess, she had been Little-Dotty-on-the-Deck listening to every word since Joe had returned. He now looked up at her slowly, appraisingly, and then with great deliberation he put a slab of cold corned beef in his mouth. Dot, in a wave of heat, wondered what Eve had told him—and oh, how she hated him again then!

VIII

"I GUESS Rhondy won't have much time for me after this," thought Dot; "not after the way I promised to go with him, and then didn't turn up."

She wasn't far wrong. As the result of their Sunday adventure it might be said that in some subtle way Eve had filed a claim on Rhondy, and had also nailed two signs upon him: This Property Sold and Keep Off the Grass. When the three of them walked together in the evening Eve put her hand on Rhondy's arm, called him dear, and at times she nearly seemed to forget that Dot was with them—the way she tousled Rhondy's hair and tickled him under the arms until he gasped for mercy. Then Eve would start humming There's Many a Smile in an Aching Heart, and strut along as though she owned the earth.

These things made Dot feel very lonely, but though Rhondy tried to take her hand at times—doing it slyly so that Eve wouldn't see it—she wouldn't let him, but walked along in a sort of heavy-hearted solitude, and peeked and pined for a romance of her own.

Perhaps the wish showed upon her—as so many other wishes do. Perhaps in her glance, her walk, the details of her dress, she resembled those flowers that suddenly become beautiful in order to catch the attention of a predatory bee, and bring him hum-hum-humming out of invisibility. However that may be, it gradually dawned upon Dot that a wonderful thing was threatening to happen—that once or twice lately when she had looked at Larry Howell as he swept by in his wire-wheeled chariot, he had actually seemed aware of her existence; that on the last occasion he had even possibly smiled and lifted his hand a few inches from the wheel. She wasn't quite sure of this—he was going so fast, as he nearly always did—but the last time it happened at least she was sure enough to walk home on a sidewalk of clouds. At the corner of Speedwell Avenue and Spring Street she imagined herself riding slowly in his car through the town—a sweet demure little figure at whom Larry kept gazing in obvious pride. At the corner of Spring and Madison they were engaged. And by the time she turned off Madison into Weatherby Street a church wedding was well under way, with choir boys, bishops and a peal of bells; and Dot's mother crying with joy in the vestry, and Eve sitting in one of the back pews and vainly trying to hide the fact that she was frowning and biting her finger nails with jealousy.

Halfway down Weatherby Street, however—just as the organ was booming out Maid, Bright and Glorious—Dot had a shock. She nearly ran into Joe Hoyt, who was turning up out of River Alley. Joe fell in step with her, and attracted by her color he was presently giving her a good long look—the same as he might have looked at a cylinder head to see if all the carbon had been scraped off yet.

"Say," he presently remarked, as though he had just made a surprising discovery,

(Continued on Page 40)

The
SINGLE-SIX
FOUR-PASSENGER COUPÉ

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

With the advent of the Single-Six, Packard brought about a complete reversal of fine-car manufacture.

Instead of limited production, Packard now applies the sound principles of larger production, and its resulting economies, to a car of the very highest quality.

Instead of high manufacturing costs, and lower values in the product, it accomplishes lower manufacturing costs, and far higher values in the product.

It is safe to say that no plant in the world, producing a car of Packard's quality, could go farther in this direction.

The Packard organization is skilled and experienced in the finest kind of work. Packard precision-machine equipment is not excelled.

Working to the high Packard standard of excellence, but on a basis of costs now analyzed and budgeted almost to the penny, Packard is enabled to embody in the Single-Six a height of value hitherto unattained in the field of fine cars.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3325; Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3325; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575, at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six provides a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go. Truck users know there is profit in hauling with Packard Trucks. All Packard upkeep is made still more economical by Packard standardized service

PACKARD

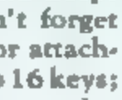
She: "Well! What have you lost now?"

He: "My driver's license."

And She crushingly: "First it's your auto keys, and then it's your license! Should think you'd tie your license to your keys and your keys around your neck!"

Matter of fact that's not a bad suggestion. But an even better one is to carry both your Auto keys and your license in the new Buxton Keytainer which has a special pocket for your Auto license. Then you can't even *start* your car without having your license with you.

The Keytainer keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find; protects your pockets; prevents keys scratching the dash of your car; and keeps your license where you can't forget it. Various leathers; eyelet for attaching pocket-chain; holds up to 16 keys; retails from $1.00 up. There are also plenty of styles of regular Keytainers without pocket to choose from.

The new patented Buxton key-hook looks like this  *The hump prevents loss of keys. The swivel makes keys turn easily. Exclusive feature of the Buxton Keytainer.*

IF YOUR dealer does not carry this new BUXTON KEYTAINER, write us.

Dealers: Write for details on quick-selling $30. display case assortment. Territorial representatives wanted.

BUXTON, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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BUXTON KEYTAINER

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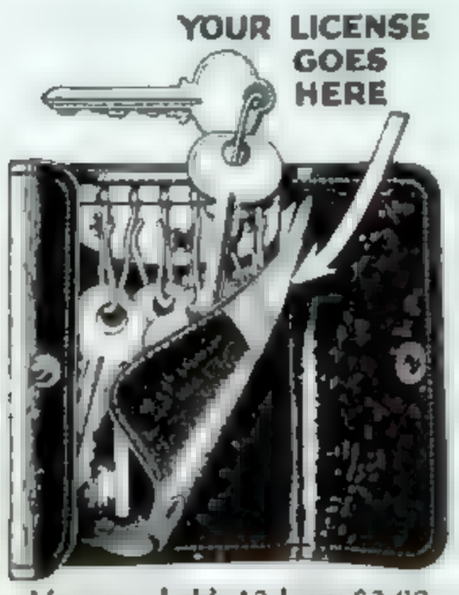
The original patented Key-Kase



Morocco, holds 12 keys, $2.00
16 hook size $2.50

(Continued from Page 38)

"Yes?" said Dot shortly.

"You look pretty good; do you know it?"

If Dot had been ten years younger she would have crossed her eyes and stuck her tongue out a good six inches; but being a young lady, even if she did live on Weatherby Street, she smiled one of those smiles which lazy novelists call inscrutable, and thought, "Oh, if I ever get a chance, what I won't do to you!" Which is a pretty girl's way of gritting her teeth and making claws of her fingers.

He didn't speak again until they had entered the house and he had started up to his room and Dot had the kitchen door open.

"Say," he said then, looking down over the banisters.

"Yes?" said Dot as shortly as before.

"You like to go a ride with me to-night—in the flivver?"

"No!" said Dot.

She said no more; just shut the door.

"M'm," thought Joe as he went on up the stairs. "She ain't working very good. Funny how everything gets that way once in a while—people as well as machinery."

But if Joe had seen her the next afternoon he wouldn't have thought that she was out of order. She was on her way to the Mohican Market when she heard a car approaching from behind her—one of those deep-sounding cars with real mufflers on them; but instead of sweeping on past, it seemed to come more and more slowly, until finally it nosed up to the curbstone right at the side of Miss Dorothy Bellamy; and when she turned around to see if it was meant for her, her heart doing the Anvil Chorus with mandolin accompaniment, sure enough, it was Larry Howell, and he was making room for her on the seat beside him.

"Going far?" he asked as they started in motion.

"Only to the Mohican."

"Oh, too bad. Do you know, I feel sure that I've known you for a long time, but somehow I just can't place you."

So Dot told him, rather shyly, who she was, and who her father was.

"That accounts for it, then," he said, looking at her with growing admiration. "Everybody knows your father is the handsomest man in town."

Dot could almost see Niagara Falls and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Opening her parasol at San Diego, a handful of rice fell out and everybody started laughing.

"Busy this evening?" asked Larry as the Mohican loomed into view.

"My blue dress and the little slippers with the beads," she hurriedly thought, while aloud she was smilingly saying, "We-ell—not very."

"Let's go a ride, then; what do you say?"

"Tweed suit and the dark red hat," she hurriedly amended her costume, and aloud she added, "We-ell, I don't mind."

"Where did you say you lived?"

She told him.

"All right. I'll meet you on the corner at a quarter to eight."

At the market she bought a cabbage and two pounds of lard, with the mystical far-off air of a Tennyson heroine; and when she went out she carried the cabbage as though it were a lily, and the lard—well, it's hard to find a poetical substitute for lard, but one thing sure, at least she didn't carry it as though it were lard.

Joe Dunhill, the poor devil who lost both his legs in a trolley accident, was selling his pencils in the doorway of an empty store near Franklin Place. Dot leaned over and put ten cents in his cup—for luck.

"God bless you, miss," said Joe in his husky voice. She felt that nothing could ever go wrong with her after that.

IX

ON HER way home she met Eve, and Eve seemed curiously subdued. They talked of this and that in a desultory manner, and then Eve drew a long sigh.

"Say, Dot ——"

"Yes."

"Don't say anything; will you?"

"No."

"Well—Rhondy and I are married."

Dot squeaked at this. You can easily guess the things she said, but Eve didn't enthuse much.

"We've been married quite a while," she said. "Don't say anything, will you, but it was that week we went on the river. You know—that Sunday."

"And to think you never told me! Let's have a look at your ring!"

Eve showed it—a plain band.

"He's going to get me an engagement ring later," she said, flushing a little. "You know—he's out of work just now—he got through at Miss Chedsey's—and he's gone to New York to get a job."

"I thought I hadn't seen him lately."

"No; he's been gone a month. Of course he writes quite often, but—gee, Dot—I do wish—you had come with us—that Sunday."

To Dot's utter surprise and consternation then, Eve suddenly began to cry.

"Don't—don't cry, Eve," said Dot, and to shield her friend from the public gaze she hurriedly walked her into a doorway and stood in front of her. "You're all right, Eve. What do you want to cry for?"

"You don't know! You don't know," sobbed Eve.

She had her cry out and they went on home, talking more naturally then, strange to say, but Dot was still so puzzled that when she was laying the table for supper she couldn't hold it in any longer, but told her mother about it.

"Just what anybody might have expected!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellamy. "Who knows if she'll ever see him again! The idea! Married, and a baby coming before long, and the man neither able nor willing to support it! A fine state the world's getting into with all its carryings-on!"

Dot gasped at first and then she was very thoughtful for a while. "Isn't it funny," she mused to herself, "how everything goes so lovely for some people—and so hard for others? Poor Eve!"

She slowly reconstructed the scene of her wedding, taking poor Eve out of the back pew and giving her a good seat halfway down the aisle.

"Maybe Larry could find her a nice easy position too," she thought. "I'll speak to him about it sometime—maybe—when when—when the time comes—so I can."

*

NOW in the old days, the good old days, the golden days of yore, there were four fountainheads of small-town gossip—the livery stable, the barber shop, the telegraph office and the undertaking establishment. Time, bringing its changes, has added the beauty parlor to the barber shop, and has substituted the garage for the stable; but of all institutions for the oral dissemination of unwritten history, both past and present, it's doubtful if anything can begin to touch the modern garage either for broadness of outline or finish of detail.

Who was in Jerry Manson's car the night it broke down by the Watchung Reservoir? Hah! Why is Bob Carter making those long trips in that closed car of his? Hah! Who was running Archey Keppler's car the other night, with Archey sitting by the side of her, one hand on the wheel? Hah! and again, hah! And what did they find in old Wib Collins' sedan when they took up the lining underneath the back seat?

Ask Joe—he knows. Ever since he had left school Joe Hoyt had worked in garages, except for the two years when he had been in the motor-boat shop, and there, indeed, he had heard the river gossip added to that of the land until, disgusted—it might be said—at the world, the flesh and the devil, he had taken the veil of invention and retired within himself with his carburetor for nice clean company, and fame and fortune for his guiding stars.

But all the same, being neither deaf nor dumb, he still knew what was going on; and that night when he started out for the library, where he had heard they had a new book on internal-combustion engines, he hadn't got far when he slowly paused, stood still for a minute, and then retraced his steps to the house.

The old rip was in the kitchen, making bread, and fortunately Joe had her all to himself.

"Say," he began, looking troubled for the first time she had ever seen him so, "did you know Dot had gone out riding with Larry Howell tonight?"

"No," she said, resting both fists in the dough and looking at him attentively. "She's out walking with Eve Kenneally."

"She is not. I just saw her at the corner getting in Larry Howell's car. And I want to tell you that he isn't any sort of company for her, or for any other decent girl."

Mrs. Bellamy began rubbing the dough off her hands with the air of an old warrior who has business elsewhere.

"Have you any idea where they've gone?" she asked.

"I can give a pretty good guess."

"How's your car? Is it working?"

"Yes, but I'd rather go myself."

"I'm going with you."

"No, you're not," said Joe, looking firmly at her. "With the two of us together it would look funny, and probably be all over town tomorrow. But with me, drifting along in the flivver by myself—well, that's something else again. I won't be long."

He guessed they had made for Meditation Point—a grove of pines by the side of the river about five miles from the town. The Point was a favorite place for picnickers in the daytime, and for lovers at night. The early settlers had probably used it so, and the Indians before them. At the edge of the Point was a rock about fifty feet high that rose perpendicularly out of the water. It probably isn't necessary to say that this was Lovers' Leap.

"If they aren't there," thought Joe as his flivver left the town behind, the carburetor coughing in a very nasty way, "I'll try the Tavern, but I think they'll be at the Point."

They were, and he found them just as Dot was struggling out of Larry's car. Joe pulled up alongside and the struggle ceased.

"Going home, Dot?" called out Joe.

In silence she climbed up into the seat by his side, still frightened and subdued, and they started back for the main road.

"How'd you know I was there?" she asked once.

"Saw you get in his car. He nearly always takes 'em there."

"I've never been there before!" she fiercely told him.

"Anybody could see that. But now we're out here, what do you say if we go a little ride before we start home?"

At first his baby was well-behaved and they rolled along at a tremendous burst of speed—twenty-seven miles an hour—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—trembling on the verge of thirty!

"Some boat for its age!" shouted Joe above the roar of battle. "That's my carburetor that made her young again. She's all right now—well, pretty near all right—at the high speeds. It's on the low speeds that she starts wheezing. Say, now, you keep your eye on that speedometer and tell me when she tickles thirty."

In getting up speed again they struck a hole in the road. The car winced as though banged by a sledge hammer, and the engine suddenly ceased to roar.

"Spring's broke on the carburetor," reported Joe a minute later. "Guess I can fix it, though. Ought to have a spiral spring, but maybe a flat one'll do. Got a hairpin?"

It didn't take him long to bend it into place, and though he looked dubious when he finally went to the crank, the engine started at the first flip. He took his place at the wheel again and they slowly started forward.

"Say, now, do you hear that?" asked Joe in an awed tone of satisfaction. "She ain't coughed once, and she ain't spluttered once! The first time she ever started what you might call exactly right. That's your hairpin did that."

Dot didn't feel quite so dully miserable as she had done a minute before—she seemed to be a bit of use, or at least her hairpins were—but she didn't speak to him, and hadn't spoken since her fiercely delivered "I've never been there before!"

"I guess we'll turn around now and go back," said Joe, and after they were headed back to Springfield he added, "Let's see now how she acts on the high speeds. Maybe she's no good there."

He opened the throttle, and up—up—up went the speedometer needle. Twenty-five—twenty-seven—thirty—thirty-two. "Good Lord!" prayed Joe, partly in thankfulness for past favors, and partly in supplication for a continuance of the same. Thirty-four—thirty-seven—forty—forty-one—forty-two ——

"I believe she'd shake herself to pieces before she'd stop!" he shouted in triumph. "That's your hairpin for you! By jingo, it did the trick, and I've got the world—I've got the world—I've got the world by the tail!"

Dot didn't speak, but she blew her nose—which is the next best thing to speaking—and pointed up the road ahead of them.

"Yeh," said Joe. "That's the tail light of another car. We'll see if we can pass it; shall we?"

(Continued on Page 42)

OWNERS LIKE IT · · THE BEST TEST OF ALL

All Year Comfort—$1295

The Coach fulfills every closed car requirement

By quantity production, greater than was ever before devoted to such closed cars, the Essex Coach gives all essential advantages at this wonderful price—$1295.

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It continues the economy of its first cost. It remains economical, efficient and inexpensive to maintain and operate.

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That is what gives particular emphasis to the Coach value at this price.

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Freight and Tax Extra

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The Tooth Paste for an Acid Mouth

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THE many great stars of the stage and screen who have endorsed CHLOR-E-DIXO have found that they must preserve the beauty of their teeth if they are to continue to earn the vast sums of money they now receive.

Letter after letter from satisfied users prove conclusively that

CHLOR-E-DIXO prevents film on the teeth—keeps gums firm and hard—whitens the teeth like peroxide—will not harden in the tube—sweetens the breath.

The ribbon-like strip of paste clings to the brush, preventing waste.

Sold Only at Stores showing A.D.S. Products

Will not harden in the tube
Prevents Film on the teeth
HOPE HAMPTON, the popular screen star writes: Night and morning when an acid mouth will do much damage to the teeth I brush my teeth with CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.
Hope Hampton

American Druggists Syndicate
Laboratories New York City, N.Y.

Continued from Page 40

"All right," said Dot.

Again he opened the throttle wide, and again the gallant little flivver dug its hind legs in the gravel and started away from there.

"We're catching him!" shouted Joe. "He's doing his darnedest too!"

It wasn't long before he made another discovery.

"It's Larry Howell!" he announced.

And you ought to have seen Miss Dorothy Bellamy when they passed the wire-wheeled chariot—the easy superiority of her manner, the curliness and the haughtiness of her nose.

XI

MOST of the rest of the way home Dot was quiet and was probably thinking more deeply than she had ever thought before in her life. The year before she had heard how her father had frittered away the family money, and now perhaps for the first time she appreciated her mother to the full—that stern-faced old rip who had worked so hard to keep the home together and to bring up her daughter in the way she should go. Suppose that she were in Eve's place, for instance. Suppose there hadn't been any Joe Hoyt to come for her that night.

"Joe," she said at last in a chastened little voice.

"Yeh?"

"Joe, you must think I'm awful."

"I do not. I think you're a darned nice kid. You know," he added with a sudden and alarming increase of tone, "I'd have beat up that guy till his own folks wouldn't have known him, only I thought it might make trouble for your father working over at the store."

"I'm glad you didn't beat him up, Joe. He—he isn't worth it."

"All the same, if he ever bothers you again——"

"Sure, I'll let you know. And say, Joe——"

"Yeh?"

"The only thing I'm afraid of now is mom. When we get to the house, will you come in with me—and stay around a while till she knows just how it happened, and all about it?"

"Sure, I'll mind you."

Mrs. Bellamy was upstairs when they reached home. "I'll be down in a minute!" she called out. They went in the sitting room, and Dot's lips trembled a little.

"Don't be scared now," said Joe, patting her shoulder. "Remember, I'm going to mind you."

They sat down. Dot drew a full breath and then—she herself could hardly tell you how it happened—she gave him the ten-ton look. For a few moments he sat tight, staring at her, and then slowly his arms opened and slowly she found her perch upon his knee. She was still there when, over his shoulder, she caught sight of her mother in the doorway.

"Now there'll be a row!" she breathed to herself, and buried her face on the lapel of Joe's coat. It was nearly a minute later when she looked up again. Her mother had vanished. From the kitchen came the sound of the coffee grinder skirling a shrill song of triumph.

Waste From Useless Inventions

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

NOTHING is more alluring than the idea of achieving fame and fortune through a simple mental operation. This is one reason why we have so many inventors. Another cause is the inherent desire in practically all humans to accept the challenges of science and Nature, and provide an answer for every unsolved problem. A good patent offers one of a few ways in which a man may start in business without capital. There are more inventors or would-be inventors at work in the United States at the present time than there are doctors and lawyers. Unfortunately, only a few of these tens of thousands of ambitious investigators succeed in originating and perfecting devices of practical value.

America leads the world in the production of mechanical inventions. It introduced the sewing machine, the typewriter, the reaper, the airplane and the large-scale production of automobiles. The ingenuity of the American Yankee is proverbial. However, we must not overlook the fact that the industrial and scientific progress of the United States has been largely influenced and aided by the operation of our country's system of issuing patents. Economists are agreed that without the monopoly conferred by patents inventors would not have had such a great incentive to work, and as a consequence America's advancement would have been far less rapid.

There are a number of reasons why patents fail, but the most common causes of losses in the practical utilization of new devices may be stated briefly as follows:

Invention would not work.

Was a good idea, but the cost of manufacture was too great. It is possible to make real diamonds, but it costs very many times as much to make a one-carat stone as to buy one of those produced by Nature.

The new device works well and is a money saver compared with the present process, but its adoption would mean the scrapping of a great quantity of valuable machinery now in service. Frequently it is impossible to adopt an improvement because of the prohibitive cost involved in effecting the necessary changes. Many valuable inventions are unmarketable solely for this reason. Several patented devices have been designed to prevent train collisions but few or none of them can be utilized unless the railroads first discard millions of dollars' worth of material and equipment now in service.

Some inventions are not profitable merely for the reason that there is no demand for them; hundreds of others are unsuccessful because the owners or promoters run out of money or lose their nerve and quit too soon. As one has said: "It takes knowledge to be a business man; genius to be an inventor." Very few men who are mentally equipped for patient research have fully developed commercial instinct. It is not often that a man at one and the same time can be an efficient scientist and an effective salesman. In a majority of cases it requires harder work to market a new article than to invent the device.

The press of the United States has been partly responsible for the multiplication of useless inventions. For example, about twenty-five years ago a newspaper story was printed broadcast that a certain concern had offered one hundred thousand dollars for a satisfactory nonrefillable bottle. This offer was never verified, but so much publicity was given to it that inventors in all parts of the world immediately started to supply this imaginary demand.

About a year ago a coöperative nut-marketing association offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for a satisfactory nut-stamping machine, by which every walnut would bear the trade-mark of the association. It was a condition of the contest that to be eligible each inventor must supply a full-sized working model, but even with this requirement it appears that approximately four hundred machines were offered in the competition. Owing to the generosity of the association the prize of ten thousand dollars was awarded, although the successful machine still required important changes before being fully adapted to the purposes of the association.

On an average more than one thousand patents are granted by the United States Patent Office at Washington every week of the year. Twice this number of refusals for patents are recorded. Each and every application represents a considerable outlay of money; so the total failures in this line of effort constitute a national waste of large proportions. Upward of one and a half million patents have been issued in this country, and it is safe to assume that 90 per cent of these inventions never have seen the light of day. A considerable part of this enormous waste would be eliminated if the people as a whole were more familiar with fundamental truths relating to the issuance and subsequent handling of patents, and if the patent office would go a step further than merely to send a copy of the Rules of Practice to inquiring inventors, and furnish them general information as to what has already been accomplished in the field in which they are interested.

For instance, a spring wheel as a substitute for the pneumatic tire has been a goal of uninformed American inventors for many years. From the number of patents issued on this subject and the hundreds of models actually made, it is quite probable that several millions of dollars have been sunk in this one field alone. Though it is true, as the reader will likely remark, that out of this wasted time and money will eventually come one successful device of the kind sought after, it is also true that thousands of dollars would have been saved if all the prospective inventors of spring wheels in recent years had been informed and warned of the pitfalls in the well-trodden road which they had started to travel.

If the would-be inventor can possibly do so he should make his new device himself and endeavor to sell it on a royalty basis. One man who invented a puzzle to be used as a children's game sold the novelty for one hundred and fifty dollars, while the people who bought the little invention cleaned up a great deal of money on it. Usually it is not a good thing to sell outright an interest in an invention. Such a partnership leaves either party free to deal with others as he wishes, but neither party can negotiate rights of sale separately. Mutual consent must be obtained, and frequently in partnerships this is not easy. Above all things, beware of the many questionable promoting companies who use expensive stationery and whose literature is filled with boastful assertions concerning their superability in the handling of patented devices. Contracts granting territorial rights must be carefully drawn up, or instead of the invention creating a monopoly a destructive competition will be created to wreck the business.

Many inventors have had the sad experience of signing a royalty contract without specifying in the contract a definite time for manufacture and a requirement as to the number of devices that must be marketed. A number of cases are on record where responsible companies have secured the manufacturing rights, on a royalty basis, for valuable patents, and then for one reason or another the concerns have failed to produce the articles. An inventor thus tied up may see his dream of a lifetime fade away without being able to take any effective steps to remedy his dilemma.

An investigation discloses the fact that most of the patents which are profitable relate to the ordinary business of the patentee, while the majority of failures include patents that were outside the scope of the everyday employment of the inventor. When an inventor makes an improvement in the line of his own business he has already sold the invention, even if it is to himself alone, and he can forthwith place his device on the market.

Though the United States has hundreds of expert patent attorneys, and the patent office in Washington carries on an active and helpful correspondence with citizen inventors, it is true, nevertheless, that the average layman in this country has but a vague conception of the financial value and exploitation of patents. If this were not a fact we should not have the axiom that the producer rather than the inventor reaps the benefits of a new idea. The public has been well instructed as to the danger of buying oil or mining stocks that have no material value, and any person who now goes into such ventures can scarcely plead ignorance. The public has not been instructed, however, with respect to the subject of inventions, and as a result thousands of innocent citizens suffer losses, and the country as a whole sustains an unnecessary economic waste. Though the United States patent system is perhaps second to none there is no valid reason why we should not progress to a point where every patent granted will represent a genuine advance in some art or industry, and will be of some benefit to its creator.

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Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

EVERY merchant who has the Selz $Six has voluntarily agreed to accept less than usual profit on this leader; so do we. That is why a standard high quality, all leather, Chicago-made shoe can be sold at such a low price.

But the smaller profit has brought an actual gain to both the merchants and to us; the increased volume of sales has amply made it up. In little more than a year the Selz $Six has become one of the biggest sellers in the U. S.! Such a record shows its unusual value very plainly.

If your dealer does not have the Selz $Six, write Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

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Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.

Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.

Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 7)

I did not tell him of my visit with Colonel Roosevelt the day before, but replied, "The newspapers have printed numerous stories to that effect."

The President said, "What time does your train go?" I told him 3:40, as I remember. "Come downstairs to my office and I will show you all the correspondence between Roosevelt and myself since the election of 1908 to date."

On entering the office Taft asked his secretary, Charles D. Hilles, to bring him all the correspondence that had passed between Colonel Roosevelt and himself since the election.

I read all the original Roosevelt letters and copies of Taft's to Roosevelt. I asked Taft if he would give me copies of them. He called Mr. Hilles in and asked him to have copies made and sent me at Chicago.

Mr. Taft also gave me a copy of a letter he had written his brother Horace, giving his reasons for signing the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. As Congress is wrestling with the tariff bill at this writing it may be of interest first to publish President Taft's views of 1909. His letter follows:

"June 27, 1909.

"*My dear Horace:* It is a hot Sunday afternoon, and with drawers and a kimono, in the presence of Nellie, and looking like a Chinese idol, I am walking my room dictating to you. I am doing it for the purpose not alone of informing you, but of putting in permanent form, so to speak, for my own use, my state of mind at the present moment as to the political situation.

"As you know, the Republican Convention declared in favor of a revision of the tariff. I had declared my views in favor of this as long ago as 1906 in my speech at Bath, and had reiterated this expression of view when opportunity offered. At my instance the Ohio platform was drawn declaring in favor of a revision of the tariff and fixing the rule which should obtain in doing so, and the National Convention followed that plan. Now, the principles of the protective theory—if such a free-trader as you will admit there are any principles in protection—look to the reduction in the cost of the production of articles protected behind the tariff wall by the operation of competition within the country, relying upon the greater ingenuity of American inventors, the greater enterprise of American business men, and the greater intelligence of American labor to effect this reduction in cost. Therefore, I said that as eleven years had elapsed since the Dingley bill had passed, and great changes had taken place in the conditions affecting the cost of production, it was reasonable to infer that quite a large number of the schedules could be reduced; that the rates under them had become excessive; and that it was wise to reduce excessive rates in order to prevent the temptation of those engaged in making the particular articles thus protected, from attempting to monopolize the market and the manufacturer in this country from controlling the prices and taking advantage of the rates. That was my position and it is still. I said so in the canvass and I have not changed my view; and quite properly that view has been quoted on the Senate floor and the House floor. I am convinced that the House Committee, with Payne at its head, went to work conscientiously to carry out the plank of the platform thus interpreted, and that the Payne bill was a genuine effort in the right direction, and that while the step was not as great as I would have been glad to take, it contains much of what I approve. They did insert an increase in hosiery and in gloves in order to establish industries here, which, while they might be justified on principles of protection, I thought were inappropriate at the present time. Therefore, I should be glad to sign a bill like the Payne bill, with the hosiery and glove schedules left out.

"The Payne bill put iron ore on the free list, and scrap iron at fifty cents a ton. It put hides on the free list, taking off a tax of 15 per cent. It reduced the lumber tax from two dollars to one dollar. I wish that could have been free lumber, but the Southern vote prevented it. It put oil on the free list. It put coal on the free list. It made no reduction in the wool schedule, as I wish it could have done, but it was such a complicated matter, and the wool schedule was supported by such a union of the Western wool growers and the Eastern wool manufacturers that it was impossible to get it through either the Committee or the House. It made other reductions, but it did make some increases in articles of food, like spices, mustard, and other things that might well be stricken out, and that have been stricken out in the Senate. The Senate has stricken out the increase in hosiery and in gloves. I ought to say, too, that the House cut down pig iron from $7 a ton to $2.50 a ton, and made corresponding cuts in the iron and steel schedule. It is said that these cuts, though heavy, still leave the rates prohibitory. I do not care if they do. That is a question of controversy, but even if they do, the cut from $7 to $2.50, for my purpose and in carrying out my declared object, reduces the opportunity for monopoly, to take advantage of the excessive rates, by just that reduction.

"Now the Senate has restored coal to the dutiable list and imposed 60 cents a ton, instead of $1 a ton. It put hides back at 15 per cent. It has increased undressed lumber to $1.50, but it has reduced the finished lumber rate by 25 per cent, and in this respect if we can retain the House duty at a dollar, the bill will be improved. In respect to the cotton schedule, the House made very little change. The Senate has changed the form so as to give it the character of much more of a specific duty with the claim that the change does not increase the duty, but only secures its imposition with certainty and free from fraudulent undervaluation, as it was intended in the Dingley Bill when passed. The proposition is that under-valuations of a fraudulent character have so reduced the duty, not uniformly but in favored quarters, to such an extent that a change was necessary. I believe this position to be correct, but I think it is only fair to reduce the rate some five or ten per cent. in order to make up for the change which is practically effected by introducing an honest and uniform tax.

"Speaker Cannon, Mr. Payne and Mr. Aldrich all agree that the wise thing for us to do is to hold a conference when the bill gets into Conference, and to make a bill which shall appeal to party support. They are going to confer with me, they say, and give my views great influence in the action of the Conference Committee. How much this means and how far they will be willing to go, I do not know. But I have not found Aldrich or Cannon in any way deceptive in the dealings that I have had with them, and I believe they are acting in good faith.

"The newspapers in the East are generally free-trade papers, and they have been personally interested in the reduction of the tariff on print paper, which, by the way, in the House was reduced from $6 a ton to $2 a ton, and has been increased in the Senate to $4 a ton. Payne told me that he thought the reduction to $2 was unfair to the American manufacturers. As compared with other rates of duty, it is a very small ad valorem tax. Wood pulp is now put on the free-trade list by the vote of the House and the Senate.

"But to resume, the newspapers have misrepresented things done in the Senate, and have colored much the proceedings, with the view to holding Aldrich up to condemnation, and they haven't made any moment of quite a number of reductions that have been introduced at his instance, or with his consent. If I can secure substantially the reductions in the Senate and the House in the new bill, I think we shall have made a great step in the direction that I have advocated, but the next three weeks will show the fact as to this.

"There have been some absurd increases in the Senate bill. For instance, the third of a cent on lemons, and some increases on pineapples, but I doubt if the Senate hopes to keep them.

"The Philippine section is as I want it, except that the limitations upon the importations of tobacco and cigars are much too heavy, that is, much too small. But I have Aldrich's promise that they were put in the Senate bill with the distinct understanding on the part of those who voted for them, that he would consent in the Conference at once to their increase to what they were in the House; so that I am quite content with the Philippine Section, and that, as you know, is pretty dear to my heart.

"Now as to the additional tax needed to make up the income for the next two years: A short history perhaps would make the

(Continued on Page 46)

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"Now Mother Markets by Motor—"

Thousands of women who are driving Overland Sedans wonder how they ever got along without them. The Overland makes the fresh produce of the farm as accessible as the corner grocery. Shopping, too, becomes a pleasure instead of a hardship.

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Ask any salesman these questions about his car

1—Are all moving parts of your power plant (valve mechanism, clutch, gear shift device etc.), enclosed, preventing wear by protecting them against road dust and grit?

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5—Is the upholstery of rich velour, mounted on springs of the Marshall divan type—each cushion separately enclosed in a canvas sack—built just like the finest upholstered furniture?

6—Are you willing to make a comparative test of your car's riding qualities at high speed over rough roads against any competitor?

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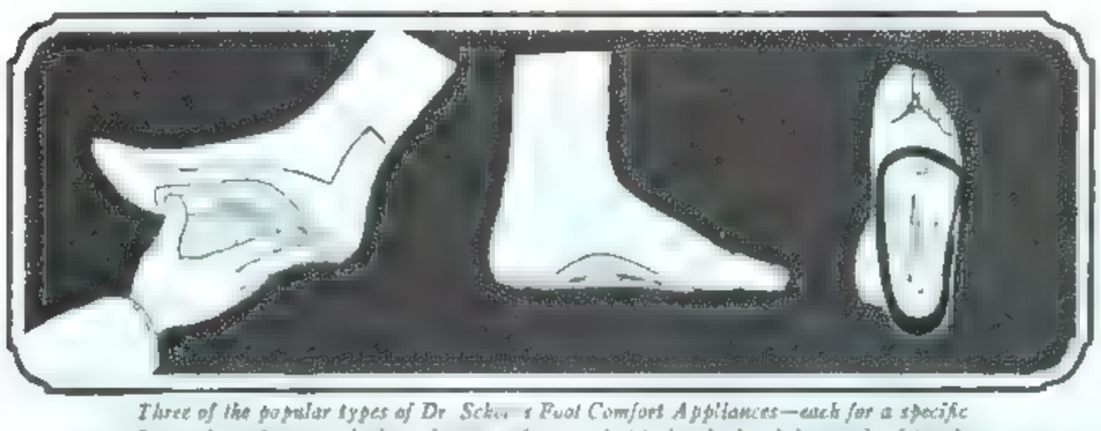

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Illustrating the gradual improvement in the condition of a broken down arch through the use of a Dr. Scholl appliance—and adjusting it as progress in the correction is made

Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports —adjustable to any foot condition

Distorted toes (cause of bunions) are restored to normal action by the use of Dr. Scholl's Toe Flex. Price, 75c each

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads protect and relieve corns, callouses, bunions and blisters. Price, 35c a box. At all shoe and drug stores. Sample free

Successful correction of weakened and broken arches—as evidenced by the widely prevalent condition of "weak foot" and the more serious flat foot—must take into account the condition of the individual foot at the time correction is begun and as it progresses.

In bringing out a remarkable series of arch supports Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the eminent foot authority, has taken cognizance of both of these requirements.

He has devised an appliance for each specific arch trouble—from the seemingly unimportant conditions manifested by weakness and undue fatigue to the more serious conditions involving a complete breaking down of the two important arches, with the consequent discomfort and pain and suffering in the feet and legs and back.

Adjusted as condition improves

Dr. Scholl's appliances can be adjusted to any condition. Of equal importance, perhaps, is the fact that they can be readjusted frequently as the bones and muscles and ligaments, relieved of strain and gently held in place, increase in vigor and the arches grow stronger.

Why, then—when relief may be had so easily—continue to suffer with your feet? Why endure the misery of aching, burning heels and insteps, or tired and throbbing feet, of pains in the legs and hips and back?

Your feet examined free

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(Continued from Page 44)

situation a little clearer. In my Inaugural Address you may recollect that I recommended a graduated inheritance tax, and that the House Committee adopted. The House Committee also adopted a tax on tea and coffee, but before the bill was reported the Speaker insisted that it would be so unpopular a tax that they ought to give it up, and they did give it up. The Speaker and I then conferred as to what kind of a tax we ought to substitute for the coffee and tea tax, and the Speaker asked me whether it was not possible, in accordance with one of my speeches, to introduce a form of income tax, and I said that it was on corporations, and that I would direct the Attorney General to prepare a law, or sections of the law, creating such a tax on dividends. He did so, and the Speaker went before the Ways and Means Committee and urged its adoption, but they declined to consider it at the time.

"The bill went through the House and the inheritance tax was adopted, and it went to the Senate. The Senate rejected the inheritance tax on the ground that the States—some thirty-six of them—had already adopted inheritance taxes, and this would be a double tax and would be perhaps oppressive on that account. I do not agree with this view, because none of the inheritance taxes are heavy, or compare in any way with the inheritance taxes in England and in France. However, it went out in the Senate, and Aldrich's contention was that the duties themselves, without additional taxes, would earn income enough for the Government after two years to dispense with any extra tax at all. When I suggested this proposition to him of the corporation tax, he rejected it on that ground. He admitted that there would be a deficit for the next two years, but he said there would be enough money in the Treasury to meet that deficit out of our present surplus, and that then the income from the duties would have so recovered as to pay the expenses of the Government, especially in view of the retrenchment and economy which we believe can be effected.

"I had expressed myself a number of times in favor of such a corporation income tax, and had spoken to Senator Borah, of Idaho, on the subject, and he had said that he was in favor generally of an income tax, and that he would like to bring Senator Cummins in. They came in to see me. Senator Cummins said he wanted to get a general income tax on the statute book and have the question decided again by the Supreme Court. I said to him that I thought that was an objectionable method, because there would be a strong tendency on the part of the Court to be consistent, and there was no great present crisis calling for an increase in the revenues of the Government which would lead the Court to change its view, as I thought would be the case if we had a war or some other necessity for straining every nerve to get all the money possible; and, therefore, I was rather in favor of the corporation tax which I spoke of. I said that in theory I was in favor of an income tax, and was greatly opposed to a constitutional limitation which would prevent such a tax in time of national trouble. They left me and went back to the Senate.

"Before they got through Cummins had made an agreement with the Democrats, especially with Bailey, to support an income tax, such as that he had said he was in favor of. They secured the assent of nineteen Republicans in addition to all of the Democrats to the proposition to pass a regular income tax exactly in the teeth of the decision of the Supreme Court, in order to bring it up before the Supreme Court. I was visited, after that condition had forced itself upon the conservative leaders of the Senate, including Aldrich, by Senators Aldrich, Lodge and Crane, who came to appeal to me to save them from that situation. They knew, for I had already told Aldrich, that I was in favor of a corporation tax, and that I was also in favor of the national power to have a general income tax, so Aldrich, being forced into the situation, came to me and said that he would consent to submit to the people, by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and House, the question of an amendment to the Constitution permitting an income tax; and he would also consent to the passage of a corporation tax, but he wanted it limited to two years. I objected to the limitation, and said that I did not think I could break up the nineteen Republicans, or get support from the people from whom it was necessary to get support, if that limitation was in.

"Accordingly, the next day, through Crane, Aldrich withdrew his objection to that limitation, and then I had Wickersham draft a bill. The things that were required in the bill were two: First, the tax as an excise tax upon corporations, and, second, a certain degree of publicity with reference to the returns. That publicity gives a kind of Federal supervision over corporations, which is quite a step in the direction of similar reforms I am going to recommend at the next session of Congress, and with which Senator Aldrich has pledged himself to help me. I have gone into this to show you that the situation is not one of my yielding to Aldrich, but of Aldrich coming to me.

"I invited the Finance Committee to dinner with me twice in order that we might discuss and settle on the bill, and at the opening of the discussion I said: 'Gentlemen, in order that I may discuss this matter from your standpoint, and not from my own, because my views you know exist without respect to the exigencies of the situation, I want to know if this is not the fact, to wit, that either you take the bill and the proposed submission of the constitutional amendment to the people, as I have suggested, or else the alternative in the income tax law that the insurgent Republicans propose to pass in association with the Democrats.'

"Senator Hale, in the presence of the entire committee, spoke up and said: 'That is the very distressing and embarrassing alternative, and there is no other.'

"'Yes,' said Senator Aldrich, 'that is exactly it; I do not hesitate to say to you, Mr. President, that if it had not been so I should never have come to make the proposition which I did for a message and the submission of the amendment.'

"The progressives are now attacking me on the ground that I encouraged them to go into the income tax business. I sent for Cummins and had a talk with him, and I asked him whether I did not say that I much preferred the corporation tax and that I objected to the income tax, as he proposed it, because I did not like to submit the question to the Supreme Court in time of peace, without a crisis, when the decision would probably be a confirmation of the previous decision. He conceded my recollection, but he said he got the impression of encouragement from me as to what he was going to do about the income tax; but as he never consulted me about his agreement with the Democrats I am willing to submit to anybody whether that conversation could be used as a basis for encouraging him to do what he did, and putting himself into the hole in which he subsequently found himself, and where he now complains I am trying to leave him.

"The strenuous supporters of Mr. Roosevelt—that is, the extreme supporters, those who like to call themselves 'progressives'—are very suspicious of me, and they refer to my refusal to assist the insurgents in the House to defeat Cannon by refusing to go into the caucus and voting against him on the floor, as an instance of how I am departing from the Roosevelt policies; and they, secondly, refer to my not infrequent interviews with Cannon and with Aldrich as an indication that I am consorting with anti-Roosevelt and reactionary people. This carries me back to the time between my election and my inauguration when I made an investigation into the question whether Cannon could be beaten, and I found that he could not be beaten in a caucus vote. I, therefore, gave up any hope of doing so, or any effort to do so. In fact, I received some most urgent telegrams and letters from Mr. Roosevelt

(Continued on Page 48)

RAISED TO A NEW IMPORTANCE IN THE LIVES OF MILLIONS

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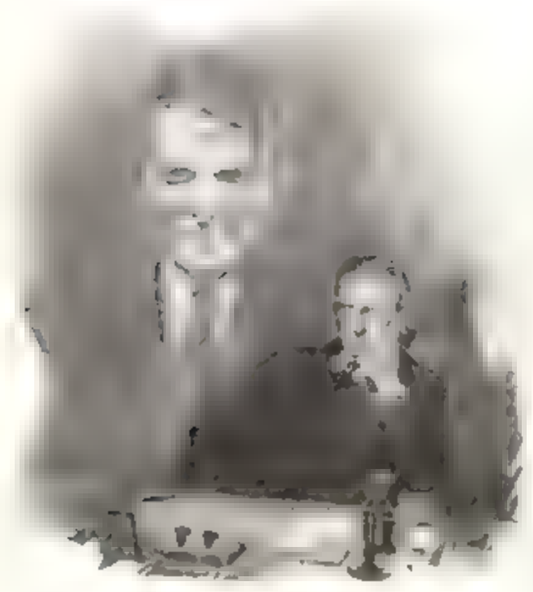

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(Continued from Page 46)

himself calling me to Washington, or asking me to call Cannon to Hot Springs, in order that I might effect an agreement with him; and when I came to Washington, as I did in December, the first message I received—handed to me by Nellie—was a message from the White House to see Cannon at once. I did see Cannon. I had a most satisfactory talk with him, in which he said that he was entirely in sympathy with my effort to carry out the pledges of the Chicago platform, and that he would assist me as loyally as possible. He asked me to see the Ways and Means Committee, which I did, and I explained to them my position, and they assured me that they were fully in sympathy with it and were going to do what they could, and I thought the Payne bill, which they subsequently reported, was a genuine effort in that direction.

"Now, with respect to Aldrich: Mr. Aldrich has been to me a number of times, has constantly referred to the plan which I outlined in my Letter of Acceptance and in my Inaugural Address, and which is outlined in the platform—it is with reference to the amendment to the anti-trust law, the amendment to the interstate commerce law, and a general carrying out of the Roosevelt policies, as I have explained, and Mr. Aldrich has pledged himself and the leaders of the Senate to assisting me in fulfilling those pledges. Under those conditions, with this burden upon me, assumed in the last campaign, of carrying out particular policies in which I, of course, need the majority in both Houses, what a fool I would be if I joined, or permitted myself to countenance, the yelping and snarling at Cannon and Aldrich, which these so-called 'progressives' and their amateur political newspaper correspondents are insisting upon as a mark of loyalty to the Roosevelt policies, and to the carrying out of which I am pledged. In other words, they do not look beyond their noses.

"They do not seem to understand the only possible way of effecting the reforms to which we are pledged; and whenever I give them an opportunity to carry out those reforms, or to make real progress, as for instance, in the proposition to amend the Constitution to provide for an income tax, and pass the corporation tax, they turn and oppose that because they say they will not accept anything which comes as a gift from Aldrich. Had they the breadth of view, and the keenness of insight, immediately upon the receipt of my message they would have arisen in their seats and said: 'This gives us all we have been claiming and seeking only by another method, and we now claim to lead the procession because the President and the reactionaries have come to our side.' Had they had the freedom from personal, and petty jealousy, they could have scored a great victory for themselves that would have embarrassed our friend Aldrich, and possibly me in some degree, though I should have been glad to have them come over. As it is now, the conservative members of the Senate are engaged in supporting a corporation tax, which is calling down upon them the condemnation of the conservatives in corporations, who were afraid of publicity, and, yet, by agreement with me, they are in a situation where they have got to put that thing through.

"I am assured that they have the vote in the Senate which will do it. I do not know whether they have or not. May be this agitation among the business men will shake some of their support; may be men who have promised will fall away from the vote. It may be also that I shall find Aldrich and the Senate Committee so stiff in the upholding of the Senate bill that I shall have to threaten a veto, or, indeed, which I sincerely hope not, really affix one to the bill. Of course, I could make a lot of cheap popularity for the time being by vetoing the bill, but it would leave the party in bad shape—it would leave us in a mess out of which I do not see how we could get, and the only person who would gain popularity would be your humble servant, and that at the expense of the party and men who have thus far stood with me loyally. You can see, therefore, that it will take what I regard as almost equivalent to a breach of faith in their stubbornness about the Senate rates to make me veto the bill. The vetoing of the bill, of course, would throw me out with the leaders in the Senate and the House, and would make me almost helpless in respect to effecting my reforms of next year, so you see how much more hangs on the question than the mere subject of the rates in the tariff bill. Of course, the position I have taken in respect to the tariff bill and the downward revision may open me to a charge of inconsistency, and not standing to my promises, if I were to sign a bill that was distinctly at variance with those promises, and that is the only thing that puts me in a position where I can contemplate a possibility of a veto.

"As you were kind of a conscience of mine, I have treated you as a Father Confessor, and send you this letter. I shall send copies to Charley and Harry for their consideration in order that they may know conditions up to date.

"Tomorrow night I give the last of a series of Congressional dinners, which Nellie and I have been giving since Inauguration. I have left sixteen Senators, whom I had not yet invited, and I have included about twenty-five members of the House. I have excluded their wives, and in consequence I have been able to make this a rather larger dinner than any I have heretofore given. I expect to give it out on the balustrade, al fresco, and to make it the social end of the season so far as the White House is concerned.

"We have an excellent cook—one whom Nellie selected in New York. She used to cook for Pierpont Morgan, and she is certainly a most excellent culinary artist; but we shall send her up to Beverly on the 30th of June, and after that I shall have to get along with colored cooking, while those at Beverly enjoy the delicacies of a Swedish artist.

"Nellie is getting along well. She has got more information by listening to my letter to you than she has gotten out of me for the last three or four weeks.

"I shall take the family to Beverly next Saturday night, reaching there Sunday morning, if we have luck. I shall stay there Sunday and Sunday night, and come back to Norwich on Monday, the 5th of July, and thence go to Lake Champlain for the 6th and 7th, and then return to Washington, to be here until Congress adjourns.

"Unless there is something in the Congressional situation which prevents, I expect to leave here Tuesday night and be in New Haven Wednesday morning, spend the day there, and come back Wednesday night, reaching Washington Thursday morning. I hope to see you and Charley there. Charley, you know, celebrates his 45th anniversary. I hope Harry will be there too, and we can talk over the situation.

"Give my love to Winifred, in which Nellie joins, and believe me, Old Man,

"Affectionately yours,

"WM. H. TAFT.

"HORACE D. TAFT, ESQ.,
Watertown, Conn."

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

WANTED—BIG MEN

(Continued from Page 21)

both crazy, and the company went from bad to worse.

"Then I suddenly woke up and realized I would have to do some hard work to save the situation. Bankers are lazy, and don't really go man hunting. But this time I worked to find the right man. I listed every single outstanding operator in this particular line clear across the country, in something like forty different cities. Nearly all of them came to see me and I eliminated all but eight or nine. Then I had those investigated still further and got it down to one. He is proving a big success.

"The trouble is with these hunches and impulses. Some of the bankers and financiers who have got the most outside credit and publicity for picking good men have picked the worst lemons. The truth is that no one can be infallible in these respects, or attend to so many affairs as Wall Street bankers are compelled to attend to without making failures every now and then. We are none of us big enough to do everything. As soon as we begin to rely upon our hunches instead of good hard work things go wrong."

One reason the best executives are not always chosen is because those who have the picking to do usually have wealth and power, and unfortunately are not always free from the conceit which sometimes goes with wealth and power. Because they have done one thing well they are sure not only that they can do anything well but that they can do so without half trying.

"Oh, we can go out and hire someone to run this company that we happened to invest part of our unwieldy fortune in," is the unconscious if not openly expressed attitude of Wall Street or other big money. "We will see it through all right. With us back of him, almost any president can make good. We'll manage to bull it through somehow."

This conceit of power upon the part of moneyed interests not only results in indifference toward the best methods of training men for high positions but has another and even more disastrous effect. An all too frequent and natural result is the hiring of bootlickers. The great capitalist, good-natured, generous, rather easy-going as befits his wealth, employs as president someone who plays golf with him, who plays around in the same gang, who belongs to the same small but often hilarious club, who is in the same social game, who somehow manages to appear in the same crowd of good fellows.

Indeed, one of the old standing jokes in New York financial circles is that a young man who really wants to get ahead fast in banking or finance will choose as his residence a certain rather near-by suburb where many of the bankers who have good positions to give away have happened to live at one time or another. Upon this whole system or method of choosing executives the writer obtained some exceedingly pointed remarks from those who know the situation thoroughly. One of them is a young man of progressive views, the chief executive of a corporation of the first rank. Naturally he can be indicated no more closely:

"I had the idea at one time that the only way to get ahead was to play this game of belonging to the same club, living in the same town and getting into the same speculative syndicates. My first step was to join one of these little clubs known to only a select few. After playing poker there all of one night I had enough. Since then I have kept away from all that sort of thing, and they respect me more for it.

"The old crowd that still dominates so many of the great banks, railroads and industrials made fortunes in underwritings, speculation and syndicates. The mark of success was a big country estate rather than service to the public. How can they be expected to put in younger men as presidents of banks or other institutions who will have the character not to gamble? Or how can they be expected to drop the presidents of institutions who do gamble?

"Personally I consider this business of making fortunes in stock-market gambling and syndicates, when you are connected with banks or any other kind of big corporations, as old-fashioned. It is absurd to expect a man to run a big business properly if he has his mind on anything but his business. A few weeks ago I bought some stock for a rise, the first time in years; but I sold it within a few days because it bothered me so that my work suffered.

"These directors of the old school are scandalized at the idea of paying more than $100,000 to a chief executive, and often they balk at as much as that. But they think nothing of paying $50,000 and letting the president speculate. They take the position that the public won't stand for big salaries. So they think up all kinds of profit-sharing and bonus schemes to get around the difficulty.

"But how absurd that is! The time when you want the most skillful management is when there are no profits. Besides no one man, not even the chief executive, has much to do with the profits that are made by many of these great modern corporations."

"I don't agree with you," interjected the writer. "There are many cases where one man is responsible for success."

"No, I should say that success is usually due to two or three men, at the fewest. Now and then, of course, there is a personality so great that success follows his efforts alone; but they are rare, and even such men may need very able technical

(Continued on Page 50

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7. A contour that supports the feet like a doctor's bandage

Edmonds FOOT-FITTER

Look for this trade-mark

(Continued from Page 48)

assistants. No one man can be the whole thing or all things any more. A man may be unable to represent his institution to the public, yet prove wonderful on details, or the other way around.

"Then again, the chief may appear on the outside to be the whole show, and yet if you removed his assistants he would be lost until new ones were found. The public, of course, wants to personalize a business—Rockefeller for oil, Morgan for banking, Vail for telephone. It is the easiest way, but it is not so true as the public supposes.

"I agree with you that the president of a corporation must be a real leader. He must above all else have character. But his character and competence are not enough. There must be incentives for younger men to stay and give their lives to the industry, for these great corporations are more and more approaching the Government in nature. A man who goes in can't hope to own them, or even any appreciable part. He is hiring out his services for life, whether he is president or page boy.

"There are a tremendous number of young business men who are imbued with the idea of service instead of mere money-making. But they don't want their families to suffer. They want to share reasonably with the others who go in deliberately to make money.

"I am not handing you out any mushy socialistic ideas about doing away with profits, either. Don't forget that these great modern corporations are owned by many thousands of investors, and more and more what is looked for by them is stability of investment, stability of earnings and of profits, and not 100 per cent in one year with a liquidation of the business.

"These industries can't be liquidated and they can't pay a huge profit in any one year. The young men who go into them have no chance of making a killing in a year or two and then retiring from business. From the very nature of the case they are in for life, and with such numbers of customers, stockholders and employes whose interests they must consider, their job inevitably becomes one of service instead of mere money-making. They can't help it. But while business is thus becoming more and more a profession, the men capable of running these enterprises won't be contented with a professor's salary."

Business Fire-Escapes

It seemed to the writer when investigating the subject of this article that he heard with significant frequency the remark that big business, including the Wall Street banking and financial institutions, is entering upon a third stage—that of a more professional attitude toward the work to be done. The first stage was that of outstanding figures, captains of industry and money kings, who used banks, insurance companies and every other means at hand to further the railroads and other corporations in which their own fortunes were being made.

The second stage is perhaps less clearly defined and admits of more exceptions, but in a number of cases at least the heads or presidents of institutions were mere employes, with but a small stock interest and therefore unable to make a fortune out of the development of the company itself. So they plunged into pools and syndicates of all descriptions, using the funds of their institutions to help other similar plungers and being helped in turn in the same mutual back-scratching.

When applied to banking this method of running institutions has resulted in a sharp distinction between the old-fashioned commercial banker who regards himself as the custodian of his depositor's money, and the speed-boy banker whose sole idea of his occupation is to be mixed up in as many syndicates and money-making ventures as possible.

This second stage is certainly passing. It is in especially bad odor in the banking field and becoming more unpopular every day. Those who still operate along these lines are right in the path of a steam roller. One of the big problems of the day is to usher in the third stage, in which the officers of the great banks, industrials and utilities will find their future inside their institutions just as much as a skillful surgeon finds his future in surgery.

It must be frankly admitted that whatever theories, ideals and principles men may hold or urge upon their fellows, the actual manner in which institutions are conducted, the actual character of their management, depends very largely upon business conditions, the state of the market and the ease or difficulty with which profits are earned. In good times it is natural that men should be picked by favor, from one's golf companions, club members and the like.

When one is not very ill the local practitioner is good enough, but when one is dying it means a hasty trip to a crack surgeon. When industry is in a pinch it cleans house and combs the country for the best men it can find. On this aspect of the case much light is thrown by the views of a banker who has gained a close view of many corporations and their methods through handling their security issues:

"I know personally of a difficult situation involving the merger of several companies where man after man has gone by the screen only to get the thumbs-down sign. Finally those who know the personnel of that industry said that the man we wanted could not be had for less than $100,000. 'Bring him on,' shouts everybody.

"One point you would do well to make is that the public, especially the investing public, should never put all its chips on any situation until the commanding general has conducted at least one successful retreat. The big men today are those who have pulled out of ugly situations, which they got into in many cases through no fault of their own. There is nothing so wonderful about building up a big business when all is going well, but to be able to back out when retreat is necessary—that's a different story. Nor do I for one worry much about the successful strategist in bad times being unable to make plenty of money in good times.

"The late John H. Patterson, of the National Cash Register Company, could do it. When there was distress or disorganization he could take off his coat and make the machine function again. Why, that man had so many fire-escapes you couldn't count them! For one thing, when he saw months ahead that money rates were going to tighten up or that a disturbing election was coming on he would raise everybody's salary and give them long vacations, so that they would come back fresh, vigorous and enthusiastic over the company just in time to work their heads off when extra effort was badly needed.

"John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Company, which recently took over American Brass, is another of the type I mean. When copper was in a devil of a situation he formed the Copper Export Association, and managed to sell notes of this new company to the investing public through bankers. That saved the situation. But I am afraid you can only guess at that type of man. He doesn't come very often.

"It is so easy for an industrialist to take his eye off the back door when he is going along fine, to get too far away from his base, which is often his banking connections. So many of these business men do their financing at the peak of the market. Their attitude is, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' The result is that they have no third line of defense."

Making the Public a Partner

"What I mean specifically is this: When the going is good these captains of industry can pretty much dictate to the bankers. One of them needs, say, $10,000,000. He can get it on any terms he wants almost, so he is rather careless and indifferent about it. He has been elected president of the chamber of commerce in his home town and has had his picture in the magazines. What does he care? All he is interested in now is going away to play golf and getting his income tax reduced. What if the shrewd bankers have put a closed mortgage on that plant of his in return for the $10,000,000? He's got the money; that's all he wants. He will never need any more, and besides if he does the profits are going to be so large that he can finance himself out of earnings and tell the bankers and investors to go hang.

"But suddenly bad times arrive, and he comes whining around for more money. We find the mortgage is closed; no more bonds can be sold. Equity financing would be all right, but he has no equity reputation with the speculative public. When the going was good he kept all the stock to himself. He claimed he had built up the business himself and he wouldn't sell any of that stock at less than $400 a share. He has shut and locked the back door on himself and missed the opportunity to get the easiest money in the world, that of the speculative public.

"Contrast this with the Standard Oil companies. Their stocks can always be had on the open market in good times and bad. Anyone can read their earnings statements and balance sheets. They have let the public make huge sums of money. What is the result? They can always sell an issue of stock. One of them did sell $200,000,000 of it in the worst possible market."

Of course, no fact is better established than that with all their defects our business leaders do an amazing number of good jobs. No matter what the size of the business unit, case upon case leaps to mind. If only the very largest are considered, such as United States Steel; Standard Oil of New Jersey, Indiana, California and New York; American Telephone and Telegraph; and General Electric, there is a general consensus of agreement that management is effective. In one of these companies recently the chief executive retired and there were so many good men to promote that the directors were embarrassed.

Big Men and Bigger Jobs

In regard to a few of the companies just mentioned critics might say that management is too autocratic or old-fashioned; but even if such be the case, those in charge of policies have got away with them thus far. More important still is the fact that in all probability they are wise enough to make gradual changes as new conditions arise.

But the billion and half billion dollar companies are only a fraction of the country's enterprises. Take it either by the separate trade or by geographical localities, there is group after group that stands out for ability. In cities of the type of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis, to mention only a few, I am confident that any well-informed citizen could name scores of thoroughly competent administrators and executives.

Even in railroading, which has been charged with lack of timber and backwardness of policies, there are perhaps a dozen executives who appear to command general confidence. Even as regards a few banks whose directors, presidents and vice presidents seem to have brought odium upon New York as a financial center, the picture is vivid only because of its contrast with the dull background of old-fashioned conservatism and high principles of most banking institutions in that and every other city.

It must be recognized also that many corporations, very large as well as small, are operating successfully without a single outstanding figure in the management. Perhaps there is less opportunity today for big industrial leaders than when the country was being settled and developed in its earlier stages, or perhaps the building of large industries has become more commonplace than it was formerly. It does not have the news value that it did a generation ago. In any one of scores of cities great enterprises are developed without attracting much if any comment other than local.

It is further a question whether successful management, especially of the larger corporations, does not depend more and more on organization and less than formerly on individual initiative and ability. This point has been touched on a number of times already in this article, and is certainly debatable. The active head of one of the foremost industrial corporations, already quoted, said that he did not think the ratio of human ability to capital employed had really changed. It appears to have fallen, he added, because the work to be done is so great that it must be allocated over many individuals, and therefore the public fails to see any outstanding personalities.

"It is undoubtedly true, as you say, that in some cases men who are in big jobs are not entirely equal to them," remarked another executive who takes the same view. "If no organization of able men has been built up, then a company with such a leader will go on the rocks. If a good organization has been built up it may continue successfully in spite of leadership of a man of mediocre ability."

(Continued on Page 53)

A NEW Jar for Men

Wider Mouth · More Cream · Same Price

New Metal Cap

Unbreakable—air tight—easily opened or closed. Keeps the cream always pure and sweet and in perfect condition down to the last bit.

Better Shaped Jar

Wider mouth—broader base—gives more cream for the same price. Plenty of room to get your fingers in and the cream out, easily.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM imparts a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment to the skin. In just a few minutes it massages away all trace of the wear and tear of the day's work. A tub and a scrub and a face massage will make you ready for the evening's fun after the hardest day's work.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses all dirt from the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples in the natural, sensible way—by keeping the skin clean and the pores active.

Easy to Use: After shaving or washing, apply the Massage Cream to your face. Rub it in; rub it out. Result—a clean, healthy skin and clear, glowing color. For a smooth finishing touch, use Pompeian Fragrance—a delightful new talc.

Pompeian Massage Cream, 60c · Pompeian Fragrance, a new talc, 30c · At All Druggists'

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Jar of Massage Cream—Can of Talcum Powder. These trial packages contain sufficient Massage Cream for several invigorating massages and talc enough for a smooth finishing touch to several weeks' shaves. Send 10c for your trial package now. Please use coupon.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

TEAR OFF NOW

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2050 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for the Special Trial Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and the miniature can of Pompeian Fragrance, the delightful new talcum powder.

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You remember how Gulliver was tied down by innumerable little threads which held him powerless to move.

That's the condition of the business man who lets himself get tangled up in endless detail work.

Printed forms have enabled thousands of men to give personal attention to a great many routine matters, and yet to have time and leisure for important tasks.

Our new free book, "Printing Gets Things Done," is written on the theme that the busy man can no more afford to get along without printed forms than without a telephone. This book shows how forms get work under way promptly, check its progress, give account of time and material consumed. It shows how forms prevent delays and mistakes, because they give definite orders and are permanent records.

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When you order forms, your printer will very probably suggest the use of Hammermill Bond. If the choice rests with him, he will use Hammermill Bond because he knows Hammermill is a clean, strong, high-grade paper, on which he can turn out good printing at a fair price.

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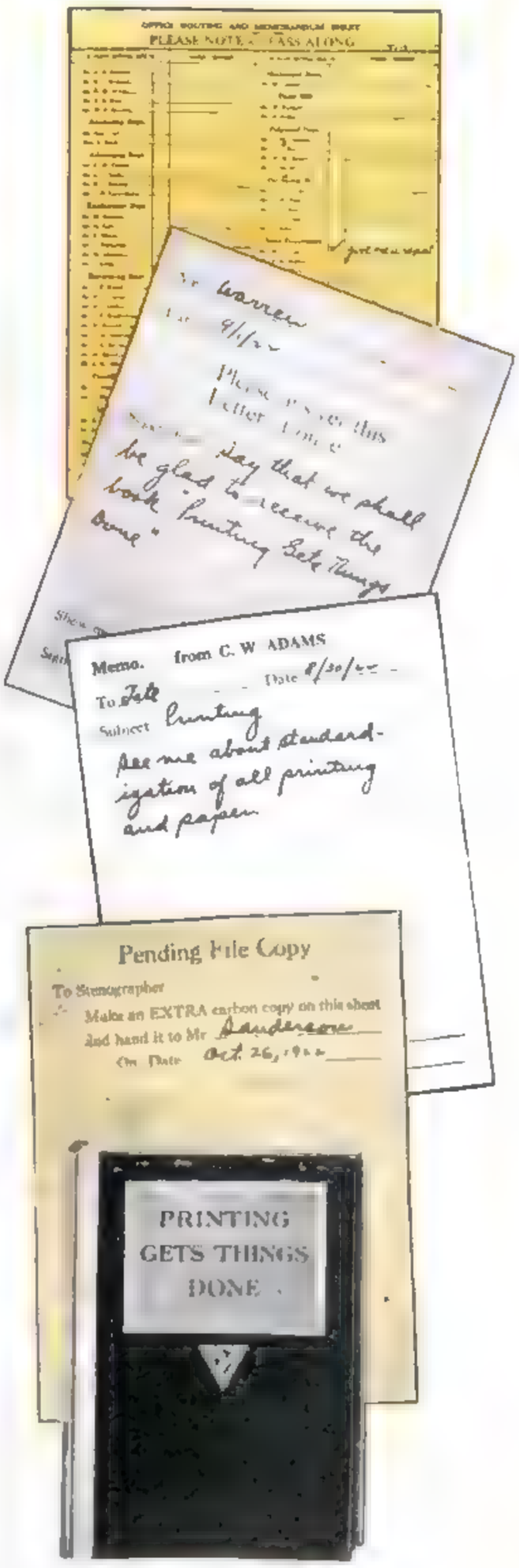
When you adopt Hammermill Bond for all your business printing, you help your printer to give you satisfactory work, you save yourself the trouble of endlessly shopping for paper, and you save money.



HERE are examples of four of the useful forms shown in the book "Printing Gets Things Done." These and other forms in the book expedite work and prevent errors.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 50

Earlier in this article it was said that the real obstacle to finding men consists of the imperfections of human nature. That shows itself in unequal endowments. But fortunately men are not equal, and fortunately those with totally different endowments achieve great things. An old banker once told the writer that the four men whom he had known who had particularly impressed him as having great executive ability, Commodore Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill and the elder John Claflin, the merchant, were all as different as could be. He commented on the fact that Vanderbilt did not go into railroads until he was an old man.

"I used to visit the elder Claflin on business when I was a young chap," said the old banker. "He never appeared to be doing any work. He was never at his desk, but always walking around talking with people—so different from others I have known."

It is sometimes said that a successful captain of industry must have a powerful physique. Many are of the brawny type, but others are slight, pale and look like students. Of course, what they must have is a mental attitude which prevents them from being driven by their work. If work drives them then they need to be physical brutes to stand the strain.

One of the most successful is small and slight, takes no particular exercise and does not even have a hobby. But work never seems to bother him. He is always looking for more. He just naturally scents out departments which need reorganization. If anything very badly needs to be done he is sent for. He is somehow the indispensable part of the works. He is the brain motor of the place, although he was one of those who told the writer that individuals are less important than organization.

Another chief executive who deals with affairs of the most extraordinary scope and size as well as delicacy is everywhere spoken of with respect and admiration. Yet he does not impress either his friends or the casual observer as being a superman or as having any particular brilliance. He himself scoffs at the mere suggestion of supermen. Those who know him closest ascribe his success to sheer industry and concentration; he never lets go a subject until he has mastered it.

Promotion Should Begin at Home

Yes, it is true that big men are needed in financial and industrial affairs, but who is wise enough to say just what constitutes a big man, or what type of big man is needed on any given occasion?

But certainly it is a fair statement that those who must train or discover executives for the future will have to lay stress upon at least one general qualification—the knowledge of details along with the faculty of not being hampered by them. Or, put in another way, it is necessary to know the business and yet have breadth and vision enough to operate with the outside world.

The New York bank president who is said to have given lectures to his clerks on how to count and fold one-dollar bills, having observed that it was poorly done when he happened to walk through a cage, and yet sat on committees the same afternoon with J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker and similar men, retaining their respect and confidence—such is a somewhat extreme example of the needed type.

Though banking perhaps differs radically in certain respects from industry in general, parts of a statement made by Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, in reply to the writer's questions, has a wide and important application. He said that if a vice president of a bank happens to be particularly interested in business conditions in the Southeast, he would in all probability do well to travel in the Northwest. At any rate it would be up to him to broaden out. Mr. Mitchell said that not only in banking but in business in general too many executives fail to sense the true relations and proportions of their work, considering their little jobs to be the whole works. He expressed a great belief in travel for executives, and added:

"If executives never leave their desks to travel, not only do they fail to broaden out but there is no way of telling what the men under them are like."

Mr. Mitchell spoke of the narrowing influence of bank work and said a man might be employed in such an institution many years before his existence was more than recognized. The great metropolitan banks might often obtain capable executives from smaller country banks; and yet even though they may have won reputations as officers of smaller institutions, they would often find themselves in New York in competition with the highly organized British banks whose representatives have such a broad and complete training in world affairs. He further indicated the difficulty of the problem of finding young Americans with their characteristic ambition who at the same time have the patience to undergo the training that makes English bankers so efficient. He added:

"The great task is to plow deeper within the organization itself all along the line and catch the fellow way down and bring him up; to find and promote him even when it is said that he does not exist."

The Value of Travel

Other men in high positions also spoke of the desirability of travel for the executive. As one of them put it, imagination is badly needed, but it must be based upon knowledge. Travel is needed not only to give imagination, but to confirm or deny the opinions already reached by executives. This man added that executives should always study agricultural and European conditions in addition to their own business.

Perhaps the most helpful way to finish this article would be to quote from Mr. Samuel Insull, developer and leader of one of the main groups of public utility corporations in the Middle West:

"I have your letter in which you speak of the possibility of there not being enough men of the necessary caliber to run institutions, financial and industrial, which on account of the economic trend of the times represent such large aggregations of capital and call for a high order of executive ability. I see no reason why there should be a dearth of the necessary talent. Its development will come as one of the necessities of the change in business.

"If we study the world's history we find that men have always arisen to meet great emergencies in national affairs, and there is no reason why, judging from the experience of the past, the same thing should not take place in relation to business management. It is not so many years ago, judging from the point of view of lapse of centuries, since all classes of business were run as individual enterprises, and the change from that condition to the present one of great industrial and financial establishments has not found the commercial world lacking in the necessary ability to meet the situation.

"Take the experience with commanders during the Great War. While undoubtedly there were many mistakes made, men forged their way to the front who were capable of handling enormous forces, for which the previous military experience of the world has no parallel. The same has happened in the industrial development up to date in this country and in Europe, and I have enough confidence in the future development of the race to think that as the occasion calls the men will be forthcoming who can fulfill the necessary requirements, whether in international, national, financial or industrial affairs."

BUNTING BUSHINGS

The Millions of Helpers That Serve the Machine

BURIED deep in the motor of every automobile, hidden in the vitals of every machine are the hard bronze bushings that hold the revolving shaft in place or sustain the pin that passes the power along. At points where friction and strain are greatest the bronze bushing is doing its duty—often out of sight, out of mind in most cases.

But let the bushing fail, and towering press, humming engine and powerful motor are alike helpless and dead.

Bunting Standard Bronze Bushings include the hundreds of kinds and sizes required by the automobiles, motors and machines serving humanity today. Large stocks of all kinds constantly carried at the factory, at all Bunting branches and by progressive jobbers and distributors, constitute a guarantee to manufacturer, repairman and owner that no machine need be idle for lack of a good bushing.

Dependable, accurate, always the same, these Bunting "Ready-made" bushings make available to all at all times the high standard of quality enjoyed for years by the most discriminating.

Manufacturers, designers and machine shop men can get a list of 150 different sizes completely finished plain bronze bushings by writing for stock list 10. Auto parts jobbers and repairmen can get complete information about standard Piston Pin bushings by writing for the Bunting Piston Pin list 11.

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE COMPANY

744 SPENCER STREET • TOLEDO, OHIO

Bunting Trade Mark

NEW YORK
Grand Central Palace
Vanderbilt 7300

CLEVELAND
1362 E. 6th Street
Main 5991

CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Ave.
Wabash 9153

SAN FRANCISCO
193 Second St., Cor. Howard
Douglas 6245

BOSTON
36 Oliver Street
Main 8488

Buy Your Milk This Way

SCHOOL CHILDREN come around smiling when milk is served this way. Lift up the tab on the SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAP and insert straw through the opening. "Drinking it through a straw" in this fashion prevents gulping and aids digestion, thereby giving the body *all* the nourishment contained in this wonderful food. The child sucks the milk up out of the original sterilized container. No glasses to break, no "spilt milk" for the children to cry over.

Mothers and housewives appreciate the SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAP. It is "3 times more useful." 1—the cap is removed cleanly by pulling the tab. 2—the tab can be lifted without removing the cap, and the milk poured without spilling or exposure. 3—the tab can be lifted and a straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that their milk dealers use SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAPS because they facilitate the serving of milk with straws, thereby saving the cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

Ask Your Dealer to Deliver Milk to You in Bottles Capped With SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAPS

Send for Samples to Show Your Dealer

SEALRIGHT COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 107 P. C.
Fulton, N. Y.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

THEN THERE WERE NINE

(Continued from Page 19

"I don't object to no honest wuk which pays good money."

"Well"—Neuritis hesitated—"it don't pay so awful good. Folks ain't as sot on havin' their winders clean as they was befo' money got tight. To be real honest, I ain't done much fo' the past sev'al weeks 'cept piddle aroun'."

"An' I," confessed Eli, "ain't even piddled."

Neuritis was hopeful and eager. His window-washing business was a two-man affair with a steadfast clientele and a satisfactory income. Neuritis himself was an expert at window cleansing, and his assistant—one Ebenezer Hall, a lean and languid individual of Stygian hue—was only slightly less apt. Neuritis liked his business. Because of its nature he was master of his time and could devote a deal of attention to the affairs of the basket-ball team. That was his ruling passion, and he held small consideration for the fairly faithful Mr. Hall, now that he beheld an opportunity to gain the services of a man whom he believed to be the one person necessary to make his team unbeatable.

Should he engage Eli as his assistant, it meant, of course, that Ebenezer must seek a livelihood elsewhere. But Ebenezer had been doing that with more than a modicum of success for a good many adult years. Besides, Ebenezer, although a basket-ball fan who understood and appreciated the intricacies and niceties of the game, was not a player, and as between that gentleman and the glorious Eli Gouch, Ebenezer was a poor second.

Neuritis could not look at the Herculean figure of the stranger and doubt the latter's pretension to court expertness. There was conscious power and superiority in every line of the newcomer's figure, and already word had been passed around the hall that the world's champion colored basket-ball player had come into their midst. The assemblage clustered about the pair and clamored for introductions. Eli Gouch expanded to the warmth of his welcome and decided that it would be well worth while to maintain his pose. He enfolded Miss Mallissie Cheese in his arms and swept her onto the floor as the strains of Aleck's orchestra spurted through the room. And whatever Eli may have lacked as an athlete he more than atoned for in his ability to trip the light fantastic toe.

"Mistuh Gouch, you sho'ly does dance elegant."

"Ise off fohm t'night, sister. Ise sho'ly off fohm."

"I craves to dance with you when you ain't. Toddlin' with you is jes' nachelly the fondest thing I is of."

The dance continued until one o'clock in the morning. It was only then, after refreshments of considerable tastiness had been served, that Eli was reminded of the fact that he had but eight cents in his pocket and that the night was cold and forbidding. A bit of his superciliousness departed as he insinuated himself in the vicinity of Neuritis Mapes.

"Wha's the best cullud hotel in Bumin'ham, Mistuh Mapes?"

Neuritis paused.

"I soht of reckon tha'd be Sally Crouch's Cozy Home."

"Does they have private baths in their rooms?"

Mr. Mapes shook his head.

"Not often. But how come you to crave a hotel, Brother Gouch? If you is willin' to take somethin' which ain't awful swell, whyn't you come home with me?"

"I ain't used to sleepin' in no ord'nary room."

"Well ——"

"But if it's gwine please you any, Brother Mapes, Ise willin'."

And so it was settled. Triumphantly Eli Gouch departed the hall of the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise a very popular personage. En route to the Mapes habitat he hinted with some delicacy that the refreshments at the dance had been toothsome but not overly filling, and Neuritis escorted him into Bud Peaglar's place, where Eli demonstrated conclusively that he was no mean gastronomic artist. In Neuritis' room cigars were produced and they settled down to a discussion of ways and means.

"My business ain't so swell," explained Mr. Mapes; "but it pays pretty regular, an' then mos' of the fellers has been makin' a li'l' money on the side, bettin' on our basket-ball team. Mos' all of them 'ceptin' me."

"How come you don't?"

"I never bets on my team. It's bad luck."

"Hmph! Soun's like foolishment to me ifn you is shuah you is gwine win."

"Soun's like ain't is." There was a brief silence, broken by the howling of the gale from without. Eli shivered. "I gits you to wuk fo' me, Mistuh Gouch. I gits ten cents a winder fo' washin' 'em, an' all of the winders what you washes you gits eight cents for. I gits the two cents rake-off on account I has built up the business an' gits you the job. Tha's how I has been doin' with Ebenezer Hall, which used to work for me. Then you jines up with our basket-ball team ——"

"Nossuh!" Eli was positive. "Basket ball is the one thing I ain't gwine play none of."

"But we needs you."

"Needs me ain't gits me. Besides, does I play basket ball I ain't gwine do same fo' eight cents a winder."

"Why you is so dead sot ag'in playin'?"

"I ain't cravin' to identifry myself with no bush-league team."

"Bush league!" Neuritis rose and paced the floor wrathfully. "I reckon we ain't so bush-leaguey as you thinks, Mistuh Gouch. We has got one mo' game to play to make us Southern cullud champeens. Tha's with the Atlanta team. Does we win that we is gwine git the Terrors fum Chicago to come down an' play us. Them Terrors thinks they is the cullud champeens of the United States—an' us is gwine beat them. So that makes us the champeens."

"Ifn you wins."

"We ain't never lost yet."

"They's folks dyin' ev'y day which ain't never died befo'."

"Well, all I is sayin', Mistuh Gouch, is that while I ain't denyin' you is a good basket-baller, you ain't the cheerfullest feller I has ever met up with." Neuritis glared. "Anyway, you is willin' to practice with us, ain't you?"

"Nossuh!"

"Ifn you was ever gwine play you'd need the practice."

"Fust place I ain't never gwine play, an' secon' place ifn I was I don't need no practice."

Neuritis decided that he had better let the argument drop there, temporarily at least. He did not doubt that Eli was all he claimed to be and was sure that he would eventually succumb to the mesmeric spell of the basket-ball enthusiasm which had swept the city. It had long since graduated from the ranks of mere sport to become a social distinction. It was inconceivable that any person with court ability could long withstand the lure of the spotlight. And so Mr. Mapes decided that he would give Mr. Gouch opportunity to reflect, being certain that such reflection would result inevitably in a reconsideration of the hasty decision against playing.

Mr. Mapes' optimism would have received a severe jolt had he known that Eli not only could not play basket ball but that until that night he had never seen a game. Eli's conception of the sport was hazy in the extreme. From his brief spectatorship of the evening he had gathered the information that a ball tossed through a basket while the players were milling around the floor counted two points, and that when one was thrown after what they called a foul had been committed a single point was tallied. But what constituted a foul or why such a throw counted only one point as against two from scrimmage he had not the faintest idea. The object of the game was apparent—the tossing of the ball through the basket, and it appeared easy. But something warned Eli that he had better rigidly maintain his pose of superior aloofness.

The following morning he accepted the breakfast invitation of his host and went with that gentleman to the tiny cul-by-hole of an office downtown where Neuritis maintained an ebony urchin to answer a telephone and make window-washing engagements. Over the door of the little office hung an ill-painted sign:

REAL CLEAN WINDER-WASHING CO.
NEURITIS MAPES, PROP.
PHONE US IF YOU NEED A WASHING

Ebenezer Hall was already on hand, his very dark and rather saturnine countenance turned with some apprehension upon his boss' companion. Ebenezer had been a frenzied spectator at the rout of the Selma team the evening previous. He had witnessed the introduction of Neuritis to the grandiloquent stranger and heard a snatch of their conversation. Mr. Hall believed that something was about to happen, with himself in the rôle of happenee. Nor was he reassured by his introduction to Eli.

"Mr. Gouch," said Neuritis, "lemme make you 'quainted with Mistuh Ebenezer Hall, which used to wuk fo' me."

Ebenezer shook his head dolefully.

"Used to?" he echoed faintly.

"Brother Hall, this is Mistuh Gouch fum Louisville, which is now holdin' the job you useter have."

The men did not shake hands. Eli grinned derisively at the fierce enmity which blazed from the deep-set eyes of the lanky individual whom he had deposed. Ebenezer addressed his erstwhile employer, without, however, removing his gaze from the face of the stranger.

"You mean, Neuritis, that I is fired?"

"Cain't you take a hint?" retorted Mr. Mapes shortly.

"I can, but I hates to." He walked very close to Eli Gouch. "It's a good thing you is so big," he remarked icily.

"Says which?"

"Says it's a good thing you is, Mistuh Gouch. 'Cause was you smaller I'd tell you what I think of you."

He turned and retreated with mournful dignity. Eli stared smilingly after him.

"He seems kinder peeved."

"Tha's all right, Brother Gouch," reassured Neuritis. "I reckon he was jes' a li'l' bit embarrassed thinkin' where would he git his lunch money."

Neuritis made preparation for the day's labors, collecting buckets and cloths and cleanser. Then, from an alley garage, he rescued a battered flivver and bade Eli accompany him. They rode southward along Eighteenth Street, past Five Points and so to an imposing home on Highland Avenue. The lady greeted Neuritis warmly, although she scolded him a bit for not having put in appearance earlier in the week. Neuritis presented Eli, whom he introduced as his new assistant, and pledged himself to more prompt and efficient service thereafter.

The two men got busy. With the first window it became joyfully apparent to Neuritis that Mr. Gouch was not unfamiliar with the profession. As a matter of fact, Eli exhibited a proficiency which caused Neuritis a slight twinge of jealousy. Eli had finished his window several seconds before Neuritis and it shone like clearest crystal.

"Hot dam! You shuah wields a slick soapsud, Brother Gouch."

"I does mos' ev'ything better'n anybody else."

They completed the house's full complement of windows in a remarkably short space of time and moved on to the next task. Neuritis was elated by the knowledge that he had swung a very profitable deal in befriending this democratic stranger, who, despite his aggressive hauteur, was yet not unwilling to turn an honest dollar at one of the more menial arts. Witnessing the dexterity with which the secretly grateful Eli proceeded about his tasks, it became readily apparent to Neuritis that he might consider expanding his business. Here was a man who could easily equal Neuritis' record for twelve windows an hour. Figuring on the basis of a nine-hour day, with one hour allowed for lunch and an additional hour for transporting himself from one place to another, Eli appeared capable of grossing $8.40 per diem for six diems per week. Which meant that Eli might pocket $6.72 a day while Neuritis was netting $1.68 a day clear profit, minus only the expense of materials.

For a fortnight the business flourished with never a hint of discontent. Following so closely upon the lengthy period of financial drought which Eli had experienced in Louisville, his more than thirty dollars a week seemed to rival the bank balance of the late lamented Mister Crœsus. But the process of orientation was of brief duration with Mr. Gouch, and with the passing of the days the memory of hunger pangs in

(Continued on Page 56)

The superiorities of the Conklin Pencil are so unmistakable, and so obvious, that you recognize them almost at a glance

The Conklin is built for the man and woman, the boy and girl, who require the highest degree of utility in an automatic pencil.

Everything about it is made to subserve and promote a greater writing ease and convenience and satisfaction.

Its superiority begins with its fine simplicity of mechanical design, and its higher quality of workmanship and material.

You see this superiority carried on in size and shape, in weight and balance, in exterior beauty and finish.

But it is the *ease* with which it writes, the *ease* with which it refills, the *ease* with which you take it from the pocket and return it, that finally and fully expresses the greater Conklin excellence.

Try the Conklin pencil at the nearest Conklin dealer's. It will not take more than a moment for you to discover that this is the pencil you really want.

The Conklin 7 Points

1. 2 feet of lead (7 leads, each 3½ in. long).
2. Quick filling through point.
3. Propels, repels, expels.
4. Leads cannot jam, clog or stick.
5. Simple mechanism.
6. One hand clip saves pencil and clothes.
7. Conklin quality guaranteed.

Conklin—Toledo

Boston London San Francisco Barcelona Chicago

Conklin

– BETTER BUILT FOR BETTER WRITING –

(Continued from Page 54)

Louisville faded as he gradually became oppressed with a sense of present injustice.

Nor was the ointment of Neuritis Mapes without its fly. The Atlanta game approached. Neuritis expended all his limited powers of argument and persuasion upon the task of convincing Eli that Birmingham had treated him very well indeed, and that he therefore owed it to the city of his' adoption to remove his light from under the bushel. Eli answered with his habitual sneer; declared that he would not lower himself actually to play upon a team of such mediocre quality. Besides, he did not admit that Birmingham had treated him well.

"You don't know how good I was doin' up in Louisville, Neuritis."

"No-o, tha's true."

"Well, we'll let the matter repose there."

And there the matter reposed. The Atlanta team invaded Birmingham and was annihilated. Ebenezer Hall was among the lustiest-lunged of the rooters. Eli Gouch attended the contest and experienced a distinct envy at sight of the newly washed gold uniforms of the local quintet. Eli knew that he had a figure which would put those of the best of them to shame. He was well knit and superbly muscled. He longed to climb into one of the uniforms and pose for the edification of the multitude, particularly the feminine multitude. But he didn't dare. The clamor for his participation in the game might become too great, and should he be forced into it—Eli shuddered at the horrid thought. Let them think he was what he claimed to be. Better that they should criticize his superciliousness than that they should become cognizant of his ignorance of this senseless game.

Eli watched the game for only the opening minutes of the first half. Then, annoyed that the spotlight had shifted to the fighting players, leaving himself in unrelieved darkness, he oozed out of the door and drooped disconsolately down the street. As the biting January wind smote him and cut through the new overcoat upon which he had that day paid his second weekly two dollars he heard the hoarse howling of the mob within the hall. They were cheering some particularly brilliant play, and the name at the end of their cheer came to him with annoying clarity—"Neuritis Mapes!"

Neuritis was undoubtedly the hero of the hour in Birmingham. Eli resented that. Neuritis was a skinny little runt—wiry, perhaps, and game—but an insignificant something for all that. He, Eli, could break him in two. What mattered it to him that his benefactor was a basket-ball genius? He felt surging within him a sense of resentment.

The feeling of bitterness cumulated. It had started with the basket-ball prestige and extended rapidly to the window-washing business. Eli knew that he was a better window washer than his employer. He resented the taking of two cents from every dime he earned. He forgot completely the eight cents that jingled into his own pockets and remembered only the two cents that went to Neuritis. He felt that he was being robbed.

The two emotions resolved into a single sensation of dislike, of covert enmity. Gratitude had no part in Eli's mental make-up. He was of the firm opinion that the world owed him a living—a good living—far better than it could ever give.

"An' I ain't gwine make no mo' two centses fo' that li'l', sawed-off, union-suited shrimp no mo'. Nossuh! Not ever a-tall!"

That night Eli Gouch devoted himself to a siege of temple-throbbing thought. By some vague process of reasoning he had become convinced that Neuritis had done—and was doing—him dirt. It therefore behooved him to protect himself, and since the best method of defense with which he was familiar was one of counter-offense, he cogitated along those lines. At three o'clock in the morning, when the streets were still and frigid and the wind mourned through the eaves, the great plan came to Eli Gouch—a scheme so simple and so flawless and so dog-goned practical that he permitted himself the luxury of a chuckle—several chuckles.

He was on hand the following morning when Neuritis arrived. Neuritis was a bit disappointed at the failure of his friend to extend congratulations upon his triumph of the previous night. In the Atlanta game Neuritis had personally thrown eighteen baskets from scrimmage for a gross of thirty-six points, and an additional nine foul goals at one point each, giving him the amazing total of forty-five individual points in a single game. It was an achievement worthy of the recognition of even the player Neuritis innocently believed Eli to be, but the latter vouchsafed no syllable of commendation. Wordlessly he allowed Neuritis to motor him to the neighborhood which was to be the scene of that day's labors.

Neuritis drove blithely off. Eli, a mite apprehensive, rang the bell at the rear door. He requested an audience with the lady of the house.

"Mis' Harrison?"

"Yes."

"Ise Eli Gouch, which wuks fo' Neuritis Mapes down to the Real Clean Winder-Washin' Comp'ny."

"Yes, I telephoned Neuritis. I want all the windows washed, and ——"

"Jes' a minute, Mis' Harrison. Jes' one li'l' teeny minute. I regrets to state, Mis' Harrison, that Neuritis instruc's me to infohm his customers that stahtin' this mawnin' his rates has went up."

"Gone up?"

"Yas'm. A heap up."

"To how much?"

"Fifteen cents a winder, ma'am."

The good housewife stared aghast.

"But, Eli, it can't be! With everything else going down, it seems to me ——"

"Yas'm. I done tol' Neuritis that, but he said I should do like he says. Us does awful good winder washin', an' ——"

The lady sighed.

"Very well. But it's an outrage."

"Yas'm. Sho'ly am."

Mrs. Harrison's residence contained forty windows. Into his left trousers pocket Eli dropped eighty cents at the completion of the job. That was Neuritis' share. Into the other pocket went five dollars and twenty cents, that being his own portion. A decidedly profitable arrangement. Beaming with pride and pleasure, Eli proceeded to the next residence. The lady at that house was obdurate.

"I realize that your company cleans windows better than any firm in Birmingham, but I refuse to be robbed. Ten cents is what I have always paid and I won't pay a cent more."

"Yas'm. You sho'ly is right, Mis' Wilson. I never was crazy 'bout bein' robbed my ownse'f. Co'se, it's Neuritis doin' this, not me."

The next house was more fruitful. The lady there protested, but paid. And when Eli returned to headquarters he was in pocket nine dollars and some cents as the result of less labor than he had expended in several weeks. He reported to his employer that Mrs. Wilson had merely expressed a disinclination to have her windows washed that day. Some day next week, perhaps ——

From then on good luck appeared to have camped on Eli's trail. Birmingham housekeepers, it appeared, desired service and efficiency even at the rate of fifteen cents a window. Eli was pocketing money—a great deal of money; nearly twice as much money as he had been making—and that in return for a trifle more than half the work.

Neuritis was somewhat worried by the repeated reports of lost customers. Eli assured him that they were merely temporary losses. So Neuritis labored prodigiously at his own tasks and continued to trust Mr. Gouch.

Eli was no part of a fool. He realized that he had been unusually lucky in thus long deferring discovery. He faced Neuritis one night and expressed his opinion of that diminutive gentleman in no uncertain terms. He terminated the interview by tendering his resignation, effective immediately. Neuritis was astounded.

"Ain't I treated you good, Brother Gouch?"

"No."

"How come not?"

"You ain't be'n givin' me on'y eight cents out of ev'y dime I made."

"I was furnishin' the mate'ials, wa'n't I? An' gittin' you the jobs?"

"That don' make no never minds. I was doin' the wuk, an' him which does the wuk ought to git the money."

The glaring illogicalness of Eli's argument overshadowed even the hurt of his ingratitude. For a moment Neuritis seriously contemplated expressing his true opinion of the ingrate. Two factors deterred. One was the disparity in size. Neuritis, while no coward, did not fancy an orgy of bodily assault. Then there was the element of the impending game with the Chicago Terrors for the colored basket-ball championship of the United States.

Following the glorious victory over the Atlanta team, Birmingham had signed the Terrors to visit the Magic City and do them battle. And there was no doubting the fact that the Chicago aggregation was capable of extending Birmingham to a trifle more than its limit. The locals had held an executive session and unanimously reached the decision that Eli Gouch must be induced to don a uniform at any cost. His presence on the floor was absolutely essential if they were to have a fighting chance against the wizard Chicago machine. And so, through loyalty to the team as well as because of his natural discretion, Neuritis held his tongue.

But Neuritis could not understand the other's defection. He was hurt. He had taken the man in from the storm and treated him as a brother, and now Eli Gouch had crassly deserted!

Eli expended some of his illicitly earned cash for a window-washing outfit. Then he repaired immediately to the home of Mrs. Harrison on Sycamore Street.

"Mis' Harrison," he explained, "I ain't got the heart to go on wukkin' fo' Neuritis Mapes no longer, the way he's doin' you. I has stahted a winder-washin' business of my own, an' I does the job fo' twelve cents a winder instid of the fifteen which Neuritis has been cha'gin'. Does you crave to have yo' winders washed today?"

"I most certainly do," was the prompt reply. "When can you start?"

Eli reached for his cloths.

"I has done commenced."

Mr. Gouch was blessed with success at every turn. Even some of Neuritis' old customers who refused to pay the fifteen cents were willing to pay Eli twelve. It was the principle of the thing, and each good lady knew that Eli was there seven ways from the ace when it came to imparting luster to a window pane. Mr. Gouch, resident only a few weeks in Birmingham, found himself the proprietor of a paying and relatively easy business. Too, he was his own boss, the master of his comings and goings. He extended himself to give satisfaction and succeeded admirably. And deep down in his heart he dreaded the inevitable moment when Neuritis should discover his perfidy. Not that he was physically afraid of Mr. Mapes, but then the transgressor is never entirely easy in the presence of the transgressee.

In due course of time Neuritis Mapes sought work at the home of Mrs. Harrison on Sycamore Street. His interview with that irate lady gave him an inkling of what had happened to him. Subsequent confabs with housewives who had been formerly steady customers and who now availed themselves of Eli's expert services convinced him that he had warmed a snake in his bosom.

"An' Ise be'n bit! Oh, lawsy! I has be'n bit a-plenty!"

Neuritis was aghast at the stark effrontery of Eli's treachery. He seated himself in the solitude of his once-prosperous little shop to think things over, and as he thought a fierce and vindictive anger tumesced within him. And then, because he was humble of spirit and also because he craved counsel, he sought his one-time employe, Ebenezer Hall. He found that Mr. Hall was droopy of spirit.

"This heah job of wukkin' in a ice fact'ry ain't like the ol' days of winder washin'," mourned Ebenezer.

Neuritis donated a cigar.

"You ain't sore at me, is you, Ebenezer?"

"Nossuh, Neuritis, I coul'n't never git sore at you."

"But you is sore at Eli Gouch?"

"I is so sore at that fo'-flusher I aches all over."

"So is I."

"You is?"

"I is."

"How come?"

Neuritis imparted detailed information. When he had completed his tale Ebenezer emitted a comment exquisitely profane.

"You took him in," gasped Mr. Hall, "an' he done the same to you."

"Tha's which, Ebenezer. You said the troof that time. An' he's done took my customers in too. If I had them back again I'd give you yo' ol' job, but I ain't hahdly got enough business lef' to pay my own espenses. If I could on'y git that feller out of town ——"

"You rilly wants to?"

"Yeh—that is, after the Chicago basket-ball game. We needs him on the team fo' that."

Ebenezer's face wreathed into a sneer of disgust.

"Hmph! You ain't got even one brain, Neuritis."

"What you mean?"

"Ain't you 'scovered yit that Eli Gouch ain't no basket-ball player?"

"No."

"Well, he ain't. On account if he would of been you coul'n't of kep' him offen the team. He loves to have folks lookin' at him. Ise shuah he don't know nothin' 'bout basket ball an' never played same. He's done you dirt, Neuritis, an' he's done me dirt too. Ise gwine git even with him someway sometime. You jes' take my word fo' it, Eli Gouch ain't no basket-baller. Think it over."

Ebenezer strolled away. Neuritis stared after him, shaking his head. After all, there appeared to be considerable logic in what Ebenezer said. There was no denying that Eli reveled in the calcium. If, then, he was half the basket-ball player he claimed to be, why had he so steadfastly refused to don the abbreviated court costume and win the laurel wreath which colored folks were fairly aching to bestow upon his Cimmerian brow?

First doubt begot others. Neuritis now recalled the stubbornness with which Eli had evaded discussion of the sport. The conclusion was long sinking home in the cranium of Neuritis Mapes, but when it did penetrate —— "That feller ain't no mo' basket-baller than what Ebenezer says he ain't."

The conclusion was startling. Too, it opened a possible avenue for vengeance. Neuritis was bitterly angry. There were no lengths to which he would not cheerfully go to discommode Mr. Gouch.

Neuritis got busy. He was distinctly a personage in local basket-ball circles, and he made his way straight to the gambling clique which spent its days and evenings in Bud Peaglar's place. Boston Marble was there, and Florian Slappey and a dozen others. Into their ears Neuritis poured a story of his own concoction. He explained to them that Eli was undoubtedly the greatest colored basket-ball player in the world; that Birmingham had treated Mr. Gouch in most friendly fashion, and that Mr. Gouch must be induced to don a uniform for the Chicago game.

"He ain't gwine do it," negatived Florian.

"Make him," insisted Neuritis.

"How?"

"Cash in advance."

A committee waited upon Eli.

"Ain't gwine play no basket ball," snapped Mr. Gouch.

"You has got to."

"Says which?"

"Says you has got to."

"Huh! Them is words, but they don't make no sense."

Boston Marble edged forward. In his palm reposed ten crisp five-dollar bills.

"Does you promise to play, we gives you this fifty dollars."

"When?"

"Now."

"M-m-m!" Eli pondered. "Nossuh, I ain't in practice."

"That don't make no diff'ence. Jes' you put on a unifohm that night ——"

Eli wanted that fifty dollars. He wanted any fifty dollars which was available. Too, the virus had seeped into his blood, and he was filled with an exquisite confidence in the ability of the Birmingham team to defeat its Chicago rival. That fifty bet at even money would double itself, and a hundred dollars was one hundred dollars.

"If I promises to be on the floor in unifohm does I git the fifty?"

"Yes."

"Even if I don't play?"

"Uh-huh. You be there. An' Neuritis says he won't use you less'n he's got to."

"What you mean—got to?"

"Less'n we is bein' beat."

Eli reflected swiftly. He could take the fifty, and then if the worst came to the worst and he saw that the locals were doomed to defeat he could make an abrupt departure from the hall or else feign an illness. A legitimate way of earning the money.

"Gimme them moneys," he said suddenly. "I does it."

According to Eli's way of figuring, he couldn't lose. There was always a way

Continued on Page 60

Friction—
the unseen enemy of production in your plant

To Purchasing Agents:

AMONG PURCHASING AGENTS you have probably noticed this:

The Purchasing Agent who has grown into the habit of looking at things in their broad aspects, exercises an important influence on the conduct of his Company's affairs.

He does not stop at mere comparisons of prices. Rather, he includes in his inquiry complete information about the ultimate economy of *results*.

This ability to *see through* to results is a quality which the business world rates high.

Such a Purchasing Agent will ask himself:

"Does it pay my plant to impair its investment in expensive engines and machines by using oils which are cheap to buy, but costly to use?

"Do I know why certain lubricating oils increase power but do not increase costs?

"Do I know that my plant pays for good lubrication whether it gets it or not?

"Is it better to order 'oils' for my plant, or to buy a scientific lubrication service which includes oils?"

When a Vacuum Oil Company representative sends in his card, you need not expect a humdrum interview with an "oil salesman." Instead, you will have presented for your consideration a definite proposition for reducing operating costs.

We call this proposition a Lubrication Audit. See explanation in column at right.

As this is a matter of more far-reaching importance than the purchase of a few barrels of oil—you may wish, from a technical standpoint, to check up with your Plant Engineer the probable advantages of this Lubrication Audit.

We will gladly supply you with more detailed information about the Lubrication Audit upon request. It is understood that such a request puts you under no obligation. Kindly address our nearest branch office.

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A grade for each type of service

THE LubricationAudit

EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP

(In Condensed Outline)

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RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine. This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanicalequipmentunder all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

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WRIGLEY'S P. K. is the new double treat—peppermint sugar jacket over peppermint chewing gum.

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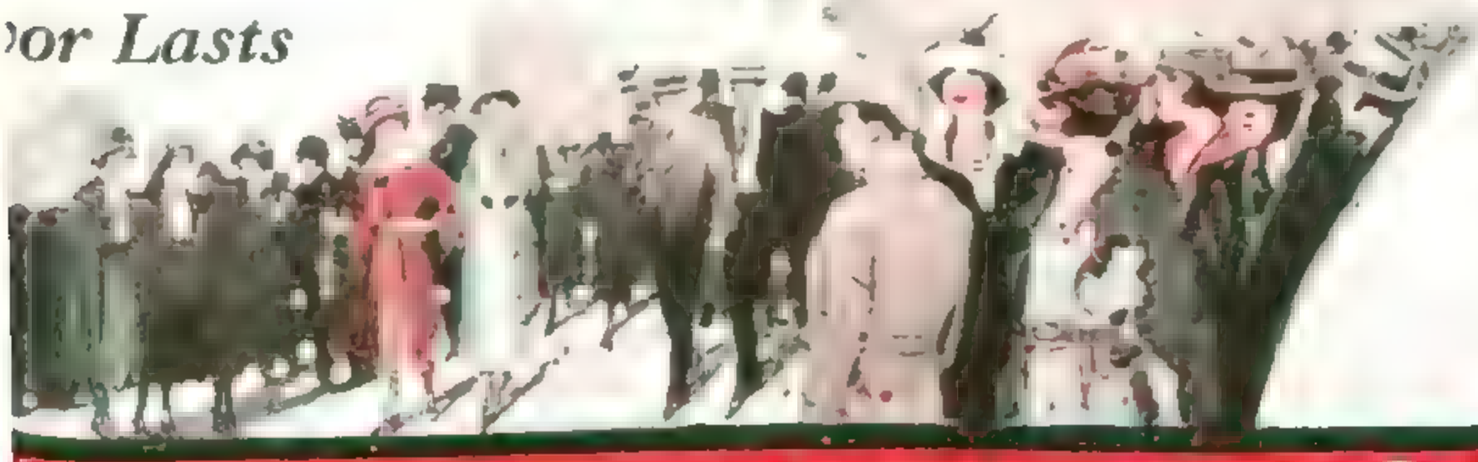


C 65

age Make WRIGLEY'S Supreme!

He didn't like white bread—or ready-rubbed tobacco

And probably he preferred horsecars to the trolley

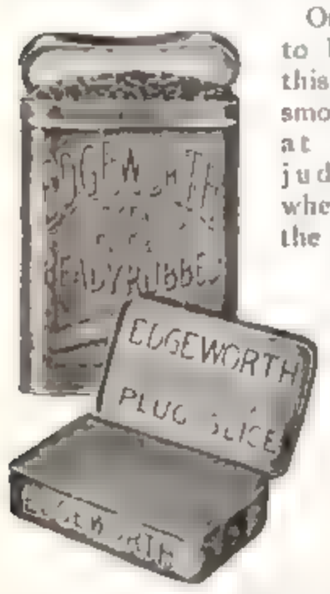
He admitted frankly that his tastes were peculiar. He didn't know why. It was just a matter of fact that while he was an inveterate pipe-smoker, he never smoked Edgeworth.

"But don't let that worry you. I don't like white bread. And there are many other things that nearly everybody I know likes—and I don't."

We have always recognized that no one tobacco would just hit the taste of every pipe-smoker. We have always known, too, that we couldn't make *all* the pipe tobacco in the world, even if it were possible to make a tobacco that everybody liked.

So we have been content to jog along, seeking and finding men who *do* like Edgeworth, who find its individual fragrance exactly suited to their taste.

Those are the men we want to smoke Edgeworth. If we can give them the full joy of smoking and keep our factories running somewhere near capacity, it is about all we expect—and it is enough.



One thing we do want to be sure of. It is this: That every pipe-smoker try Edgeworth at least once and judge for himself whether or not it is the right tobacco for him.

In a way, it is a selfish desire on our part, for we feel that most real pipe-smokers *will* like Edgeworth.

But to make it as easy as possible for you or any other man to test Edgeworth, we will send you free samples if you'll write for them.

Just write a postcard to us and send us your name and address. If you would further add the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, we would appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants:—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 56)

out. Of course the thought of actually participating was not to be entertained for a moment. He couldn't play—didn't know the first thing about the game. But by accepting the proffered fifty dollars he was not only that much in pocket but he could have also the glory of swelling around the city as the savior of the local's chances, stealing thus a large portion of the glory due the flashy Neuritis Mapes.

But if Neuritis begrudged Eli the acclaim accorded him by the public when news of his acceptance was broadcast that wiry young gentleman gave no hint. He went about his window-washing business with a cryptic smile playing about his lips. More firmly than ever he was convinced that he had Eli pretty much where he wanted him. It merely remained for him to get Eli on that floor. If it then developed that he had been wrong and Eli could play basket ball, all well and good. It would insure a Birmingham victory, and Neuritis was sufficiently sincere to welcome a triumph even at that cost. If, on the other hand, the event begot the downfall of Eli by proving him a faker, then Neuritis was destined to be equally well pleased.

To that end Neuritis busied himself. He circulated through Darktown, proclaiming his confidence in Eli's goal-shooting abilities. He was positive, he asserted, that with Eli in the line-up victory for Birmingham was a certainty. His confidence communicated itself to the more sportingly inclined of the colored brethren, and a large pool was formed for the purpose of covering any money which the Chicago team might bring. Neuritis saw that the local fans were banking more and more upon Eli; that they were expecting superhuman endeavor. He praised Eli's basket-ball ability and promised the fans that whatever the local team might possibly lack Eli would supply. And then came the gala morning when the Chicago team rolled into Birmingham and settled in its quarters at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel.

The Chicago aggregation was ten strong, and in addition to the playing squad there was a quartet of portly and apparently affluent men who sneered overtly at the pretensions of the bush-league basket-ball team. They produced large wads of money which they offered to bet. That money was covered with a celerity which left them somewhat dazed and considerably doubtful. Birmingham was gripped with a betting fever, and even Eli Gouch found that the local confidence had communicated itself to him. His fifty dollars and one hundred more which he had, with difficulty, saved were chanced upon the Birmingham team. Both factions were surfeited with confidence, and long before the day of the game every ticket had been sold. Even the one hundred seats expressly reserved for the white folks were now selling at a premium. It promised to be one large evening to climax a brilliant season.

The Birmingham team, under the guidance of the crafty Neuritis, staged team practice. Eli Gouch refused to attend. Under the conditions of his contract with the committee he was obligated merely to appear in uniform the night of the game. He sneered at the critical comment that he didn't even know the signals.

"Signals! Huh! I don't need to know no signals to flip a ball th'o' a basket."

The Chicago backers secured more money, and when that was snapped up with even greater avidity than their first offerings they became slightly uneasy. It appeared that they might possibly have underestimated the ability of the local quintet. They sent scouts to watch the locals practice. Neuritis heard that they were present and instructed his men to hold back. Chicago stock took a fresh bound. And finally came the day of the game. All day long the committee on arrangements busied itself decorating the hall and preparing for an overflow and enthusiastic crowd. Professor Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was there in force long before the doors were flung back to the long line of impatient spectators. In their dressing rooms sat the Chicago Terrors, huge and powerful and determined to win at all costs. Victory meant affluence to each of them; defeat spelled disaster. And the Terrors had a reputation in the North for being a rough team—very, very rough.

Eli Gouch departed his boarding house early. During the day a light snow had fallen—the first and probably the only snow of the winter. The ground was covered with a bitter white blanket. Eli shivered. He disliked all manifestations of cold, and there was something particularly forbidding this night in the stark glittering whiteness.

The crowd stood back respectfully when he put in appearance. Cheers burst forth at sight of his massive form, cheers which caused a twinge of apprehension in the bosom of Mr. Gouch. He knew that virtually every man and woman present had wagered something of more or less value upon the chances of the Birmingham team. Darktown's wagered cash was only exceeded by its boundless confidence, and Eli was uncomfortably aware that his name upon the team roster had done much to precipitate this avalanche of betting.

He climbed proudly into his uniform, its yellow vividity setting off the dark-brown figure to best advantage. But once in it, Eli felt timid about exhibiting himself. The thing seemed more like a suit of underwear than a uniform, but he took courage from the others' insouciance. Certainly he knew that he cut the best figure.

From outside came the hum of the excited crowd, then faint cheers and the shrilling of the Terrors as they pounded up and down the court in practice. Acey Upshaw appeared to summon the locals. They trotted proudly forth and a wild burst of applause rent the building. The Terrors evacuated the floor and the Birmingham team swung into action, Neuritis dribbling the new basket ball.

It had been previously agreed that there would be no change of goal during the evening. To that end the basket into which the Chicago team hoped to throw its points was decorated in crimson, the color of that organization. The goal at the opposite end of the court—the Birmingham basket—was decorated gaudily in gold.

"Makes it easier for them as don't know much about the game to foller," explained Neuritis to Doctor Atcherson, chairman of the basket-ball committee. "Does the ball go in the red basket it's points fo' the Terrors. Does it drop in the gold basket they knows right away it's points fo' us."

The captains were called to the center of the floor by a referee who had been specially imported from Knoxville. The Chicago leader in his crimson uniform towered over the sinewy and lithe figure of Neuritis Mapes. Final instructions were given; the teams took the floor. For the locals Neuritis assumed the center position, with Florian Slappey and Dr. Brutus Herring as forwards and Cleophus White and Spokane Washington playing the guards. Save for Doctor Herring and Cleophus White, each member of the Birmingham aggregation was opposed by a man nearly twice his size. But the fans were not downcast; they had seen too often during the season that size counts little against sheer ability.

On the side lines Eli Gouch posed pridefully. He felt more at home in his abbreviated uniform now, and he knew that many eyes—most of them feminine—were focused with ill-concealed approval upon his well-muscled figure.

In all that multitude there was but one pair of eyes which were directed upon Eli Gouch with any hint of vindictiveness. Those eyes were the personal property of a lank and somewhat slab-sided individual who absently acknowledged occasional greetings of "Hello, Ebenezer."

Ebenezer was first of all an enemy to Mr. Gouch. Secondly he was a basket-ball fan. He held his regular seat on the side lines directly behind the bench occupied by the local team, and shortly before the contest started he struggled with his distaste and tapped the broad shoulder of his *bête noire*.

"Mistuh Gouch?"

Eli turned, registering complete surprise at the friendliness of the expression which Ebenezer turned upon him.

"Wha's that?" asked Eli.

"Ise delighted to see you in unifohm, Mistuh Gouch."

"How come?" Suspiciously.

"Us needs you t'night. These heah Terrors look awful good an' we requiahs all the good players which we has got. An' befo' the game stahts, Mistuh Gouch, I wants to wish you luck. I ain't holdin' no hahd feelin's against you fo' gittin' my job an' I hopes you ain't holdin' none against me."

Eli favored him with a puzzled stare. There was no doubting Ebenezer's sincerity. And, after all, why should he not seek the favor of one who was the focal point of mass adulation? Eli cast aside his doubts. He thought too much of himself to believe that anyone could long dislike him.

"I don't hold no hahd feelin's against nobody," he said magnanimously, "specially a poor tripe like what you is."

Ebenezer retired to his seat. The glance which he bestowed upon the back of the complacent Mr. Gouch was shot through with malevolence.

"If they's a accident walkin' round Bummin'ham t'night," sizzled Ebenezer, "I hope it happens to Eli."

The whistle. The ball was tipped off. The men were galvanized into action. Neuritis flipped the ball to Florian, who in turn shot it like lightning into the waiting hands of Brutus Herring. That gentleman made a feint toward the goal, then passed it into the hands of the speeding Neuritis. Neuritis stopped in his tracks and threw the ball straight into the gold basket.

"Two points," shrilled Neuritis, "an' we ain't yet hahdly stahted!"

Another tip-off, but this time the Terror center was successful. Up and down the court surged the ball, with the players swirling viciously after it. This time Cleophus intercepted a try for goal, shot the ball the length of the court into the hands of Neuritis Mapes and once again it was dropped into the gold-trimmed basket.

"Two mo' points! Tha's four to nothin'!"

Two minutes of play and the locals were leading by four points. Faint signs of worry appeared upon the face of the Terrors' leader. Within ten seconds of the tip-off he committed a personal foul and the referee's whistle blew. Neuritis took the ball and walked to the foul line for the free throw which follows the commission of a breach of rules. His aim was unerring. The ball dropped neatly through the golden basket for one point.

"Tha's five altogether!" shrieked someone in the gallery.

But there the Chicago team rallied. For five minutes not a point was scored. The apparent walk-away which the locals had anticipated in that first few minutes now developed into a bitter battle. The Chicago players exhibited the stuff of which champions are made. They fought like tigers for possession of the ball. The game increased in ferocity and there was a continuous serenade from the referee's whistle. Fouls were numerous. Field goals were dropped in from all over the court. Two points for each one. And most often the fouls were followed by the single-point tally which is awarded for a successful free try at goal. A monster Chicago guard committed his fourth personal foul in as many minutes and was ejected from the game. Shortly before the end of the first half Doctor Herring and one of the visitors retired to a corner of the court and attempted to settle the game with fists. The referee removed both of them, Herring's place being taken by Frenzie Gillings.

The end of the first half found Birmingham leading by three points, the score being 21-18, and the fans bordering on hysteria. The contest was epic. Never before had such a battle been seen on the local court. The teams retired to their dressing rooms, half dead from sheer weariness, but filled yet with the fighting spirit. The Terrors were frankly worried. Their mentor gave them a stiff talking-to.

"They plays better basket ball than what we does," he said. "On'y thing fo' you fellers to do is to rough 'em. Rough 'em hahd!"

In the Birmingham sanctuary Neuritis pleaded with his men for greater effort. Then he turned to Eli Gouch.

"You goes in at guard at the beginnin' of the secon' half, Brother Gouch."

Eli, who had watched the game in puzzled bewilderment, shook his head. "Nossuh!"

"You has got to."

"Ain't gwine to. You is winnin' an' you don't need me."

"But we is payin' you ——"

"Ain't gwine in until you needs me," repeated Eli stubbornly.

The second half opened; and, fierce as the first half had been, it was tiddledywinks compared to the second. From the outset it became apparent that Chicago was out to massacre the locals; and, to give them their due, they worked cleverly. Within two minutes Frenzie Gillings had been carried from the court with an ugly cut on his forehead and Sidney Skigg took his place. The scoring was held down and personal fouls were piled up.

(Continued on Page 63)

Wayne

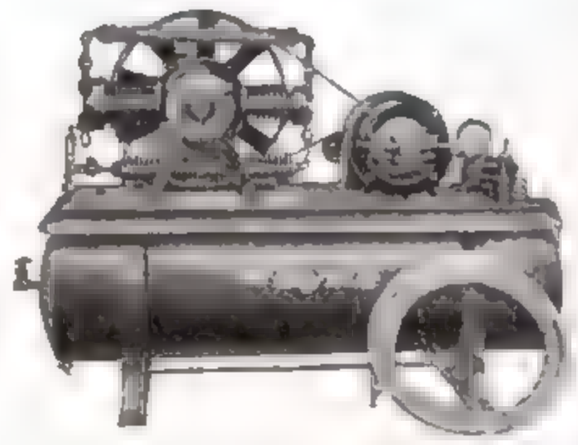
From Plans to Equipped Station— Wayne Service is Complete

That a manufacturer should go beyond the mere building of equipment and should help obtain results for the users of his products, is a doctrine to which Wayne has long subscribed.

Accordingly, Wayne maintains a staff of engineers and architects whose sole business is to plan and design retail gasoline stations. From plans to the equipped station, Wayne service is complete.

Wayne engineers have added a fund of practical experience to their technical knowledge. They know how best to utilize space, what equipment will give most satisfactory service, and where to place this equipment. And their advice and counsel are free.

Such superior service, offered without any semblance of obligation by the leading manufacturer of gasoline pumps and oil storage systems and combined with its superior equipment, has made Wayne pre-eminent in its industry.



Cut 2000. Wayne Air Compressor.

Wayne Tank & Pump Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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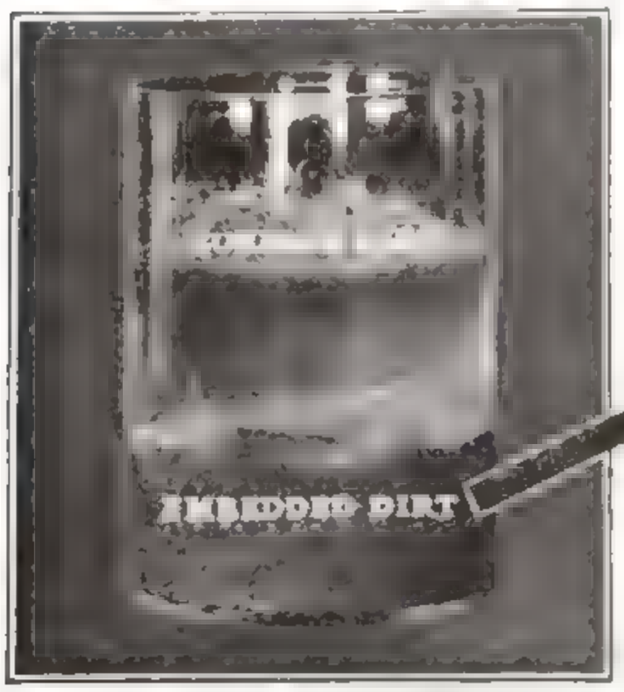
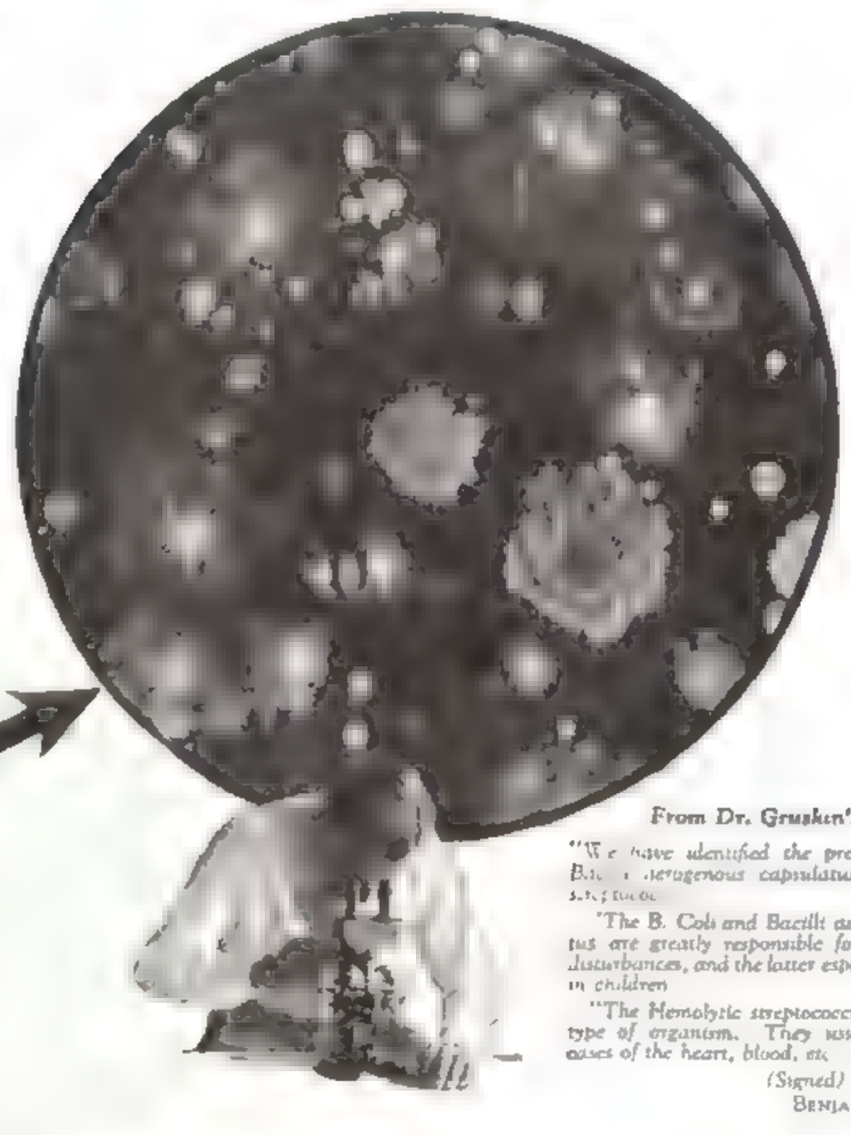
FILLING STATION SERVICE AND EQUIPMENT

(Above) The laboratory test [illegible] same fungi) grown from [illegible] by the Royal. In the [illegible] Royal the [illegible] those [illegible]

(Below) This laboratory test [illegible] emptied into a [illegible] of water) [illegible] embedded dirt as well as surface [illegible] The embedded [illegible] much greater quantity of embedded [illegible]





From Dr. Gruskin's report:

"We have identified the presence of B. Coli, Bacillus aerogenous capsulatus, and Hemolytic streptococci.

"The B. Coli and Bacilli aerogenous capsulatus are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances, and the latter especially for diarrhea in children.

"The Hemolytic streptococci are a dangerous type of organism. They usually produce diseases of the heart, blood, etc.

(Signed)
BENJAMIN GRUSKIN

What a scientist found in Mrs. N. Shaul's *"clean"* rug
—a startling revelation of the dangers of embedded dirt

WOULD you believe that in every inch of your "clean" rugs there may be *millions* of invisible living things—bacteria, some of which may be the dangerous disease-producing types?

Neither would Mrs. N. Shaul. In her home at 5460 University Avenue, Chicago, she showed the Royal man a 6 by 9 Wilton rug. It had just been beaten and thoroughly swept. It was as clean as ordinary cleaning methods and a good housekeeper could make it.

Imagine her horror, then, when in 8 minutes the Royal extracted from this "clean" rug 12½ *ounces of heavy, black dirt!*

Embedded dirt it was, all of it. Dirt so deep in the pile that not even beating and vigorous sweeping, nothing but the powerful, scientifically applied suction of the Royal could dislodge it.

What the microscope revealed

This dirt was taken to the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago.

There it was analyzed by Dr. Benjamin Gruskin, director of the Laboratories and pathologist for Mt. Sinai Hospital, Chicago.

In each gram, or 1/30 of an ounce, of the dirt were found 35 *million living organisms!* The entire 12½ ounces, therefore, contained well over 12 thousand million bacteria.

Among them were found three dangerous types of bacteria which, Dr. Gruskin reported, are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances and diarrhea in children; also a type which usually produces blood or heart diseases

Are YOUR rugs really clean?

Yet, Mrs. Shaul supposed that her rug was clean. And throughout the country women everywhere believe the same when, as a matter of fact, their rugs are only *surface cleaned.*

Deep down in the pile is the embedded dirt harboring millions of bacteria. Footfalls, draughts, etc., are constantly stirring the hidden, germ-laden dirt of your rugs into the air. You breathe it. Your children playing upon the floor breathe it; it gets upon things they put into their mouths.

How can you remove this embedded dirt?

There is only one way to remove it, and that is the method used to clean Mrs. Shaul's rug—*with powerful air suction scientifically applied.*

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a powerful suction. Second, because this suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the 14-inch nozzle; the patented adjustment screw does this.

Thus, the Royal gets the embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal dealer to explain this.

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless, because it cleans by air alone. And the Royal is so light, convenient, and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. So simply and sturdily is it built that it is practically trouble-proof and will last a lifetime with ordinary care.

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean. But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous, embedded dirt that has lain hidden in the depths of your rugs.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him.

DEALERS The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES. There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

CLEANS BY AIR ALONE!

The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home

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(Continued from Page 60)

It was a battle royal all the way, with the spectators in a vociferous ferment. After twelve minutes of play, with the score tied, Florian Slappey committed his third personal foul, and on the free throw the Terror center dropped the ball in the red-trimmed basket for the single point which gave Chicago the lead 30-29. Florian came back with a brilliant piece of floor running and a field goal for two points and a lead of 31-30.

The game flashed on. Men and women in the stands bordered on hysteria. They shrieked and screamed and shouted. They hugged and pounded one another. First one team and then the other took the lead. Eli Gouch, watching dazedly, could not make head or tail of it. It was all chaos to him, and already the crowd was shouting his name.

"Eli Gouch! Give us Eli!"

Mr. Gouch watched the exits. He was apprehensive that he was about destined to make a quick and complete get-away.

The game had resolved itself into a free-for-all fight. Spokane Washington was removed and George Shivers took his place. Neuritis Mapes, Florian Slappey, George Shivers, Cleophus White and Sidney Skigg now composed the Birmingham team. The list of substitutes had been exhausted—with a single exception, and that exception sat fearfully on the side lines, cursing the avarice which had brought him to this predicament. The crowd was howling for Eli Gouch. Ebenezer Hall was demanding Eli Gouch. The score was tied, the time nearly up, and the fans believed that the greatest colored player of all time—a man who wore their uniform—was reluctant to go in and snatch victory from defeat.

Two minutes to play! The score 39-39! The players, exhausted, staggered limply about the court, fighting to the ultimate ounce of their strength. The fans were hoarse from shouting; they leaned forward, tensely pleading, begging and calling for Eli Gouch.

Two minutes to play! The referee's whistle! Foul committed by the Chicago center. Neuritis took the ball to the free-throw line. He sighted carefully for his basket. He flipped the ball. It dropped through the gold basket for a single point

Birmingham, 40; Chicago, 39! One minute and forty seconds to play!

A fresh tip-off put the ball in play. Acting under instructions, the Birmingham players followed the ball, playing a five-man defense. They clung to it like leeches. The Chicago players, spurred by desperation, struggled to work it down under the crimson basket so that they might get a shot at a field goal—and the consequent two points which would give them a chance for victory.

Excitement! Pandemonium! Fifty seconds to play!

A Chicago forward intercepted a long pass. Cleophus White leaped for him. No chance to block the pass. Cleophus doubled his fist and landed squarely on the visitor's jaw. The visitor went down and out and Cleophus was removed summarily from the game.

And now the gallery howled. The name of Eli Gouch went ceilingward. There was no denying the clamor, which was led by the clarion voice of Ebenezer Hall. Cold perspiration glistened on Eli's superbly muscled body. He was the last substitute. Escape was out of the question.

"Hold 'em, Eli! On'y thirty seconds more to play!"

Thirty seconds! Eli took courage. He didn't know or understand anything about the game, but he believed he could stall for that brief span of time. He trotted onto the floor, bowing acknowledgment of the thunderous applause. All Birmingham believed that it was saved. Eli Gouch had entered the game!

The Chicago captain took his place on the foul line, shooting at the crimson basket for the point that would tie the score. And—he missed!

Then all that had gone before paled into pallid nothingness by comparison with the ferocity of the Birmingham attack. Thirty brief seconds and victory was theirs! Eli clung uncertainly to his guard position under the crimson basket, wondering what it was all about. The fans gazed doubtfully; they couldn't understand.

And then, with five seconds left to play, Eli saw the ball coming straight to him from across the court. He didn't know who had thrown it, but he couldn't very well help catching it.

Behind it came the nimble, flying figure of Neuritis Mapes. He spun behind Eli and darted away again, turning suddenly to receive the expected pass.

From five different directions came five different Chicago players. Eli was nervous. Personal animosity seemed to flame in their eyes. He stood motionless. In his hands was the ball. Over his head the crimson basket.

And then, slowly, deliberately and with the utmost care, Eli Gouch flipped the ball into the crimson basket for the two points which gave victory to the Chicago team!

The whistle sounded. The game had ended—41 for Chicago to 40 for Birmingham. Eli's toss into the Chicago basket had decided the game against his team!

For a quarter minute nothing could be heard but silence. Stark horror gripped the spectators. Eli, posing pridefully, and all unconscious of what he had done, awaited applause. Instead there came a deep, throaty rumbling, a menacing roar. Then a shriek:

"Kill Eli Gouch!"

The spectators vitalized into action. They started toward Eli Gouch. That gentleman saw them coming. He read in their bloodshot eyes a message of sudden and absolute extermination. Eli Gouch made one wild leap for the door. Somebody hit him as he passed, but that merely served to increase his speed. He reached Eighteenth Street. He turned southward. Slipping and sliding on the snow, but spurning the ground with his large feet, he ran—and he ran as mortal man had never run before. Behind him came the wolf pack, thirsting for his gore.

It was no use. Eli's speed was unnatural. He attained the forest fastness of Red Mountain, and not until he was safe upon its crest did Eli Gouch pause breathlessly.

Immediate danger had passed, but now Eli became shiveringly conscious of the biting frigidity of the night. All about him was snow and the bare branches of trees and a moon which stared coldly down upon the gelid scene.

Eli was undressed. Only the very brief uniform protected him from the merciless blasts of the winter night; and Eli did not yet comprehend what had occurred. He did realize, however, that he was no longer popular. He sensed that to show his face in Birmingham again was to ticket himself for a joy ride at the head of a long and solemn procession which would be highlighted with flowers and slow music.

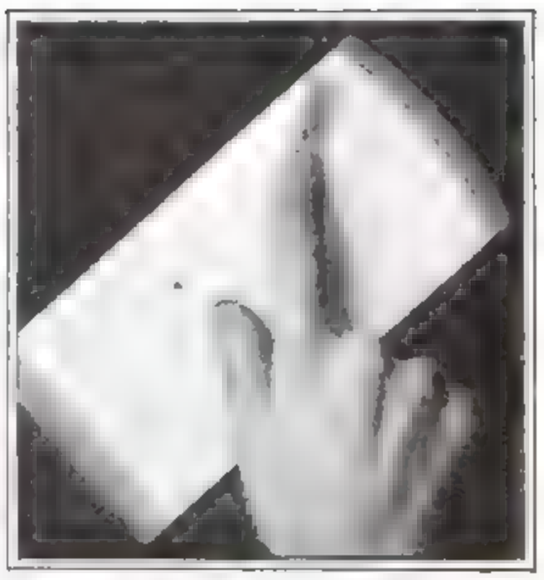
He was cold; unbearably cold; cold and miserable; entirely alone and utterly friendless. He hugged himself in a futile effort to keep warm. He could see nothing but snow and illimitable distance. He reflected moodily upon the events of the very immediate past and shook his head in bewilderment.

"It don't make no sense," he soliloquized. "I was holdin' that ball an' all of a sudden I hearn the voice of Ebenezer Hall tellin' me just as plain to th'ow it in the red basket. An' I done just that—just what Ebenezer told me!"

A particularly chilling blast howled through the trees and cut him to the bone. He rose uncertainly.

"I reckon," he reflected wretchedly, "that somebody must of made a mistake."

BARRELED SUNLIGHT



ORDINARY FLAT OR EGG-SHELL FINISH PAINT

Your finger, when rubbed over the smooth, lustrous surface of Barreled Sunlight, leaves no smudge. It will leave a smudge when rubbed over the porous surface of any ordinary flat or egg-shell finish paint.

Before you buy paint

make this simple test

CAN you tell, when you buy white interior paint, how it will look in six months or a year? The test illustrated above will help you find out.

The surface of ordinary flat or egg-shell finish paint is not really smooth but is full of tiny, invisible pores. In these holes dirt is quickly smudged—dust "settles."

Barreled Sunlight produces a smooth, lustrous finish that *resists* all forms of dirt. Because there are no pores in its even surface it does not catch and hold dust particles. It can always be washed as clean and white as tile!

The finish of Barreled Sunlight is the whitest white that can be imagined. In addition, made by the exclusive Rice Process, which removes the yellowing tendency from the oil, it is actually guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, covers better and is easier to apply. Comes ready mixed in cans from half pint to five gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. Leading dealers carry Barreled Sunlight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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Stores, shops, schools, hotels and apartment houses—industrial plants throughout the country—find Barreled Sunlight indispensable in keeping interiors spotless white.

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A feature showing *of these unusual* PRINTZ *Coats*

Five models selected for their smart style and outstanding value are now being shown at one of the better establishments in your city. Watch for announcements by this store.

THE five models shown here have been selected from the entire Printz line as a group of special interest featuring the style motifs most favored this fall.

These coats were specially designed for the woman who desires individuality of style, in a rich, soft fabric, at a price unusually attractive In them, too, Printz designers have embodied the principle of "Personalized Style."

Only one store in your city carries Printz coats, suits and dresses. Watch your newspapers for their announcements of these coats and of other models in the Printz showing.

If you do not know which is the Printz store in your city, write to us; we will send you its name and a copy of the new Style Revue featuring Printz "Personalized Style" in a wide variety of models.

You will be impressed with the unusual value of Printz garments.

Printz suits range in price from $35 to $75.

Printz coats, $25 to $175; Dresses, $35 to $55.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

Paris CLEVELAND *New York*

Look for this label in your fall garment

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No. 2637. "Right from Paris" is the impression this charming model gives with its smart, deep-set sleeves, fitted back and unusual one-sided front. The only decorative touch is cording, rather elaborately used in rows on collar, cuffs, pockets and back of coat skirt. The throw collar is finished with deep fringe.

No. 2634. The lines in this model of soft, rich Gloriana fabric have an appealing grace and a truly aristocratic dignity. Panel effects are formed by half-inch plaits, while the pockets show an original curve to the sides and a generous throw collar enswathes the neck in soft, deep folds.

No. 2621. "Richly conservative" perhaps best describes this beautiful style developed in the new soft fall fabrics. Its simple, clean-cut lines are its great distinction, making it a practical model appropriate for any occasion. In the back, small box plaits end in embroidered silk arrows.

No. 2601. Quite frankly French in origin is this smart coat. Particularly charming is the one-sided front. Cording, so popular this season as a trimming motif, is used most effectively on the back panel, pockets, collar and cuffs. The sleeves are also very interesting, being wide and deep set.

No. 2607. A newer and more delightful style cannot be imagined than this one. Deep, wide Kimono sleeves merge into the bloused back, effecting a graceful line of drapery. A military collar of taupe Kit Fox terminates in throws finished with chenille, while a smart metal girdle confines the waist fullness.

Note: Descriptions are for models pictured from left to right.

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THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

BACKBONE

(Continued from Page 5)

On the heels of this, in the parlance of St. Croix, Mrs. Whidden got through up to De Marsay's. In St. Croix an employe is never discharged. Such painful severances of relations are glossed over by the phrase. Mrs. Whidden got through with a month's pay in her pocket. Bracken was the instrumentality of her getting through. There was an epidemic of getting through at the château. By the end of the three weeks not an employe remained who had been there in the beginning. Bracken, when questioned by the inquisitive, laid it to the querulousness of the sick man. It was made to appear that discharging folks was a sort of balm efficacious to assuage De Marsay's suffering.

But when these accustomed servitors were replaced by a Chinese cook who spoke French, but no great amount of intelligible English, and by a half-breed Indian who spoke no English at all, St. Croix conducted itself like a hive of bees about to swarm.

All these manifestations John Thorne observed with a slow-going gravity, and commented upon not at all. He continued to live in Pop Peake's hotel and to dine at the table with the regulars—when he was not whipping a stream somewhere in the background. He had been admitted to fellowship in spite of the fact that he constituted a minor mystery himself. On days when he was absent the table discussed him.

"He don't do nothin'," said Pop, "yit I wouldn't class him as a summer visitor nor a sport."

"Fishes a heap," said Peddy the stage driver.

"Pays his board reg'lar Sattidy nights," said Pop. "Acts like he's got means."

"Fer a feller as free to answer questions as him, he's powerful close-mouthed, seems as though," said the liveryman.

"Possibly," said Colonel Tip in his best impressive manner, "he is incognito."

"Which is that?" asked Pop. "Furrin or ketchin'?"

"It means hiding who he really is," explained the colonel. "Kings travel incognito."

"So do fellers wanted by the sheriff," said Peddy. "I call to mind drivin' one sich, back in '92, it was. Give his name as Smith. Turned out to be Garrity, and he'd stole a cow."

"One day I up and asked him right out what he was hangin' around for so long," said Pop.

"What'd he say?"

"He says, says he, 'Most men hang around where they live. It's much easier,' says he, 'to hang around where you are than to go somewhere else to do it.'"

"Then what?" asked Peddy.

"I asked him what he done here besides live."

"What'd he say to that?"

"He jest sort of looked at me that slow, solemn way of hisn. Not snippy. He wa'n't put out a mite as I could see. 'I'm waiting,' says he. And somehow, for the life of me, I didn't dast to ask him what he meant by it."

"Goes up to De Marsay's every mornin'," said Peddy.

"But don't git in, no more'n anybody else gits in."

"I got it figgered out what ails old De Marsay," said the liveryman.

"What?"

"Erysipelas, or some sich disfiggerin' disease. Too proud to let common folks see his face when it's all messed up."

"Doc Roper tell ye?"

"I asked Doc," said the liveryman with simple sincerity.

"What'd he say?"

"He says it was the seven-year-upas disease complicated by severe doodlehoots. Them was his very words."

Thorne was not absent from supper, which was fortunate, or he would have missed an occasion. Tom Dover, station agent, baggage-master and telegraph operator, lifted the meal to that eminence.

"Heard the news?" Tom asked after seating himself and reaching for the pickles.

"No," said Pop Peake, "and jedgin' from the way you're swelled up with it you'd better let Nature take its course right prompt. Hold it in much longer and you'll bust and scatter."

Tom leaned an elbow on the table while he collected glances and metaphorically tucked them under his arm. He cocked his head and bugged his eyes.

"'Vonne de Marsay got off of a steamboat in N'York this mornin'. Telegram says she'll be in on Number Six tomorrer."

John Thorne lifted his eyes, gravely studied the speaker's face, and returned them carefully to his fried steak. He cut off a portion, impaled it on his fork and scrutinized it as if, on the whole, he wondered how it came to be there.

"Been a year since she went traipsin' off," said Peddy.

"I've heard tell Paris hain't no place for a young gal," said Pop.

"I dunno Paris," said the liveryman, "but I do know 'Vonne. If either of 'em come to grief, 'twa'n't her."

"Dunno but what you're right," said Pop judicially. "I'd hate to be responsible for Paris with 'Vonne in it."

"Thought she was due here a month ago," said the liveryman.

"She was. That's why she hain't here yit. If she was due now she'd 'a' been here four weeks back."

It was true Yvonne de Marsay had been expected in St. Croix since the first of May. Her grandfather cabled her to return by that date. It had not suited her convenience to obey, indeed, obedience rarely suited her convenience. It was not that Yvonne was disobedient or stubborn—she was Yvonne, and a De Marsay. Besides, she had not accomplished the thing she went to France to do, having been too much occupied in bringing to a completion her grandfather's desires. André de Marsay sent his granddaughter to Paris to round off her education, as it befitted all De Marsays to do. For generations all had returned to the land of their ancestors, not so much to absorb book learning as to acquire manner and atmosphere and *savoir-vivre*. Yvonne had gone in obedience to this tradition, but her own private purpose was of quite a different character. It was essentially romantic. It had to do with the letter.

Now this letter was the priceless treasure of the De Marsay archives. It was, indeed, the foundation of the archives, and the first paper to find a place therein. It was the reason for the transplanting of the family to America. Yellowed now and faded of ink, it reposed in André de Marsay's private safe. Perhaps twice in the lifetime of each De Marsay was it taken out reverently and read in the original. As for Yvonne, she was never without a true copy of the letter. To her it was the tragic climax of the greatest romance in the world. She had overstayed her time, had journeyed to Dijon that she might see the house in which the letter was written, the house wherein her ancestor had received it, and from which, after reading it, he had gone forth to pour upon his wounded heart the balm of adventure in the wilderness of New France.

That first of the American De Marsays, Gaston by name, took to himself in due time—in obedience to the letter and to his duty—a wife, for it was not fitting such a family as the De Marsays should desert a world in which gentlemen were all too few. It was not otherwise than fitting that when a lovely lady had given herself, sorely against her will and the urging of her heart, to a Burgundian nobleman, all in order to save the head of Gaston de Marsay, other De Marsays should continue to wear heads through the generations until the end of time. Wherefore Gaston attended to the succession. Also he preserved the letter from the lady of his heart, doubtless keeping it a secret from his faithful wife. It was a beautiful letter, dictated by a lofty soul.

In time the De Marsays migrated southward, prospering, living as honorable gentlemen and fair women should live, until they made of St. Croix their seat, and culminated in old André, builder of the château. Of André's only son, Yvonne's father, charity bids silence. He so far forgot himself as to hasten away to join his ancestors after providing only a female child. And so, with Yvonne, the name would be erased from the records of the living. In herself—and the thought was not lacking in romance—she saw the last of the De Marsays.

She went to Dijon and slept in the Chapeau Rouge. She gained admittance to the house which once had been Gaston de Marsay's. She wept in the veritable cell from which Andrée de Chausson's marriage had released him. She knelt beside the grave of Andrée herself. And as she made each station in her pilgrimage, pride of race, in which she had never been deficient, grew and filled her to overflowing. Yvonne was twenty.

As she waited for sleep upon the high feather bed of the Chapeau Rouge she considered herself and her plight with the utmost seriousness. What was her duty to her family and to this glowing, beautiful tradition? Did it not require of her certain austerities? Was it not fitting that, inasmuch as the De Marsays must come to an end with herself, she allow the extinction to be a real extinction. In other words, would it not be well for her to eschew love and marriage—to live and die a De Marsay? One other thought found its way in: Where in the world was she likely to find a husband in marrying whom she would not contract a *mésalliance?* Yvonne was twenty!

This was the girl, a living flame of girlhood; slender, dark, petite, imperious, rashly daring, a law unto herself, who would return to St. Croix on Number Six tomorrow. Wherever Yvonne de Marsay rested her foot life became vivid, hastened its tempo, rushed to sudden climaxes. Her beauty was no calm, dignified, restful loveliness, as Madame Récamier's is pictured. It was a heady beauty not innocent of a certain pertness. It was a beauty of humming-bird delicacy and of humming-bird unexpectedness. You could not look upon her without thinking of debonair adventure. She was always flashing. It was impossible to imagine her submissive or in repose. The house which harbored her might not be restful—it would never be dull.

Even as the telegraph operator issued his important bulletin Yvonne was in Boston's North Station, waiting impatiently for her train. It was not in her to wait patiently for anything. She was upon the last lap of her journey home. In the morning she would step off the train in St. Croix. There she would cross the paths of Anthony Bracken, of Colonel Tip, of John Thorne, Doc Roper. She would become a part of the living complex pattern together with these men, their actions, motives, desires. Their ways would cross and recross in intricate design, like a deer yard in the forest, footprints mingling. The colors and figures were there for a very pretty design. Few, if any of them, guessed that the loom was ready for the weaving.

IV

ANTHONY BRACKEN paced the station platform grimly. He was not impatient for the arrival of Number Six, although it was fifteen minutes late. His banker's face was set and somber, and he neglected to speak to acquaintances. Bracken was a forehanded man. He was busied with foreseen difficulties. Pop Peake was there also, and Colonel Tip. If Number Six had chosen a seasonable hour for its scheduled arrival a considerable portion of St. Croix would have been on hand to witness the spectacle of Yvonne de Marsay's return. But Number Six was due at 7:10, and St. Croix was at work in the mills ten minutes before that.

The train whistled for the station. It did so more self-importantly than usual, and snorted up to the station with an air of proud responsibility. When it came to a stop it hissed with relief, for it had gotten Yvonne there safely. Yvonne was already standing on the platform, and before the conductor could extend a courteous hand, or the brakeman place his step, she alighted and ran toward the little reception committee.

"Uncle Pop!" she cried gayly. "I knew you'd be here to meet me! And the colonel. Oh, but I'm glad to see you! Aren't you going to kiss me, Uncle Pop?"

"Guess I kin manage it 'thout sufferin' no detriment," said Pop, who proceeded to wipe his mouth on the back of his hand before undergoing the hazard.

"And the colonel. My! My! You're shrinking, colonel. I do believe you're inches smaller than you were."

The colonel swelled with pride, for upon the matter of his stature he was susceptible to flattery.

Yvonne looked about her and frowned. "Where's Whiddy? Why isn't she here?" Whiddy was Mrs. Whidden. For the first time she allowed herself to become aware of Anthony Bracken. "Where's Whiddy?" she demanded. It will be noted she extended him no greeting whatever.

"She is not here," said Bracken.

"I seem to notice that," Yvonne said. "How is grandfather, Pop? Of course I know he's not well."

"Can't say, exactly," Pop answered, trying to eliminate from his voice any note that might give apprehension. He succeeded indifferently.

"You don't know? Nonsense! Haven't you been to see him?"

"No," said Pop, and bogged down on the monosyllable.

"He has denied himself to callers," said Colonel Tip grandly.

Yvonne looked from one to the other and then to Bracken. "What's wrong?" she asked in a voice suddenly subdued. "What ails you all?"

"Why, nothin'—nothin' a-tall."

"Your grandfather is at home," said Bracken. "He simply has refused to see anybody. That is all."

"Well," said Yvonne, "he'll see me. Come on, Anthony. He'll be waiting for me. Oh, I've so much to tell him, so much to talk about!"

She turned about and hastened independently toward her grandfather's car, opened the door for herself and sprang lightly into the tonneau. She might have taken the front seat beside Bracken, who was driving. Her uncle—by courtesy, for he was the brother of André de Marsay's second wife—took the wheel. His face was not cheerful. He jerked the car about and started up the road at unnecessary speed. Yvonne leaned back at ease and drank in the scene. It was good to be home, good to be protected by the rim of hills, good to see homely familiar faces. Again and again she waved gayly.

Leaning against the corner of the drug store she saw a very large, sober-faced, strange young man, who lifted his hat. She bowed, but there was a little wrinkle between her eyes. She could not remember having seen the young man before.

John Thorne watched her with kindling eyes. His face was not so sober after she passed. It became quite animated. Indeed he seemed almost agitated, for he put a match into his mouth and tried to light it with a cigar.

Yvonne wondered who he might be.

She forgot him almost immediately in the enjoyment of her homecoming. Somehow she had failed to remember how she loved the place and how she felt toward its inhabitants. They were her people. This phrase is used in the feudal sense. She was a princess returning to a loyal faithful citizenry. St. Croix had not the settled beauty of age, made glamorous by history, like Dijon, for instance; but it was lovelier. She rejoiced in the false fronts of the stores and in the wooden awnings. The hills beamed down their welcome upon her and she responded with a flashing smile.

The car climbed the eminence to the château, and the late-spring sunshine lighted its turrets. It was lovelier, she thought, than any château in Touraine. Almost before the car came to a stop she was out and running up the steps to the door sheltered by the noble archway. The door was locked, and in her impatience she smote again and again with the knocker.

"Whiddy! Whiddy! It's Yvonne! I've come home," she called.

The door swung open slowly; one might almost say stealthily. Anthony Bracken sat behind the wheel and watched with narrowed eyes. Yvonne took an eager step forward. She had been about to throw herself upon the ample bosom of Mrs. Whidden, but here was no Mrs. Whidden. Instead, she found herself face to face with Jean, the French-Indian half-breed. It was a swarthy, wooden face, expressionless, somber. Black eyes glittered; black coarse hair topped his head.

Yvonne halted in midcareer, startled but not frightened by this unexpected apparition.

"Who are you? Where is Mrs. Whidden?" she demanded sharply.

"*Comprends pas,*" said the Indian stolidly.

She put out a hand to brush him impatiently aside, but he did not move; he did not speak; he simply barred the way.

(Continued on Page 69)

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And Snap Rings of the highest grade

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(Continued from Page 65)

Yvonne stamped her foot imperiously, and in a sudden blaze of anger deluged him in a torrent of the language he could comprehend. He withstood it like a rock in the rapids. Yvonne simply lashed herself into foam against his impassivity.

Bracken intervened. At a jerk of his head the man stepped to one side and stood waiting for Yvonne to pass.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Who is this man? Where is Mrs. Whidden?"

"Mrs. Whidden is no longer here," said Bracken.

"Not here?" She could have been no more astonished if the hills had been removed.

"Your grandfather discharged her," said Bracken.

"Then," she said, "he'll hire her again—pretty quickly!"

She brushed past Bracken and darted toward the stairway. Here was a matter that could not wait. Her Whiddy had been discharged! It was almost as if somebody had discharged her mother. Everything else was forgotten—her grandfather's illness, the sudden chill of apprehension that had fallen upon her when the door opened to disclose that swarthy wooden face. Here was a thing demanding immediate attention.

"Where are you going?" Something in Bracken's voice halted her.

"To grandfather," she said over her shoulder.

"You cannot see your grandfather," he said.

As he spoke he turned and motioned upward with his thumb. The Indian moved to the stairs and mounted them slowly. He might have been an automaton. Yvonne stared after him, her eyes shooting fire, her little fists clenched.

"He is asleep," said Bracken, postponing the moment he apprehended.

Asleep! She had feared something other than sleep. Something worse seemed to be indicated.

"What ails grandfather?" she asked.

"He is very ill."

"Dangerously?"

"Seriously."

"The moment he awakens have me called," she said, and mounted the stairs. "Have my bag sent up at once."

At the top of the stairs she paused and looked down the hall. Before her grandfather's door, standing with ramrod stiffness, was the Indian—on guard.

What did it mean? Anger turned to misgiving, to alarm. She sensed something in the atmosphere of the house, something strange, never present before. It was as if a chill malign dampness had invaded its walls. Her hand fluttered to her breast and she caught her breath. This was not her home! The house had taken on a new, sinister, oppressive personality. It was a strange house.

She turned and walked to her room, shut the door behind her and sat down by the window. She was conscious of fear, and she had never made the acquaintance of fear before. It was not a fear for herself, a fear of violence, a fear of living things. It was tinctured with repulsion, as if she stood in the presence of something unsightly which she dared not open her eyes to look upon.

Presently there came a soft knock upon her door.

"Come," she said, expecting the entry of a familiar housemaid.

Instead there appeared a young Chinaman, her bag in his hand. He smiled ingratiatingly.

"Allo, missee," he said.

"Where is Svea? Where is Thora?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes. "No savvy them name," he said.

"Come here," she ordered.

He placed her bag at the foot of the bed and advanced, smiling with childlike placidity.

"What is your name?"

"Name Chow Chek Ken," he said, and bowed.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two, three, six, ten day."

"What other servants are there in the house?"

"Jus' me an' Cabbage Face." He chuckled.

"Cabbage Face?"

"Injun man. Face allee same cabbage. Peel off leaf, anodder leaf under. Peel off face, anodder face under."

She studied his face. It was gentle, bland, but she was in a mood of suspicion. It was evident, however, he disliked the Indian. It went against the grain to question a servant, but she had to know. She must assure herself of certain things.

"How is my grandfather?" she asked.

"No catchum grandfather."

"What do you mean, Ken?"

"Mean no seeum grandfather. Me cook. Makee li'l' biscuit, allee same bread. Injun, he seeum grandfather. Me—no. Door allee time shut, lock. No see inside. Injun takum bleakfas', takum lunch, takum dinner."

"You may go," she said.

He glided to the door in his slapping slippers, there he paused, turned and bowed.

"Missee want ketchum some'ing, she tell Ken," he said, and vanished.

What did it all mean? What did these changes portend? She was oppressed, weighed down, alone. She felt strangely alone in this great house which contained no other woman. Bracken she had always despised—for no good reason, it is true; her grandfather mysteriously ill and invisible; the other tenants a silent forbidding Indian and a bland inscrutable Oriental!

She went to the door and peered down the hall. Jean stood before her grandfather's door, motionless as a statue. She knew, knew as if she had been told, he had been stationed there to prevent her entering. The thought enraged her. It was an affront, an unspeakable affront to her in her own house. Again anger flamed. It was unendurable.

Lips compressed, fists clenched, eyes flashing dangerously, she flung herself along the hall, a petite whirlwind, and confronted the Indian.

"Step aside!" she said in French.

His black eyes glittered down into hers, but no muscle of his face altered. He only backed against the door.

"Step aside and leave this house at once," she said.

He neither moved nor spoke; indeed he might have been carved from oak. She clutched his arm to thrust him aside, but her strength was inadequate.

"Get out of my way!" she cried, but he remained obdurate.

Hot rage leaped within her. The shame of it! The indignity of it! She, Yvonne de Marsay, to be thus affronted by a servant. In the hotness of her rage she forgot dignity, forgot everything except her anger and her helplessness. She stepped back, lifted to her tiptoes, and slapped the Indian with all the strength of her arm. Then bursting into sudden tears of humiliation at realization of her futility she turned and ran back along the hall to her room. The Indian's head turned slowly, and he looked after her with somber glowing eyes.

The solitude of her room became unendurable; the mystery of it all was unendurable.

It drove her again into the hall and down the stairs to find and to wring from Anthony Bracken the meaning of it all.

He sat in the library. She paused before him, leaning forward slightly.

"Take me to grandfather," she said.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but it is impossible."

"He is not asleep now."

"That may be," he said.

"Then I insist upon going to him at once."

"You cannot go to him."

"Why?"

"He has forbidden it. The doctor has forbidden it."

"What do you mean, Anthony? That I am forbidden to see him now?"

"Now or at any time until it is—safe," he said.

"Not today?"

"No."

"Tomorrow?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could tell you," he said.

"Where is the doctor? I insist upon seeing the doctor at once."

"He will be here at noon. Doctor Roper knows best."

"Doc Roper! Do you mean to tell me that horse doctor is caring for my grandfather—in a serious illness?"

"Your grandfather would have no other."

"Anthony, I am entitled to the truth. What ails him?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Why?"

"He has forbidden it. Be reasonable, Yvonne. You know your grandfather—and his pride. You know his eccentricities as well as I."

"This passes eccentricity," she said. "I insist upon seeing him. I am his granddaughter. It is my right."

Bracken got to his feet, frowning. "We may as well have this thing settled," he said. "You cannot see him now. You cannot see him until he or the doctor gives permission." He paused. "It would be better if you would go away for a visit until he recovers."

She stared at him, wide-eyed. "Better if I go away! Are you crazy, Anthony? This is my home. I am mistress here."

"Not at the moment," said Anthony dryly. "I am master. Acting upon your grandfather's express orders. That, if you must have it so, is flat and final."

Yvonne did not fly into a rage at this, as might properly be expected. Instead she seemed to wilt as a flower might wilt under the breath of some hot blast of wind from a desert. She was bewildered. She felt neither anger nor fear. She could not reason. She was bewildered and frightened, not afraid of the circumstances that shut her in, but terrified by her bewilderment. She turned slowly and retraced her steps to her room, where she sat upon her bed, rigid, white-faced, shivering as with a chill.

V

ANTHONY BRACKEN had no liking for the unexpected, and a positive distaste for anything savoring of the mysterious. Therefore the patient presence of John Thorne was an active irritant. Whatever Bracken failed to understand must be wrong, and probably was menacing. He had an itching curiosity, even regarding matters that concerned him not in the least; the chief defect of his methodical character was this—that he could smell smoke when there was no fire. To him a fact was a fact. He never walked around behind it to examine its reverse. A fact was a flat erect thing like a signboard, and if he caught the least hint of a third dimension he began building him a cyclone cellar. Storms were always making up with the single purpose of blowing down Bracken's house.

Now John Thorne resembled a signboard in no particular. And he was set up edgewise to Bracken's eye—all third dimension and no surface. Bracken was De Marsay's man of business and lived in an inclosure surrounded by a dog-high, hog-tight fence of currency. Thorne's persistence in St. Croix turned this inclosure into a parched desert of curiosity in which Bracken, lost, wandered with dry tongue and burning throat; and knowledge of Thorne's purposes was the drink of water to quench his thirst.

For years he had seen to it that De Marsay entered into no transaction concerning which he was not fully informed. His information, if it did not come direct, was as welcome at the back door after sundown. But here was a business about which De Marsay had not consulted him, which had been entered into surreptitiously and which afforded no whispering back-door visitor. There had been correspondence between De Marsay and Thorne, but no vestige of it was discoverable. This was a disquieting fact.

If the correspondence held no menace for him, then why had it been so carefully concealed?

He became a scientist studying a bug under a microscope, but Thorne was a bug whose habits of life were not easily tabulated; he was an erratic bug, and the data compiled one day became useless the next. One may learn the economics of ants or bees or spiders, because they remain always ants or bees or spiders, and carry on their concerns by routine day after day. Thorne was guiltless of routine, destitute of purpose, vague, and generally reprehensible from Bracken's point of view. He had come to see De Marsay, and apparently was going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. Meantime he showed no signs of impatience, and made the most of each day as it came.

Thorne interested himself in no business project, had time to gossip with every loafer, and showed a considerable desire to depopulate the streams of the locality of trout. He exhibited no wealth, but on the other hand the necessity of earning a living did not appear to occur to him. However, thought Bracken, Thorne must have come to St. Croix to make money. Making money was the only motive Bracken admitted.

Therefore De Marsay and Thorne must have in being some scheme for money-making from which he, Bracken, was excluded. This was especially irritating in view of Bracken's regency. It was in some sort a denial of his right to rule when Thorne refused to substitute him for De Marsay. Besides which, Bracken had his own reasons for objecting to the nosing about of a stranger.

Not that John Thorne actually nosed about, but Bracken translated every movement as nosing. He looked upon Thorne's daily calls at the château as intended deliberately to irritate him. Perhaps they were. When, on the day following Yvonne's arrival, John deviated from his routine of calling in the morning to present himself in the afternoon, and to ask, not for André de Marsay, but for his granddaughter, Bracken, in the phraseology of the village, threw a cat fit.

The young man presented himself at the door at three o'clock. He wore in his buttonhole a flower picked from the bed in front of the public school, and his manner was that of a man whose mind is dressed up for society. He rang the bell and the Indian, Jean, answered it with wooden stolidity. John offered his card.

"Carry this to your mistress," he said in the language the Indian understood. "Tell her it will give me pleasure to pay my respects."

Jean stared at the card and declined to move. He had received no orders covering the situation.

"You will take that card to Miss de Marsay—at once," said John, not increasing his voice, but putting into it the tone of a man accustomed to exacting obedience.

Jean hesitated, then turned slowly and disappeared. Presently he came back and silently indicated that John was to enter. He was shown into the library, where Yvonne awaited him, standing. She was very lovely, but her manner was the one she used to receive book agents. John recognized it.

"I am not selling anything," he said gravely, "if you except myself. You can't be friends with somebody you've never seen—without an effort."

"What can I do for you?" she asked coldly.

"First, you can give me news of your grandfather's condition, if you will. How is he today?"

"There is—no change," she said with some hesitation.

"I had hoped your return would work an improvement. The pleasure of seeing you. I came to St. Croix, at his suggestion, to discuss a matter of importance with him. But he has been unable to see me. Perhaps he mentioned me?"

"He did not," said Yvonne. "I know nothing of his business. Mr. Bracken——"

"——knows nothing of my business," said John, and smiled.

"If you will come to the point——" said Yvonne, making her impatience apparent.

"I am afraid there is no point. I have merely called upon the granddaughter of a gentleman with whom I am—acquainted." There was the slightest hesitation before the word "acquainted." "My call is purely social."

"I fear you have selected an unfortunate moment. Grandfather's illness——"

"If he had not been ill I should not have sent my card to you. I should have waited for him to present me."

"Are you sure he would have done so?"

"I am certain," he said simply.

She did not reply at once, but stood regarding him with an unfriendliness in which there was no trace of the indecision she experienced. He remained impassive under her scrutiny, wondering in his calm way if this cold, unapproachable girl were Yvonne's real self; if pride of birth, the feudal atmosphere in which she had been brought to flower, had quite spoiled her and turned her into a creature of absurd vanity. From her manner it would seem the blight of aristocracy had withered and dried her—had turned the flower to hard shiny wax. She was too lovely for that; her face showed promise of an animation that denied empty coldness. The get-rid-of-the-book-agent expression she turned upon him could not hide a certain piquancy of face which could spring only from a piquancy of mind. Thorne decided to reserve his decision, which was characteristic of him.

As for Yvonne, she wavered, which was not at all characteristic of her. The conditions surrounding her return to her home

Continued on Page 72

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We've processed a barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—on a safety razor blade!

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Now we offer you the world's fastest shave—a velvet shave in 78 seconds from lather to towel.

We talk in terms of time, because it takes a super-keen blade to give so fast a shave.

Put your watch before you and prove it to yourself.

Once over the face—that's all

With this new edge, you run over your face one time—*only*. A second is not needed.

And that's where you cut shaving time one-half. And spare your face, for dull-edged blades injure the skin.

Three men in four, past 35, skin specialists tell us, look ten years older than they are because of improper methods of shaving.

No scraping. No after-shave smart. No shaving lotions needed, this new way.

Sharpens itself

We recommend your using our famous strop for the same reason a barber strops his razor. It keeps up the keenness. It works as a part of each razor—there if you care to use it, or, if you choose, you can just insert new blades as you feel the need. Self-stropping is a patented Valet AutoStrop feature. It helps to give you the world's fastest shave every day.

Prove it—by the clock

Pick up a Valet AutoStrop Razor at your dealer's. Then give it a whirl tomorrow. Shave with your watch before you.

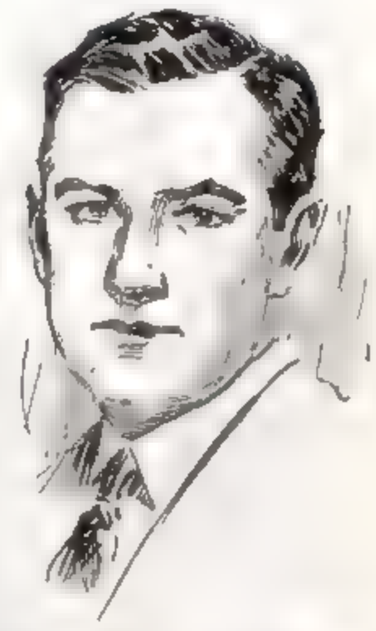
Note the time—78 seconds for a velvet shave! That's our proposition.

To you, it will prove a revelation.

$1 or $5

Valet AutoStrop comes in two styles, $1 and $5.

The four dollar difference, is in the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. The 78-second shave, you'll find in either one you choose. Gold-plated and sterling silver fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.



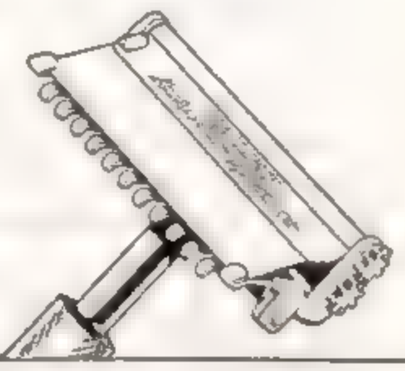
How Old Is This Man?

To Stay Young

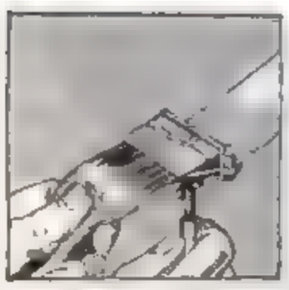
—the World's Fastest Shave

This is Why

Leading dermatologists tell us three men in four look years older than they are, because of improper methods of shaving. A dull razor is the chief offender. By pulling at the beard, it exercises the hair roots. Roughness and eruptions result. The lines of premature age closely follow. A quick shave is essential to protect the skin. And the only way to get one is with a super-keen blade. Ordinary sharpness won't do. (Note text at left.)



Where the time goes:



Stropping, 10 seconds

Right side of face, 32 seconds

Left side of face, 36 seconds

Mail This *If your dealer cannot supply you*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
660 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete

Name _____

Street and Address _____

City and State _____

Valet AutoStrop Razor

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A sure guide where even experts fail

In buying a raincoat you must remember this simple truth:

Few experts can tell a really waterproof coat from a clever makeshift before it's been through a drenching rain.

That's why you can't rely upon "feel," appearance, texture. That's why a small label with the name "Raynster" on it is the thing hundreds of thousands of men have learned to look for and to depend on as an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat quality.

Raynsters are made and backed by the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. Everything that money and skill can provide is used to give you real protection.

There are many different Raynster models, from rugged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, motoring, or business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the name Raynster! If your dealer hasn't just the type you want, he can get it in no time from our nearest branch.

United States Rubber Company

NEW YORK

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

Continued from Page 69

bewildered her; she felt as if she breathed into her lungs air weighted with stealthiness. She was oppressed by the atmosphere of the house. It was not home. The rooms seemed not the same; the sun declined to pour through the windows with its old ardent brightness. It was almost as if the house had become damp and musty. The odor of some unpleasant secret was in her nostrils. She was not herself; knew she was behaving unlike herself.

The only persons who are unduly cautious of their associates are those who feel their social position is assailable. Yvonne never gave a thought to her place in the little world of St. Croix. She was Yvonne de Marsay, granddaughter of André de Marsay. To be what she was was second nature to her, and she possessed the affability that enables queens to hobnob with jockeys without losing caste. She knew every man and woman in St. Croix by their first names, and was as much at home chatting with Pop Peake or Colonel Tip, or riding on the seat with Peddy, the stage driver, as she would be in the most aristocratic company the locality afforded. It was not that sort of thing at all which caused her to behave as she did. The truth of the matter is she was lonesome and frightened.

"If your business is with my grandfather," she asked, "why do you call on me?"

Thorne turned that over in his mind; Yvonne could see him doing it. He looked at it front and back and bottom and top and did not reply until he had quite finished with it.

"Because," he said gravely, "I was curious about you."

Yvonne was not offended, but chose to pretend to be so. A much less acute person than herself could see with half an eye that Thorne intended no impertinence, but had uttered with surprising simplicity the actual truth.

"If your curiosity is satisfied," she said, "I must ask you to excuse me."

She was uncomfortable under his eyes; as for Thorne, he seemed not at all nonplused by her abrupt dismissal—only a trifle more grave and self-possessed. Irritation against him commenced to gather within her as she waited for him to take his leave.

"I do not believe," he said after an instant, "that Andrée de Chausson would have turned away, as you are doing, a stranger who came to offer his friendship."

She could not believe her ears. The name of Andrée de Chausson, her patron saint, her sublime heroine of romance, on the lips of this young man whom she had never before seen or heard of! The story of Gaston de Marsay and the Lady Andrée was one never alluded to outside the family. It was sacred, appertaining to the De Marsays alone, not to be defiled by the vulgar tongue. Yvonne was astonished. She was curious.

"What do you know of Andrée de Chausson?" she demanded imperiously.

"She was a beautiful lady," he said. "A sweet and gracious lady. I am sorry she did not marry your ancestor."

"And why, if you please?"

"Because," he said, "if there is anything in heredity, something of her courtesy and kindliness and graciousness must have been given to her descendants."

Now it almost passes belief, but this blunt rebuke did not anger Yvonne. She was surprised at it herself when she came to review the conversation. Somehow it did not seem to be spoken as a rebuke, nor unkindly. It was as if he spoke honestly the thing in his mind—and regretfully. There was something impersonal about it. He offered it as a fact worthy of mentioning.

"Did my grandfather tell you that story?" she asked.

"No," he said; and then: "My coming was a mistake. I am sorry to have annoyed you."

She stamped her foot. That was the true Yvonne, impulsive, natural, not weighted with trivial inhibitions. Thorne had surprised her into naturalness. He exasperated her, lifting her curiosity to fever heat, and then to go calmly away! She was about to demand an explanation when he spoke again.

"May I ask," he said, "if you found everything as you expected when you came home?"

"I found nothing as I expected," she said.

She spoke before she thought, and regretted it. What right had he to ask such a question?

Thorne nodded as if she confirmed his belief. "Have you seen your grandfather?" he asked.

"Have I seen my grandfather? What do you mean?"

"Exactly that. Have you seen him?"

"No," she said, and again he nodded to himself.

"I am living at the hotel," he said. "I find it very pleasant." He bowed and moved toward the door, where he paused to utter a final apology. "I am sorry to have intruded," he said.

Yvonne did not want him to go. She wanted to ask him questions—what he meant by his questions. Never had she encountered so exasperating a man, a man so efficient to stir one's curiosity, and so unsatisfactory to satisfy it. But she did not call him back. She let him go. A moment later she heard the door close after him.

She walked to the archway leading into the hall, and there came face to face with the Chinese house man. Suddenly she was suspicious.

"Ken," she said, "were you listening?"

He smiled ingratiatingly. "No, missee. No look. No listen. All time mind him business like hell. Go ketchum tea?"

"No tea, Ken."

"Cabbage Face listen, mebby. No spikum Englis'. You want somet'ing?"

"Nothing."

"Um. You wantum somet'ing, you speak it to Ken."

Again he smiled his gentle ingratiating smile and slapped down the hallway in his heel-less slippers.

Yvonne stood peering after him. Had he been listening? It appeared so. Why had he been listening? Was it merely the curiosity of a servant, or had he been set to watch and listen?

She mounted the stairs to her room and closed the door. Then she did a thing which she had not intended to do, and which surprised her and agitated her when she found she had accomplished it. She locked her door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

View on Appian Way, Chimney Rock, North Carolina

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with a restful rug of Klearflax

AT THAT fine old inn, The Beekman Arms, Rhinebeck, N. Y., an air of calm serenity and restfulness persuades the motorist to linger.

In the bedrooms, as elsewhere, the effect is achieved by a decorative scheme of inviting simplicity.

On the floors are rugs of Klearflax. Housekeepers as well as hotel men will appreciate Mr. Foster's reasons for selecting them. He says: "Naturally I used great care in selecting the furnishings, which necessarily had to be attractive as well as serviceable to stand hard usage. Klearflax linen rugs have fulfilled these requirements admirably. The beauty and restfulness of their one-tone colors adapt them to any color scheme. Their excellent quality and the fact that they are reversible render them very durable. The maids say, 'They are a joy to keep clean'."

The present remarkable popularity of Klearflax as a floor covering for any room in homes, hotels, fine offices and public buildings is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is made entirely of linen —that fabric most cherished for its beauty and durability.

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The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

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Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

OCEAN MAGIC

(Continued from Page 11)

at hand, beyond a vast curtain of canvas which was the forecourse, a sound as of a cow in labor flung back in answer to the rest the warning that the ship Combermere was on the starboard tack.

The light grew stronger as the sun gained power, and the ship took on fresh colors. Where had been a vile, black, disheveled monstrosity of harbor rubbish and coal dust, there emerged a fair fabric of steel, wood and canvas that glittered and shone under the cleansing touch of the sparkling sea. Decks became white, paint lost its grime; white was white, and black no more than black. And the fog dispersed, the soft breeze gained strength, the sun was warm and balmy. Towhead was scarcely conscious of the change, except that as the ship moved more freely through the curling seas, and the uncouth noises gradually ceased, his own personal discomforts seemed to melt away.

At seven bells, forenoon watch, Towhead went along to try to outfit himself from the slop chest, if the ship carried one. The two ordinary seamen in the watch would have made him forecastle Peggy—made him fetch and carry for the rest, because of his greenness—but Spud Murphy said no.

"Is ut an A.B. ye'd have wait on ye?" he demanded.

"That a Hay Bee?" the ordinary seamen wanted to know, derisively. "If 'e's a Hay Bee, then we O. S.'s is hadmirals! Let 'im bring along the grub. I'm goin' to see the Old Man about it," was the final word of one of them.

"Ye'll see Spud Murphy about it, me lad. Whin I tell ye to carry along the kids, carry 'em ye will. Towhead himself is seein' the Oult Man. Aft wid ye, Towhead, and spake to these half rations av men when ye come for'ard."

Towhead gained two enemies in the establishment of his status. What he gained or lost in interviewing the captain about clothes was less easily estimated at the time. The utter ignorance he displayed in going straight down to the saloon, looking about until he saw the captain's cabin, and proceeding there direct as if to a clothing shop at home, marked him to the flabbergasted steward as a very green greenhorn indeed.

But if a busy, stupefied steward, startled out of his work of laying the saloon table, was unable to prevent his laying hands on the handle of the captain's door, a sore-headed, just-awakened chief mate was more alert.

A powerful hand gripped Towhead's arm and swung him around, a voice never dulcet, but full of feeling now, rasped in his ear: "Out o' this! Stand by at eight bells, and I'll teach you to bust into the——"

The captain's door suddenly opened, and Captain Wandless, fat, squat, loose-featured and unhealthy-looking, interrupted in a voice that fitted him:

"Mr. Jones, I can do all the hollering here. Get about your duty. I expect smart reliefs in my ship. What d'ye want, my lad?"

The mate turned away, silently cursing; Towhead seized upon the peg of a kindly word. He gabbled over every happening and mishap from the water-barrel incident to the moment the skipper's door had opened.

"Yes, yes," the captain put in testily, "but what d'ye want?"

What Spud Murphy forgot in coaching Towhead, other kindly disposed sailors had supplied.

"Please, mister, I want a waterproof coat and pants and a hat and injy-rubber boots and overalls and matches and 'bacca and a bed and a blanket and six bottles of beer," Towhead rattled off.

The skipper's slack mouth sagged and his puffy eyes glared; then something like a smile creased the flabby face.

"You're a real farmer, no mistake," he said slowly.

"Yes, mister, born on a farm," said Towhead innocently.

"Then it's true about the way you came aboard?"

"Course it is! What'd I tell ye a lie for?"

"I don't think you would, sonny." Captain Wandless regarded his queer seaman curiously for a moment, then told him: "I can't put ye back ashore, so you'll forget you ever saw a farm, and try to be a sailor. The things you want you can get from the steward at two bells, and you tell the man who sent you aft for bottles o' beer to lay along here and see me."

When his interview was reported in the forecastle the seaman who had mentioned beer started to howl with rough merriment, only to choke it off and stare doubtfully at the green messenger.

"Did y' tell th' Old Man I sent y'?" he demanded.

"Why, no; I didn't know whether that mattered, 'cos I meant to stand treat," replied Towhead. "You can tell him yourself when you go aft, can't you?"

Even Spud Murphy glanced suspiciously at the amazingly verdant farmer. He decided that, whether the greenness was real or assumed, Towhead had established one very useful fact: There was little love lost between the Old Man and the new Bluenose mate, and that might prove a handy bit of information.

"Well, me boy," said Spud, "'tis little matter about the beer, and ye'll forget it whin ye go aft again for y'r dunnage. Ye need bed and blanket, and oilskins and dungarees, and boots and socks, but divil a ship I ever see had beds f'r sailormen. If ye forgot y'r donkey's brekfust, ye slep' on the boords av yer bunk, and thot's what ye'll do here, I'm thinkin'."

Later in the afternoon the two ordinary seamen in the watch remained awake out of sheer discontent, waiting for Towhead to come forward with his purchases so that they could go while the captain was on deck and lay their complaint about the respective ratings of themselves and the green Towhead. Their subdued grumbling kept Murphy awake, and after he had promised them a head apiece if they didn't let him sleep he got out of his bunk to make good his promise, and was stopped by the sight that met his astonished gaze over the shoulders of his intended victims.

On the top step of the weather-poop ladder stood Towhead laden like a commissariat mule with a varied assortment of clothing and blankets. On the poop, scarcely topping Towhead's greater height even though he stood one step higher, the skipper held him in intent conversation. So interested was the skipper that his unwholesome fat face seemed positively alight; so intent was Towhead that even his broad back seemed glad. His burden he knew not the existence of, to all appearances.

"Mither!" gasped Spud. "Will ye see thot?"

"Been mykin' hisself solid wiv the Old Man, 'e 'as! Wyte till 'e gits for'ad. Bli'me!" decided the more outspoken ordinary seaman ferociously.

Towhead was jubilant on his return.

"Wanted to know all about the farm, he did," he confided to Spud Murphy.

The threatened accounting to the pair of disgruntled ordinary seamen was postponed in face of Spud's interest.

They turned to their own affairs, waiting their time, muttering under their breath.

Nothing disturbed Towhead's new-found tranquillity. He had found a friend at court; a man who called him no hard names for his ignorance of sea matters, but who questioned him about calves and cows, hay and oats, and hung on his answers as if nothing else in the world mattered.

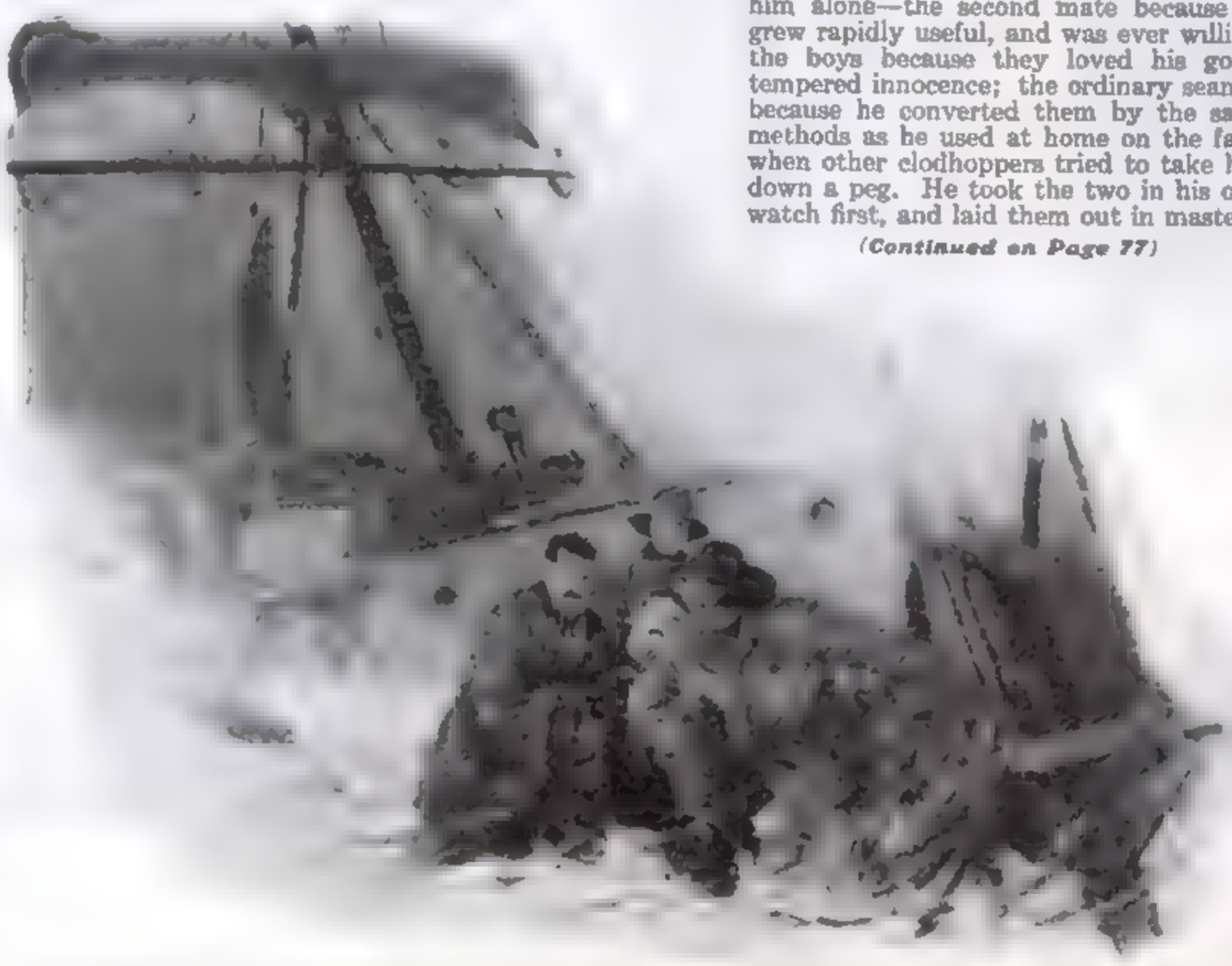
IV

IN THE mate's watch Towhead was thrown in the way of the mate very often, but he picked up the rudiments of his work quickly enough to keep him out of trouble. He was the butt of many a sea joke, as all greenhorns must be. The apprentices of the half deck fell upon him with glee for a new specimen. They sent him to the hyena-hearted German carpenter for a whip to spin the foretop with. He reached the forecastle two leaps ahead of a frothing madman armed with an adz. They waited a while and sent him to the mate for the garters for the catharpin legs, and earned for him a watch below of slushing down the main royal mast and topgallant mast. With all these experiences he went, as directed, to ask the captain himself for the feed for the donkey, which was a perilous errand in view of the fact that the owners of the Combermere had installed a donkey engine in the ship, thereby earning the privilege of dispensing with two able seamen, but had never been known to provide fuel for the boiler.

His tormentors waited in vain for his crestfallen return. Snug in the lee of the chart house Captain Wandless and his green sailorman discoursed animatedly about concerns far removed from salt water and donkey engines. So things progressed, until at last the ship's company began to realize that their butt was no goat; that Towhead was solid with the unhealthy-looking skipper through sheer ability to talk intelligently about that Mecca of many a shipmaster, the farm.

Even though the mate never relinquished hope of one day squaring accounts for that little incident in the saloon, the rest left him alone—the second mate because he grew rapidly useful, and was ever willing; the boys because they loved his good-tempered innocence; the ordinary seamen because he converted them by the same methods as he used at home on the farm when other clodhoppers tried to take him down a peg. He took the two in his own watch first, and laid them out in masterly

(Continued on Page 77)



Towhead Helped, and His Rustic Soul Groped in Darkness at the First Stark Tragedy It Had Known

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(Continued from Page 75)

style by wrastlin' 'em, as he termed it. Then he sought out the pair in the starboard watch, at Murphy's suggestion, and asked them politely whether he were an able seaman or not. They had seen his methods. They agreed that he was.

"Me son, ye've paid yer footin'," Spud told him then. "Now take the advice av an ould fool, an' kape clear av the Ould Man. 'Tisn't hilthy f'r a felly as gits to be the Blue-Eyed Boy aboord a win'bag."

Towhead didn't understand that. He said so, but let it go as simply another whimsy of the good-humored fanciful Irishman. It didn't prevent him taking the occasional bunch of raisins from the cabin at the hands of the skipper himself; nor did it prevent Spud sharing them, swearing horribly, yet munching them with relish.

Twenty days to the Line. The Combermere showed every promise of a smart passage. She carried a breeze clear through the Doldrums from Northeast Trade to Southeast Trade. Towhead knew nothing of the weary, heart-breaking pulley-hauling of weeks of calms and faint airs, when scorching decks defied bare feet and braces were never long enough belayed for the coils to settle down. He was supremely lucky in that.

But continued good fortune worked upon the officers in different ways. Captain Wandless emerged as a capable seaman in the prospect of a good passage. He lost much of his unhealthy color. He joked with his astonished mates.

The young second mate condescended to smoke a pipe in the half deck with the apprentices. The mate felt his feet and sought an outlet for his enthusiasm. He fastened on Towhead.

"Get a tar pot and ride down the royal stays fr'm fore to mizzen, and look out if y' drop any on deck!"

That was a tall order for the lad, who, though he had laboriously learned the trick of getting aloft to handle sail in company of his mates, and had known what climbing an apple tree meant on the farm, had yet to acquire that monkeylike tenacity and agility needed to slide successfully down a small rope, perilously slanting and at dizzy height, tarring the stay with one hand as he descended.

"'Tis wor-rkin' ye up, old son, that's what he is," Murphy told him.

The sailor told him other things, out of the vastness of his own sea knowledge, tending to make his job as easy as possible, but the job required more than a first lesson. Before the fore royal stay was finished the sails from royal to forecourse, from foretopmast staysail to flying jib, were copiously bespattered with tar drops. The mate wore a smile as brilliant as that of a shark at sight of a fat sailor hanging to an unreeving rope by two fingers at the lee yardarm.

"'Tis a dom shame!" muttered Spud during the second dogwatch. Both watches except helmsman and lookout and Towhead forgathered on the hatch for yarns and melody. Towhead swung in a bowline tied in a fore-royal buntline, wearily rubbing at tar spots on the sail with a wad of slushy waste; wearily, hopelessly, rebelliously.

"Th' Bluenose cowson!" growled Spud.

"Give us a song, Spud," roared the gang. A concertina yawped out the clanging opening of A-Roving. "Give us I'll Go No More A-Rovin'."

"T' hill wid ye!" responded Spud, gazing gloomily at Towhead, swinging aloft in the gathering darkness.

"Give us Abel Brown, th' Sailor."

"Lave me be, or it's a head I'll be puttin' an ye!"

Spud moved away from the hatch, his cutty pipe erupting sparks, his eyes glowing with unwonted anger. The concertina yowled and squealed; a more willing songster struck up a salty stave as ancient and as evergreen as the sea itself:

"There once was a man, he was boasting on the quay,
'Oh, I have a ship and a gallant ship is she;
Of all the ships there be she is far the best for me,
And she's sailing in the Lowlands low.'
Lowlands, Lowlands, she's sailing in the Lowlands low."

Up to Towhead, swinging in dire discomfort aloft, pealed the sorrowful adventures of the little cabin boy who, for love of the captain's daughter, and her father's promise of her hand, boldly swam the seas with an auger and sank the Spanish pirate, only to be scorned by the father on his return, and cruelly refused admission back into his ship, so that he drowned, and the quaint sweet tunefulness of the music could not ward off the shiver from his impressionable soul when the doleful last verse went up:

"Oh, we took him up and on the deck he died,
We lifted him so tenderly and sewed him in a hide;
The skipper said a prayer for him and dropped him in the tide,
And he's sailing in the Lowlands low.
Lowlands, Lowlands, he's sailing in the Lowlands low."

"If 'twas the Bluenose mate, now, I'd believe ye!" said Spud Murphy, passing by the singer and standing against the fore rigging. He peered aft, then aloft; while a fresh minstrel howled blusterously to the wintry breezes to "clear away th' mornin' dew, an' blow, my bully boys, blow!"

Spud swarmed aloft like a swift shadow and brought down the numbed and half-stupid Towhead, heaving the slushpot overboard from the royal yard. The splash could be heard even above the roar of the chorus.

"Aloft there!" The mate's voice hailed harshly.

"Kape yer trap shut!" Spud warned Towhead, and hurried him down.

"Aloft there!"

No response. The music stopped.

"For'ard there! Lay aft the watch!"

Grumbling in their throats the port watch trooped to the break of the poop and stood peering up sullenly at the mate.

"What was that went overboard?" he demanded. No one answered. The only man who really knew was Spud, and he was in no mood for confessions.

"Why didn't that Towhead son of a sow answer my hail? Where is he? He's come down and you're hiding him. Shove him along 'fore I come down and boot him out."

"Aw, go t' hell, y' Bluenose stiff!"

"Who said that?" snarled the mate, gripping the handrails but not coming down a step.

Somebody laughed.

Somebody growled in retort: "The man thot struck O'Hara!"

Grinding teeth could be heard in the blackness at the ladder head.

The mate chattered: "I'll find that man in daylight, and he'll smell hell! Get for'ard, mutinous swine!"

The men trooped back to their sing-song and the song that drowned the concertina's best efforts a moment later was the song specifically composed for the maddening of bad-tempered mates:

"Oh, 'e wos a bleedin' 'ard case;
'E used to skoff sailors fer dinner;
'E come from a 'ell ov a place,
A wicked, bad-tempered ole sinner!"

With the haunting refrain, at the end of every one of the forty-odd verses:

"Ho, 'e wos a sinful ole man."

v

OFF Martin Vas the fine weather broke up. The mate had never discovered the rebel. When a screaming squall left the ship denuded of all light sails—flying jib, gaff-topsail and royals—and the watch were standing by topgallant halyards as night fell black and threatening, there was no time to waste on personal quarrels. The mate dropped everything except his seamanship. That was real. It was splendid. It was needed; for with the onslaught of hard weather squarely in his teeth the skipper's brighter moods fled with the prospect of a fast passage.

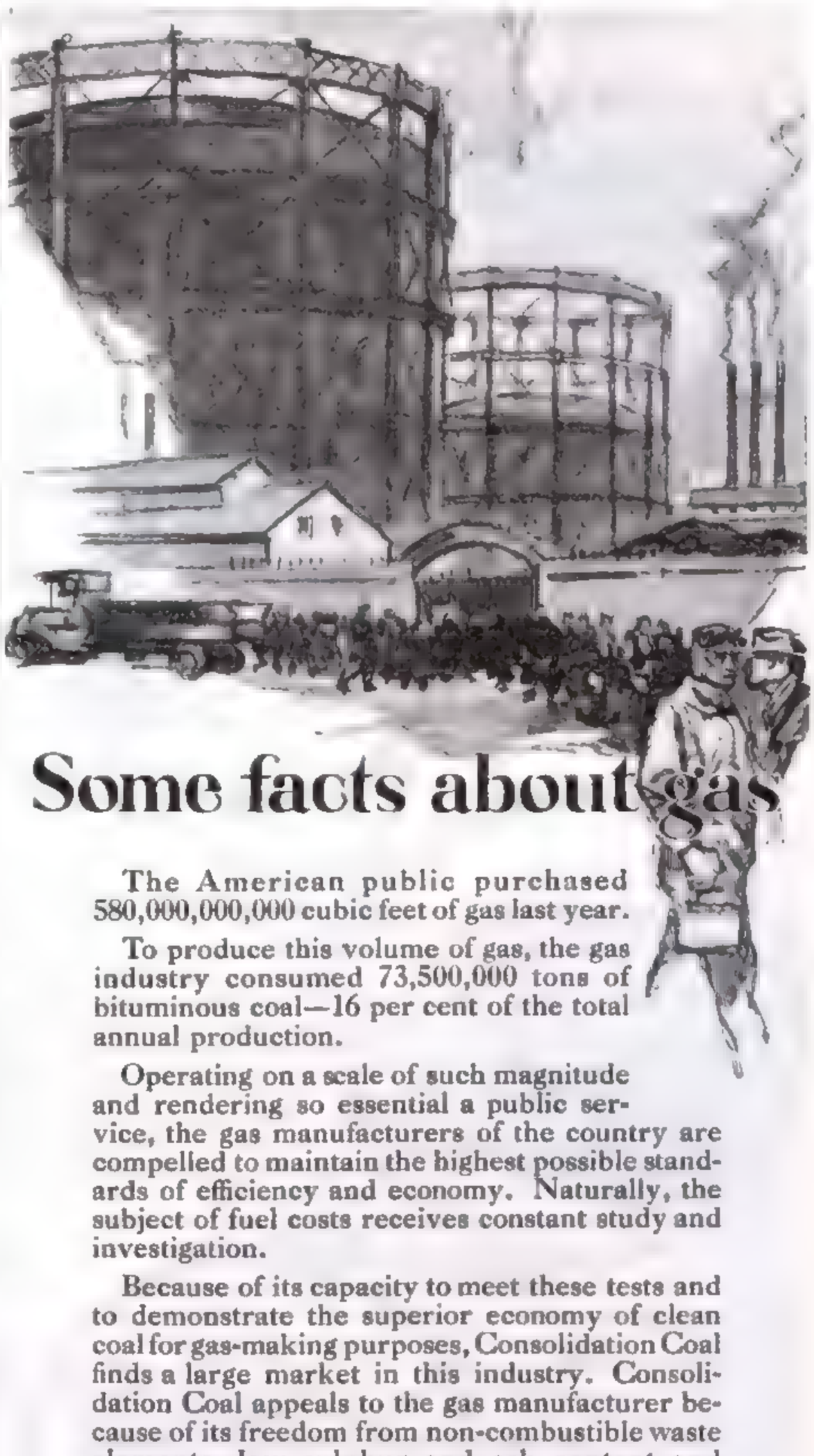
The order came at midnight to take the topgallants off her while both watches were on deck. Towhead was bewildered. Everything was invisible except the hissing sea crests that lopped over the rail in mighty masses of irresistible venom. Then the wind abruptly ceased, while the cursing seamen fought with the kicking demons of the mainsail, being hauled up to furl.

"Hold on all wi' the mains'l!" bellowed the mate, surprised into believing the gale over.

In the sudden lull the big ship wallowed heavily, her dragging cargo settled into a leaden pack, making her roll with sickening heaves. Then the rain fell. The drops fell slowly, dully, like lumps of warm fat—whop, whop, whop!

The skipper emerged on deck, clad in his pajamas.

"What's the matter?" he bleated. "Wind's dropped, hasn't it? Better set ——"



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STATE MUTUAL BLDG.,	*Boston, Mass.*	FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Roanoke, Va.*
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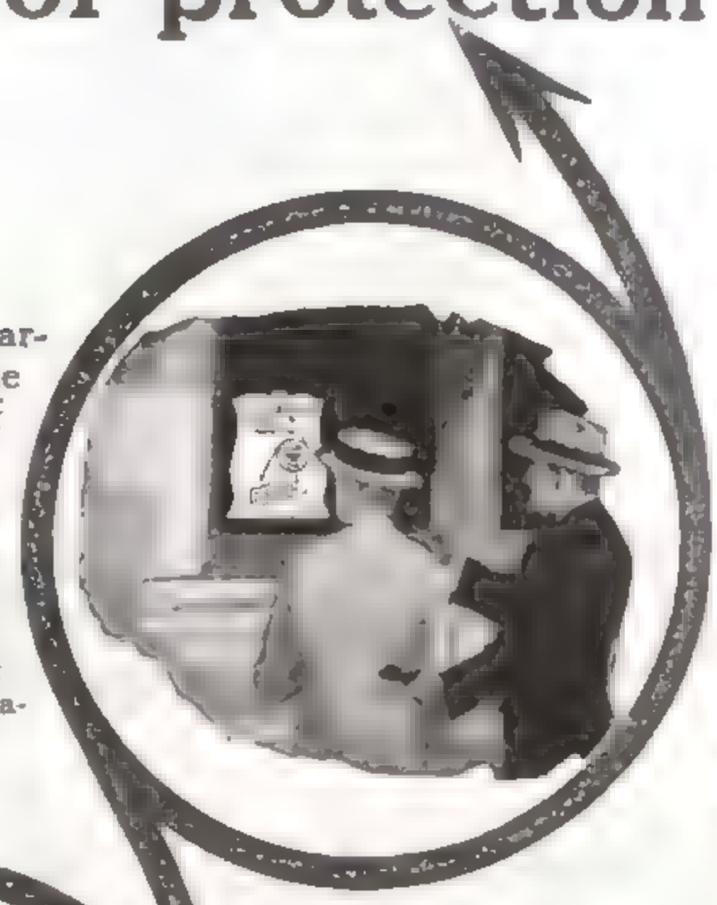

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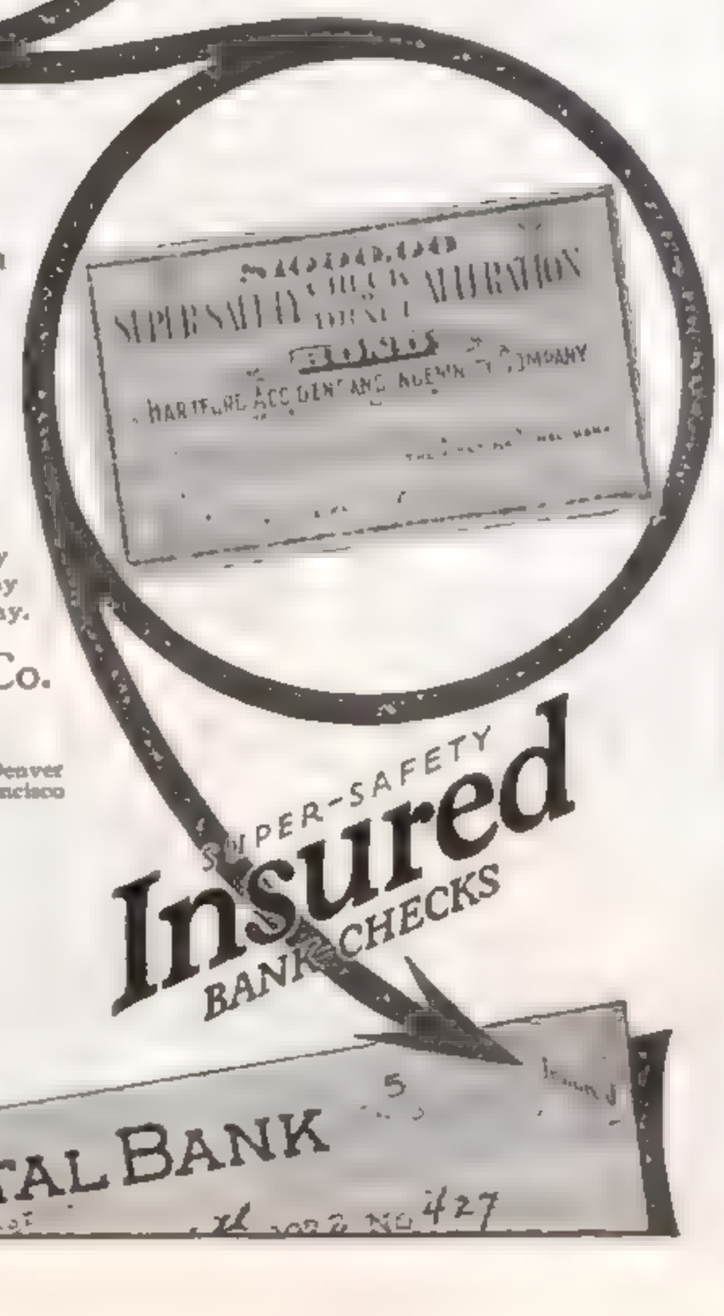

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HARTFORD

There was a keen seaman's sense underlying the veneer of his outer man. He sniffed at the air, raised his fat face to the warm rain, and leaped into life.

"Haul up the fores'l!" he roared. "Get the three upper topsails off her. Make fast the mains'l, and reef the fores'l and set it again! Jump, for the love of Moses!"

The mate turned to stare at him, his mouth open to bark insubordinate protest. Captain Wandless waddled to the wheel, shoved the helmsman away with a curt command to get along and lend a hand, and cursed the mate with an unsuspected bitterness that forced obedience. That almost invisible figure, visible only in the faint glow of a slush-fed binnacle lamp, in its flapping, already saturated pajamas, might look queer, but the voice that came from it sounded like the voice of a man.

And before the thrashing clews of the forecourse were snug at the quarter blocks the terrific impact of a black squall had vindicated the skipper's judgment.

Four hours later the dog-weary watches turned up the gear, and the ship charged along before the gale under three lower topsails, reefed foresail and foretopmast staysail. Then the soaked skipper relinquished the wheel with a short queer laugh. The sailor who took it was Spud Murphy, and a better helmsman never ate salt horse. But he needed a lee helmsman before he could bring and keep the heavily rolling ship to her course.

Every roll brought untold tons of brine crashing over the bulwarks. The overtaxed scupper ports groaned and clanged. Two on the starboard side in the waist had long ago lost their covers. The sheep pen on the main hatch went away to leeward on the first impact of the storm, taking one sheep and leaving the other to bleat dolorously until rescued and imprisoned by the [illegible].

"Tell the steward to give the men a tot o' rum, Mr. Jones," said the skipper as he turned to go below. "And tell the Doctor to kill that sheep. I bought the beasts for the cabin, not for the sharks. If I had picked a sailorman for a mate I'd not have lost the other. See that yer boats are made fast better than that sheep pen was."

It was a cruelly unjust sneer. No man could have prevented that sheep pen's destruction. The mate had to find a scapegoat. He passed the word to the steward, saw that unwilling minister ladling out strong rum with the help of the cook, then darted forward between seas and lit upon the German carpenter with all the weight of a vitriolic tongue.

"It's a wooden-headed squarehead y' are!" he yelled, shaking his fist in Chips' scowling astonished face. "What are ye good for anyhow? Did ye fasten them gripes o' the sheep pen with iron links or links o' German sossidge?"

Chips was on his feet, swaying to the terrific lurches of the ship. His hang-browed eyes glared redly, froth hung at his chattering lips, but no sound escaped from his mouth except a bestial snarl of fury. The mate stepped back, staring uneasily at the brute he had aroused, but long force of habit prevented him quite backing down before any man but the skipper. He leaned forward with a scowl as black as Chips'.

"Don't you froth at me that way! Get along to the boat skids and see to the fasts. I won't stand for no calldown from the Old Man on account of no squarehead wood spoiler."

He dodged aft between seas without waiting for Chips' retort. As soon as the mate had left, the boatswain reached the little cabin he shared with Chips, bearing the jealously guarded tin pannikin holding Chips' rum and his own. To his hearty "'Ere's luck, Chippy," Chips growled a mouthful of Hamburger profanity, and the chuckling boatswain turned in and fell asleep to the muttered chorus of more of the same sort in which he dimly heard the name of the Bluenose mate frequently mistranslated.

Chips saw to the boats as soon as he had swallowed the last drop of rum.

On the poop the mate staggered to and from the ladder, keeping an anxious eye to the steering, watching the ship with sailorly care. He grinned happily when a dollop of sea reared out of the black night, leaned over the tall bulwarks, and dropped upon Chips as he clambered off the gallows with his maul after securing the boats. The Teutonic blasphemy that gurgled up through the seething water in the scuppers was balm of Gilead to his harassed soul.

Another of Mr. Jones' pet aversions suffered from the same sea, completing his triumph. Inside the galley a cursing cook struggled with a sturdy sheep. The bricks of the floor were slimy with spilled grease afloat on salt water. The sheep would be a nuisance until dead; the Doctor was bent on killing it before he returned to his neglected bunk. And the Doctor had fallen heir to a goodly jorum of rum by reason of his own shaking hand in dealing out the tots to the men. It was a good old sea doctor's trick; the cook was full of spirit as he wrestled with the sheep, knife in hand.

But the sea that swamped Chips burst the fastenings of the galley door. Mr. Jones' elation arose from the sight, clearly to be seen in the bright beam of light from the galley lamp, of the cook, the sheep and the carpenter, all struggling together in the waist-deep water; the men cursing each other and choking each other off while the sheep bleated his own opinion of things.

"Get up, there!" roared the mate. "Get a move on and make fast the galley door!"

The cook, spluttering alcoholically, rushed the sheep back inside, and Chips battened and wedged tight the door, cursing the mate tearfully.

There remained the other door for cook's use, since the ship was running before the wind and there was no lee or weather side. The mate hung to the canvas dodger, chuckling with elation. Another sweeping sea roared up under the stern, lifted itself along the full length of the ship from poop to forecastle, and crashed aboard as Chips slammed his own door shut.

The spray itself had force enough to rob the mate of breath. He recovered it in time to see yet another snowy crest upreared, and to realize that the laboring ship had got out of the helmsman's hand for the moment.

"Keep her away! Bear away, y' bloody sodger!" he bellowed furiously, shaking a fist at the wheel. "Off with her! D'ye want to roll her over?"

"Thry her yerself!" roared Spud Murphy in exasperation.

The mate plunged towards him, seized the spokes, and told him: "Get t' hell out o' here and send me a sailor! Go on, get!"

The ordinary seaman at the lee side of the wheel grinned. It was the deadly affront to a sailor. Murphy was sent from the wheel—Murphy, the forecastle cock; Murphy who had first protected Towhead and prevented real seamen taking him down to his proper level.

Spud glared hard at the mate, leaning forward until his face showed pale and excited in the light of the binnacle. Then he passed forward without a word, scarcely noticing the breaking sea about to thunder aboard. He heard the sibilant hiss of the cresting foam, and instinctively leaped into the main rigging. The next instant the decks groaned under the smashing cataract; the poop ladder went over the side like a chip; the gallows stanchions bent, but stood; the port lifeboat collapsed and hung in two bundles of useless staves from the davit tackles.

As if he had never left the deck Captain Wandless appeared.

"Call all hands!" he shouted. "I'll heave her to."

They got the foresail off her somehow, then the fore and mizzen topsails. It took them hours, and the seas swept the laden ship while they sweat. Spud Murphy labored as a good sailorman must, forgetting his grievance; he toiled alongside the mate, the man who had humiliated him before an ordinary seaman. When the mate cursed him impartially with the rest he accepted it as his due, fighting the fury of the storm there in the weltering waist of the staggering, brine-streaming ship.

Chips labored and cursed with them. On the poop the grotesque figure of the skipper might be seen at moments when a lightning flash ripped the womb of a forbidding cloud. He strove alongside the ordinary seaman, keeping the helm, watching his hard-pressed ship. Then the main lower topsail braces were belayed, he watched for a long smooth between seas, and hove down his helm, shouting the warning: "Hang on, all, for your lives!"

At the unbroken galley door the mate caught Chips by the arm, and shoved Spud Murphy towards the main fife rail for safety. Spud shoved back lustily. Chips swore. But all staggered for a hold on some rope which would give them security when the ship was swept, as she must be when

(Continued on Page 81)

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Painting by HAROLD DeLAY

TO CHARLEMAGNE'S court from far-away Bagdad came an oriental water-clock.

King of the Franks and Roman Emperor, the mighty Charlemagne was ever mindful of the value of Time. For his empire was vast, his government personal; he must needs make moments count. Education, brushed aside in his youthful fighting days, became his burning ambition. While he ate he listened to history. While he dressed he gave audience to pleas for justice. Wakeful nights found him struggling to learn to write.

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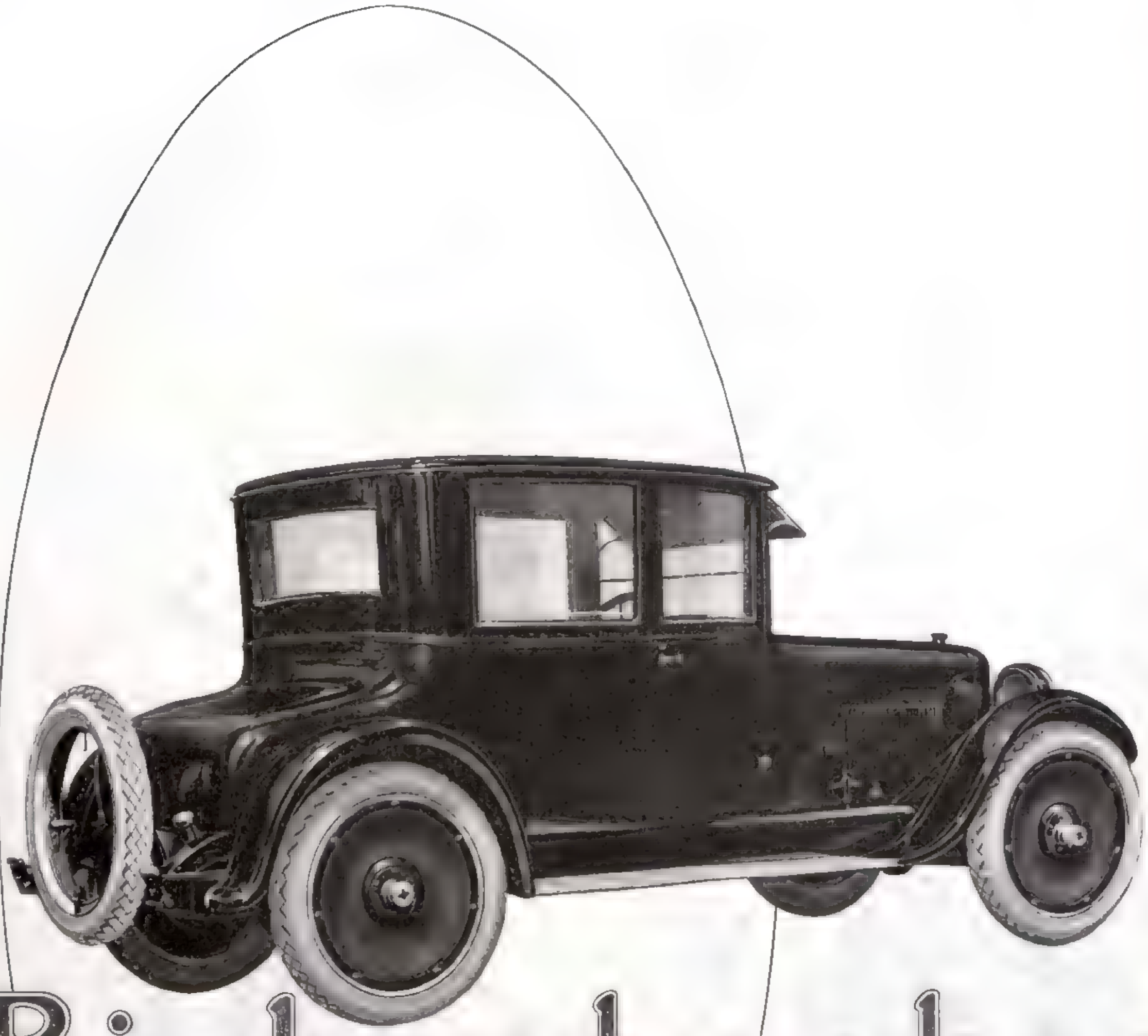

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DETROIT MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 78)

coming up to the sea. Then the galley door opened; the cook lurched out with drunken recklessness, lugging a bucket full of sheep entrails, leaving a stream of cooling blood on the wet decks. He bore his sticking knife between his teeth, and in the flash of lightning that came an instant before the great sea rolled down he looked a horrid picture of bestial savagery.

"Hold on, all, for your lives!" roared the skipper. Then the ship rolled over, over, over, until her lee rail was dipped a fathom deep. Her lofty spars stooped to the sea cresta. Her braced-up yards speared the sea. Down she went, until her decks were as steep as the walls of water that drove her down. The galley burst from its chain gripes and crashed through the bulwarks. A battered, half-drowned mass of men fought up out of the chaos of tangled ropes and galley wreck, and glared aft with gasps of interrupted breath.

Captain Wandless stood at the wheel like a fat flabby god of destiny, watching his ship slowly come up head to wind to the touch of the helm. And she lay secure, hove-to, and the men waited to hear the word which should send one watch below.

They waited, until a howl from the cook brought an oath from the nearest sailorman. Then they found the mate, a red heap in the waterways, with the cook's knife sticking upright in his breast.

"Deader'n mutton, sir," reported the second mate to the skipper.

"Deader'n a Bluenose herrin'!" roared the boatswain, laughing queerly.

VI

A ROARING sea dropped over the rail with a crash, and the men stooping to lift the dead man were scattered. The cook with his bucket of tripes capsized in the waterways; Chips followed and became mixed up with the mess. In ghoulish jest the backlash of the water picked up the corpse and hurled it limply against Chips as he rose, cursing and choking, and there it clung, like a ghastly lover, about the German's neck.

"Take him off! Take him away!" screamed Chips.

He fought the dead thing furiously until it dropped from him, then he ran, stumbling, falling, getting up and running on, until he slammed fast the door of his little berth behind him.

Captain Wandless stood at the poop rail waiting for the sea to clear from the streaming decks.

"Carry Mr. Jones to the chart room!" he ordered. He seemed to speak in his ordinary tones, yet his voice carried clear above the uproar of the laboring ship.

Towhead helped, and his rustic soul groped in darkness at the first stark tragedy it had known. He had killed pigs, and had carried the corpses. He stooped to pick up the dead mate as he might have done with a fat porker. But there was some queer difference between a swine and this dead man. He only realized that he had hated this man more than he had ever hated a swine, without realizing much else. It needed the spur of the captain's words to prick his sensibilities to the point of understanding.

"Muster all hands on the poop," said Wandless. "This is no accident, Mr. Adams; it's murder!"

Murder! The word passed around in awed echoes. Men dumbly carried the body up the remaining poop ladder and laid it down on the chart-room settee. Nobody seemed to catch the full significance of the fact that murder had been done. Not a man of all the drenched and battered watch had wits enough to gather that where murder was done a murderer must of necessity be. Towhead stood with his hands hanging, apelike; he had lowered his end of the burden, and had no further impulse to move from the spot. Captain Wandless stood outside, watching the chaotic sea, waiting for the crew to muster. He looked less like a shipmaster than ever; his flabbiness was accentuated through the sheer pallor of his skin; at any other time he might have seemed ridiculous, with his saturated night clothes stuck about him like a wrinkled skin, revealing all the grotesqueries of paunch and bowed legs.

The men came up, one by one, as each found a chance to dodge the incoming seas.

"All here?" the skipper asked. He had to roar. The gale aroused every voice of the ship's fabric.

"All but Chips, sir," Mr. Adams shouted.

"Where is he? Bring him ——"

"Here he is!" bawled Murphy, shoving the slouching figure of the carpenter forward from the ladder.

"Men," cried the captain, "murder has been done. I want the murderer!"

"'Ere's one as can't ha' done it. I was at lee wheel!" shouted the ordinary seaman who had been there when Murphy was sent away. Now, the ship hove-to, he was capable of standing the trick alone. Somehow, even above the terrific racket of humming shrouds and crashing seas, his voice sounded jubilant.

"That'll do!" the skipper roared commandingly.

"But I knows a couple as had it in f'r Mr. Jones, sir!"

The helmsman was determined to be heard. Captain Wandless raised his hand, but in the darkening shadow of the chart house he could not be distinctly seen from the wheel.

The ordinary seaman yelled, "'E sent Spud Murphy fr'm the wheel, sir! I heard Spud swearin' somethink 'orrible. An' Towhead said plenty times wot 'e'd like to do wiv the mate, sir!"

Towhead stood stricken speechless with horror. Spud Murphy quivered with sudden fury and faced aft.

"Arh!" he snarled. "D'ye mean to say I done thot? Ye bleedin' sculpin! Let me ——"

Men stood between him and his sly accuser. The second mate pressed forward.

"That's him, cap'n," bellowed the drunken cook. He leaned forward, blearing into Spud's suffused face. "'Twas him busted into me when I lost me knife in the scuppers, and ——"

"Sure, dot's so!" blared Chips, grinning fiendishly. "All togedder we was. In der scuppers. Dot's right."

"Lemme get me hands ——"

Spud plunged at the circle of men like a maddened bull. Men fell from him like foam from the ship's bows; but the stolid figure of the captain was immovable; the second mate stepped in, and the two officers collared him.

"I heard him threaten Mr. Jones, sir, but thought it was just talk," said Mr. Adams, with reluctance.

"Put him in irons!" snapped the skipper. "I'll question him when the weather moderates."

Towhead pushed through the crowd and faced the captain.

"Spud never done that, mister!" he yelled angrily. "I tell yer he couldn't do it!"

"Did you, my son?" returned the skipper.

"You knows well enough I didn't!" howled Towhead, dancing.

"Then go forward. I shall discover the truth in good time. Go forward. You won't help Murphy this way."

Towhead went away muttering. He avoided the men when they gathered together to discuss the murder. He stood shivering in the deluging seas and never knowing that he shivered, until the helmsman was relieved. Then he stepped out from the shadow of the fore fife rail and met him.

Men who were on watch were snugged away in corners and lees, dodging the bitter wind and stinging spray until such times as they might be needed. Men off watch had scurried into their damp bunks. Nobody saw Towhead meet the ordinary seaman coming from the wheel. Nobody heard the soft thud-thud of battle above the bellowing of the storm. Only one man saw them creep into the forecastle—the ordinary seaman's crony, the other ordinary seaman of the watch. Towhead went to his bunk, careless of the dripping blood from a well-booted nose. He rolled into his wet blankets muttering, and slept as if his mutterings were the result of pleasant memories rather than otherwise. At the fore end of the forecastle the ordinary seaman who had turned in sat up as his mate stumbled past, and gripped him by the arm.

"Wot in 'ell y' been buttin' against?" he whispered hoarsely. "Lummee! Y're all chawed up like y' been dragged over the bloody windlass!"

"That bleedin' Towhead done it," retorted the battered one sulkily.

"Wot wiv? 'Is 'ands?"

"Yus. Anyfink more y' want to know, nosy?"

"Bli'me, no! Wot ——"

"Ho, I thought you'd like to ask Towhead y'self, p'r'aps."

The bruised warrior fumbled for a grimy handkerchief and sopped blood from a

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mouth that grinned horribly. None of his features appeared to be in their rightful places. His nose would never again look like a nose. His two eyes were set dimly in a single blotch of purple bruise. His oilskins hung from him in tatters. As he stumbled about, trying to see, forced to feel, dripping red drops broadcast as he staggered, his crony stared up at him with admiration fast routing amazement.

"Didn't make such a bad job of it, did he?" he grinned. The low-turned stinking flame of the slush lamp gave a poor light. He raised himself to turn it up, and asked, "Wot was it about, old socks?"

"Wot th' 'ell d'ye think? You heard wot I sung out to the Old Man, didn't yuh? Towhead jumped me for that."

The other young mariner flopped back into his bunk and rolled in a paroxysm of luxurious mirth.

When it had passed he choked out: "Lucky 'e didn't want to 'urt yuh, maty. You knows bloomin' well Spud never done that murder. Nor Towhead never done it neither. Ho, I bet Towhead didn't half wallop yuh!"

"Y' knows so much about it, who done it then?" the smeared one grumbled. He fixed his dimming eye upon his friend darkly.

"Never yuh mind, me lad. Never yuh mind. I knows. And in good time I'll say. For now, let 'em think Spud done it. I got tired o' his bullyin' anyhow; 'sides, Towhead'll have to sing small now his backer's in the bilboes. Keep yer yapper shut, me lad."

"Yuh got a fine idea o' singing small, blast me! Wot'd he do to me or you if he sung real loud then?"

VII

THE weather cleared, the winds blew and the ship rolled on down the great southern ocean. Every day brought a new condition of atmosphere, for the warm seas were astern; the chill and bluster of the Horn ahead. The ocean changed from blue to green, green to gray; the skies held more of smoke and less of azure; clouds that had been fleecy and fine in good weather, and oily and dense in bad, became dense and tufted, steely and solid.

Towhead learned the business of a sailor; Spud Murphy remained in the lazaret, ironed. Chips developed a disposition beside which a scorched wolf's behavior would have seemed peaceful. The boatswain became second mate, and carried himself pompously. Peters and Anderson, the two ordinary seamen in Towhead's watch, began by guying the old carpenter about his savagery; they ended by leaving him severely alone and avoiding all intercourse. The youngsters in the half deck, buoyant and mischievous, played harmless pranks on him out of sheer love of seeing him froth and rave. They left him alone, as much out of fear as by the captain's commands, after he had come within an inch of braining one of them with a flung top maul that splintered the half-deck door as it was slammed shut in his face.

And Captain Wandless appeared to grow obsessed with a determination to quit the sea and go farming. Every hour he could do so without interfering in the working of the ship according to the mates' methods, he spent in deep and deedy conversation with Towhead. Two things seemed certain to eventuate out of the Combermere's voyage, aside from the loss of her chief mate and the possible hanging of her finest seaman: The sea would gain a fine farmer, and the farm a perfectly good shipmaster. Wandless lived and thought in terms of the land instead of the sea. Towhead found himself centering his mind on catheads instead of cattle, on Flemish horses instead of his old beauties of the plow. But he never forgot his friend. Every time he found a chance he prosecuted his attack upon the skipper for the release of Spud Murphy.

"I knows he never done that killing, sir," he said for the hundredth time one dog-watch when the chill in the air was more noticeable than ever, when the seas rolled up, slaty and sullen. Captain Wandless was eagerly acquiring the knowledge necessary to the successful rearing of calves.

"Tell me who did and I may believe you," the skipper returned grimly. "You say it wasn't you, and from what the boatswain tells me, you and Murphy were the only two men ever heard to say you'd like to get even with Mr. Jones. Let Murphy alone. The police will attend to him. What was it you said you gave calves for colic?"

"Ought to have a stove an' some coal, then," Towhead muttered. "Gettin' mighty cold nights now, even wi' a blanket; an' Spud ain't got nawthin'."

"I asked you about colic in calves!" the skipper exploded, red in the face. "Take him one of his own blankets then. Then get to your work, my lad. When I desire information again I'll send for you. You talk too much!"

Jenkins, the oldest apprentice, seized the chance to break the monotony of sea days by sneaking down after Towhead when that thoughtful friend carried Spud Murphy blankets, pipe and tobacco.

"I pinched some onions for him too," he told Towhead in hasty answer to that worthy's half-uttered protest against his company. "Onions'll go fine after a diet of water and hardtack."

Onions did go fine. Spud's face showed how fine as he bit into a pungent, eye-stinging beauty. So did tobacco. So did the thought of warm sleeping induced by sight of the blankets. The corner of the lazaret cleared for a cell was bare and bleak; the only furniture consisted of the iron stanchion to which the irons were chained. It was the first time Towhead had been down there, and he stared unbelievingly. So did the apprentice, appalled.

"Holy mackerel! Have you been kept like this ever since you—ever since the mate was murdered?" the boy stammered. "It's a darned shame, and I'll tell the Old Man ——"

"Ye'll tell him nothing, me lad," Spud said kindly, his eyes still weeping over the onion. "'Twas none o' the Ould Man's fault. He ——"

"He needn't have put yuh in a cold, bare hole like this!" growled Towhead furiously.

"He didn't, me son. 'Twas thot bloody upstart av a boatswain. Whin they made him actin' sicond mate, afther promotin' dacint Misther Adams to mate, 'twas his job to secure me, the bloodthirsty murderer he miscalled me. He secured me, boys. He did thot!"

"And I'll bet he knows more about who killed the mate than you do, Spud!" the apprentice blurted out impulsively. Spud was a prime favorite among the lads of the half deck. Every boy would have gone bail for him to the value of body, brains and soul.

"Maybe, lad, maybe. If he don't, thin it's little he knaws, f'r divil the bit do I knaw av it. Let it rest. 'Twill come out in the ind, will th' thruth."

"It was the Doctor's knife, wasn't it?" Towhead hinted. He would have suggested the skipper himself as a possible culprit rather than believe Spud guilty.

"It was," returned Spud. "An' th' Doctor was drunk. But 'twas all thot crazy grub spoiler c'd do to kill a silly sheep, lave alone stickin' th' steel into the gizzard av a human mon."

Towhead regarded his friend morosely. The boy leaned up against the stanchion, idly fiddling with the chains as if he could conjure them away. One small porthole in the steel side of the storeroom winked at them all like a grimly humorous eye every time the ship leaned to the breeze and dipped the glass deep into the sea. Overhead the deck beams groaned to the side thrust of the mizzenmast; rats squeaked as they scurried back to their dark corners, surprised at the intrusion of free men where only a helpless captive had hitherto opposed their thefts of the pitiful crumbs of his food.

"The skipper's a fat old fool," Jenkins stated at last, dropping the chains helplessly. "I'm going to try my hand at a bit of Sherlock. Why, snow fell last watch! You'll be perished down here. The least the Old Man could do is to clap you into a decent prison. If he don't I'll ask my guv'nor to sue him for cruelty when I get home'"

"Ye're a good lad," laughed Spud shortly. "'Twill do me little good then, I'm thinkin'. Anyway, I'm obliged to ye, and to Towhead f'r all ye've done and all ye would do. Git along wid ye now, afore ye git into trouble on my account. Run, now, the pair av ye. I hear thot slimy stooard by the hatch."

Snow fell the next watch. It fell all night. The seas were a spiteful gray, long-rolling under a sky that held the threat of bitter weather. Weirdly the men sang at clewlines and buntlines, taking in royals and topgallant sails.

"Hay—hay—hay! Oh, ha! Hay—hay—hay! Up with it! Hay—hay!"

(Continued on Page 84)

What Game are you Going After

THERE are numbers of men in America who are both manufacturers and sportsmen. Tell one of them that there are 3000 *different* shotgun loads scattered around the country—and you are likely to get an amazed smile.

As a sportsman, he knows this country offers only about *twenty* different kinds of game to be *taken with shells.*

As a manufacturer, he sees a lot of shell-making going on that doesn't serve *anybody.*

REMINGTON is a name never associated with the policy of "let well enough alone."

There are few concerns that can duplicate Remington's 106 years of bringing out *new* things. Of improving the *old.* Of getting at the *personal human problem.*

With the inspiration of *common-sense,* Remington announced last May the new *Remington Game Loads.*

Specific loads for specific game, in *12, 16 and 20 gauge.*

Furnished exclusively in "Nitro Club" *Wetproof,* with the finest of American smokeless powder, and shot.

A contribution to ammunition service *for all time.*

TODAY there are 102,000 dealers who are more pleased with this Remington *Game Load* achievement than with anything that has happened for many years.

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GROUSE	Grouse Load *or* Squirrel Load
PARTRIDGE	Grouse Load *or* Duck Load
PHEASANT	Grouse Load *or* Duck Load
PLOVER	Snipe Load Quail Load *or* Dove Load
PRAIRIE CHICKEN	Grouse Load
QUAIL	Quail Load *or* Dove Load
RABBIT	Rabbit Load Squirrel Load *or* Dove Load
RACCOON	Goose Load
RAIL	Snipe Load *or* Quail Load
SNIPE	Snipe Load
SORA	Snipe Load
SQUIRREL	Squirrel Load Duck Load *or* Rabbit Load
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The New Remington Game Loads

12 gauge Loads for—Duck, Heavy Duck, Brant, Goose, Quail, Grouse, Rabbit, Squirrel, Snipe, Dove, Trap-Shooting.

16 gauge Loads for—Duck, Rabbit, Squirrel, Grouse, Quail, Snipe.

20 gauge Loads for—Duck, Heavy Duck, Rabbit, Squirrel, Grouse, Quail, Snipe.

IMPORTANT—Note the special *Heavy Duck Load* in 12 and 20 gauge.—The 20 gauge is for the man who shoots the new Remington 20 gauge Repeating Pump Gun. This new Remington 20 gauge Heavy Duck Load Shell is 2¾ inches long. Gives uniform pattern with great driving and hitting power. A real man's load.

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THE boy who prides himself on the accuracy of his target shots credits only his steady hand and true eye. He gives little thought to the fact that the bullet is always made of lead because no other material speeds so straight. It is the same at the traps. From the trap is thrown a clay pigeon. A sharp report and the target flies to pieces. Shot made of lead go straight, covering just the right area to catch the whirling disc.

No other metal has the qualities needed for making ammunition which lead has. Lead has great weight in minimum bulk, which makes it cut through the air with velocity and without swerving.

In the early days bullets and shot were loaded separately from the powder. Now the lead and powder are encased together in a neat paper or metallic package called a shell or cartridge.

It is interesting to note that lead is important in other sports besides target and trap shooting, but for an entirely different reason. Lead is used in the rubber of the tennis ball, the football and the baseball to give toughness.

Besides these uses, lead is used in almost countless ways. Many of them you do not suspect. It is in paint that lead would be missed most. No matter where you go you can see and touch this important product. Wherever a surface is painted, it is protected against deterioration. "Save the surface and you save all" is a slogan that prudent men now know and heed.

White-lead, a carbonate of lead, is the principal ingredient of good paint. By using white-lead, manufacturers make a paint that has greater protective power and durability.

For outdoor work painters generally prefer to use straight "lead-in-oil," a term which applies to a mixture of pure white-lead and pure linseed oil. White-lead with flatting oil, with colors-in-oil added, makes a paint of any color for interior work and gives a smooth, beautiful finish.

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Dutch Boy White-Lead	Ulco Lead Wool
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Sheet Lead

Hoyt Hardlead Products for Buildings

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"That'll do. Belay! Up with you and roll up the sail!"

Then the night shut down in a blinding blizzard, and through a whole watch weary men fought, with frozen perspiration cracking on hands and faces, beating iron-hard canvas into submission on frozen iron yards. And the ship tore through the night, stretching away from the land, the wind in her teeth, the Falklands ahead, the wide ocean to leeward.

In the middle watch Towhead had the wheel. He went aft shivering. And in five minutes after taking the helm he sweat. Five minutes more and his body ached with the terrific labor of holding the careering ship to her course. And gradually he felt the exquisite thrill of mastery come upon him as he saw the compass point stand at the lubber line and knew he was holding her.

Half an hour he steered, lost in the spell of the fight. Mr. Adams kept to the fore end of the poop, peering into the whirling snow, trusting his own eyes and ears before those of the lookout far forward. At the foremast the carpenter's shop had been converted into a temporary galley, in place of the old galley swept away on the night of Mr. Jones' death. Chips did his work, when weather allowed, out on deck under the break of the forecastle head. A ray of light shot through the hooked door; the Doctor was mixing a batch of bread against a possible spell of weather when bread baking would be impossible. The door of the little cabin occupied by Chips and the new boatswain—a seaman promoted in place of the old boatswain promoted to second mate—was on the hook, and the lamp within showed shadows every now and then of somebody still awake.

Presently Towhead was aware of a figure standing behind him, and he shivered involuntarily.

"You're doing well, my lad, very well," the skipper said as quietly as the howling blizzard permitted. "You'll make as fine a helmsman as I've got if you go on as you've started. What did you say was the time duck eggs take to hatch?"

The cook staggered aft to the cabin, bearing a tray of fresh bread. He was wise in the ways of a ship off Cape Horn; he knew that tomorrow might be a day of impassable decks; that a batch of cabin bread in the steward's pantry was worth two in the galley.

The full-throated roar of Mr. Adams reverberated above the howling of the wind: "When you go for'ard, Doctor, tell Chips to turn out his light. Is the old stiff afraid of the dark?"

"Boatswain turned it out twice and the old fool lit it again, sir," the cook roared back.

But he did as he was told. The lighted crack of the hooked door widened, Chips burst out with a yell of rage, and the Doctor fled to his galley and slammed the door to.

When Chips returned to his own berth his door was shut as well, and the offending light was screened if not put out.

"What's all the uproar, Mr. Adams?" the skipper bellowed, stepping a dozen paces forward.

"Chips wants a light to sleep by, sir. I'll take his lamp away tomorrow. Oil's low."

"Don't rile him; he's half mad, I doubt," returned the skipper, and went back beside the wheel to stand by Towhead. For a spell he keenly watched the steering, watched how the big ship plunged, swerved, shook her bows to the brine and came to her course steadily; watched, unseen, Towhead's eloquent face in the faint light of the binnacle lamp, glowing with the flush of exertion, the sting of wind, and the knowledge of his mastery of the fighting helm.

"That's you, son, full-and-bye, full-and-bye, lad. Take the big ones with the bluff of the bow. You're a born helmsman. Watch her now—watch out for that big one. That's the stuff! Say, was it two parts of fertilizer or one you said you used on your soil?"

"Full-and-bye 'tis. Dunno what you mean about fertilizer, sir. What fertilizer? Full-and-bye, sir!"

Towhead's body was the awkward body of a soil-slaved youth; his face was the face of an Argonaut. Captain Wandless stared at him for a moment, his own pudgy face pale and pasty; then he glanced once ahead, once astern, and once aloft, before going to his cabin, disgusted with his protégé.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

(Continued from Page 23)

put itself flatly on record regarding this point. Any move in this direction would simply mean another English occupancy. Many good Irishmen all over the world are asking themselves, Is it worth the sacrifice?

The Irish people are fed up on war. They are in the position of a man who slipped off an iceberg and fell into the water. They are beginning to wonder if the old witch doctor made such big medicine after all.

Speaking of this phase of the matter, I quote a man of the south prominent in Sinn Fein councils.

"In times gone by," he said, "when we used to talk about Ireland's future other people smiled and half jokingly told us that if we did secure our liberty we could not govern ourselves, by reason of internal disputations. We resented that broad assertion, and Irishmen still resent it; but we cannot but feel that there is a good deal of truth in that prophecy.

"I do not think for a moment that this is the fault of the great majority of the Irish people. They are sane, progressive and anxious to prove to the world that they are capable of carrying out to the full all that was hoped and dreamed and predicted for a country so rich in history, so old in art and culture and so inspired by the intellectual achievements of her sons. The great question with us now is, Are we going to be permitted to do so, and have we in the personnel of our present leaders any man forceful enough to establish an order that will be permanent, and endowed with the ability to inspire a renewed confidence, hope and trust in the land with so many staunch friends the world over?

"But remember that this is a question we must decide for ourselves. It would be futile to introduce outside agencies to give us either advice or assistance. The question has been put to the Irish people in Ireland. They alone can answer it."

Now, when a pilgrim stranger in England announces his intention of stepping across and looking Ireland over, more likely than not he will find himself the recipient of much sage advice regarding conditions of the country, and especially touching upon and appertaining to his personal safety. All that I am writing of now occurred in the early days of June.

I might say that these warnings are not confined to any one locality. They extend all along the line. In London one is cautioned not to go to Dublin. At Dublin in the clubs and hotels the visitor is enjoined not to travel towards Tipperary, and at Tipperary you are assured that, though everything is quiet around there just then, it wouldn't be advisable to travel south as far as Limerick. On the firing line at Limerick you are told that it was pretty bad a couple of weeks ago; but, with the exception of what is happening every day, things are pretty peaceful. But when you announce your intention of proceeding farther down Cork way eyebrows are lifted and heads are wagged solemnly. Down at Cork you are apprised that there are terrible goings on up in Donegal—and so it goes.

Now, as I before stated, Ireland, if anything, is a country of contradictions; and so far as local conditions are concerned, the unexpected is always happening.

On my arrival in Dublin I chartered a seagoing hack of the genus night owl and had not proceeded more than three blocks from the station on the way to the hotel when the rataplan of rapid firing in the immediate vicinity rudely broke in upon what was otherwise a most peaceful scene.

"Well," said I to myself, "I guess my English friends were right, after all. It's no place for a nervous person or a boy

(Continued on Page 87)

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Within an hour a man on the way from California to New York arrived at the same store in Omaha. He, too, purchased a second pair of Seiberling Cords, his first pair having been purchased in Arizona.

It is in incidents like this that the Seiberling Cord is telling its own story and advertising its sturdy qualities on the road.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
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SEIBERLING CORDS

(Continued from Page 84)

brought up amongst strictly conventional surroundings."

The driver turned quickly to the left, pulled up around the corner and waited.

"What is it?" I queried through the open door. "What's happening now?"

The jehu waved his whip back, but did not deign to answer.

Presently from the street running at right angles appeared two flying, hatless figures in citizen's clothes, and following them at a short interval and doing the double-quick were several soldiers in the uniform of the provisional government. They were firing their service pistols as they ran, and to an innocent bystander it seemed somewhat recklessly. But in a shorter time than it takes to tell it they had disappeared, and the driver whipped up his jaded steed and we resumed our journey.

Naturally enough I was anxious to learn what it was all about, but my charioteer did not vouchsafe any information.

"Faix, Oi don't know pwhat's goin' on at all, at all," he maintained grouchily. "It wouldn't do ye any good if ye did know, would it? It's nothin' at all, so it isn't."

Later I gathered from an evening paper that the free-state patrol had interrupted two thieves while in the act of robbing a store. They were captured and subsequently given long-time sentences. The same thing might have happened in any of our big cities, and for that matter does happen every day; but somehow and simply because one had been so warned about the terrible goings on in Ireland it was apt to engender a feeling of uneasiness.

The Split Over the Treaty

This was my first introduction to the official armies of Ireland.

I had heard so much about the occupation of the Four Courts by the republican troops, under the leadership of Gen. Rory O'Connor, that I determined to make my first visit to that historic old pile, and for that purpose started out on foot immediately after breakfast, passing along Stephen's Green, through Grafton Street, over the O'Connell Bridge and down by King's Inn Quay, until I came to the stately building which housed the Irish Courts of Justice, popularly called the Four Courts.

Now, be it said in this place that this article is in nowise intended as a brief for either side in the differences which are now agitating the Irish people. The writer realizes that the giving of gratuitous advice to settle questions which he or nobody else can as fully understand as the people more nearly interested would be superfluous and unwelcome, my purpose being merely to set down happening, occurrence and opinion as they may have been gleaned from the best available sources of information.

But getting back to the Four Courts: This magnificent specimen of architecture was erected during the time of the Irish independency, and at the then tremendous cost of two hundred thousand pounds. Besides being the seat of the Irish courts, it housed practically all the ancient records regarding titles to lands, wills, data of all kinds connected with vital statistics, as well as historical records and priceless volumes, which had been collected with affectionate care and were jealously guarded as heirlooms of the nation.

Now perhaps I ought to tell you how there came to be two separate and distinct militant bodies in Ireland, which, as might have been supposed, would be working in unison for the general restoration of order.

On December 6, 1921, the treaty with England was signed. The conditions of this document had been thoroughly gone over before the Irish representatives left Dublin for England, and be it said that in most essentials the final treaty was as originally proposed by the Irish deputies. Even the oath of allegiance, although in different wording, carried practically the same meaning. The oath as originally approved by Mr. De Valera and his followers read:

"I . . . do swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of Ireland and the Treaty of Association of Ireland with the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to recognize the King of Great Britain as head of the Associated States."

The oath, as coming back from England and embodied in the treaty signed by all the parties thereto, was as follows:

"I . . . do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H. M. King George V, his heirs and successors by law in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to, and membership of, the group of Nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

When the plenipotentiaries returned from England, however, Mr. De Valera sought certain revisions, while extremists like Gen. Rory O'Connor absolutely refused to have anything to do with the treaty and announced their intention of countenancing nothing short of a free and untrammeled Irish republic.

Notwithstanding these differences, the free state, or provisional, government, under the immediate direction of Messrs. Collins and Griffith, commenced functioning. Enlistments of regular troops were made, and although it was understood that this new free-state army was merely temporary to the establishment of a permanent force, enough troops were gathered to make a showing and preserve a certain amount of order in the vicinity of Dublin and other important points. In this formation many of the old republican troops took service, but others held aloof. It was recognized that these latter were the die-hard followers of De Valera, O'Connor, Erskine Childers, Cathal Brugha and other leaders, who wanted a republic or nothing. And down through the south these irregular troops, scattered through the rural districts, established what was practically a law unto themselves. The financing of their operations has never been clearly established, except it is known that whenever certain sections of them felt the need they levied tribute on localities or individuals, and it may be that much of the money was subscribed by republican sympathizers and utilized in their upkeep. In making one of these levies the republicans invariably gave an order for the value of the goods so taken, payable when Ireland should become a republic.

But however that may be, some six weeks previous to the time of my visit Gen. Rory O'Connor with his following had swooped down suddenly and taken possession of the Four Courts, which is situated right in the center of the city of Dublin and not over ten blocks from Merrion Square, where the seat of the provisional government had been established. He fortified his stronghold and gave out that he intended to stay for keeps.

Now the strange part of it was that the provisional government made no immediate effort to dislodge him. It is true that O'Connor had what you might call an ace in the hole, because he was in full possession of the courts of justice, besides the archives of the nation, and he knew that the free-staters would proceed gingerly whenever and wherever the safety of these valuable documents was threatened. There was another thing too: Collins and Griffith found themselves on the eve of an election, one in which the acceptance of the free state, as projected in the treaty with England, together with the new constitution, would be weighed in the balance. And they may have judged that even if Collins did eject O'Connor by force of arms the natural Irish sympathy with the under dog would materially aid republican interests.

O'Connor of the Four Courts

Now, as in most other questions in Ireland, I found a wide difference of opinion regarding the O'Connor of the Four Courts and Michael Collins who, with the late and lamented Arthur Griffith, was the central figure in the making of the treaty with England. Among the free-staters, Collins was regarded as a superman, endowed by Nature with gifts far beyond those of the average human being, and fully capable of handling the difficult task of restoring order. Others would tell you that Rory O'Connor was worth a dozen men like Collins. Almost universally, however, it was conceded that Arthur Griffith had the brains, and the untimely death of this forceful man lost to Ireland a patriot whose ability, courage and high purpose were unquestioned and conceded even by the majority of those most opposed to him. The seriousness of the loss of this man can scarcely be estimated.

But Collins was a fighter of the dashing, heroic type. In his character lay a big appeal. To many of the sons of Erin he was an ideal leader. Both these men stood out in big type. One can hardly separate them in the story of Ireland's struggle to rehabilitation.

O'Connor, although somewhat of a visionary, is a man of many-sided activities, with a variegated experience in the game of life. His ability as an engineer served him to good purpose not only in the fortification of the Four Courts, but in establishing uninterrupted communication with the outside. Evidence of this is in the fact that he had no sooner got possession than he set his followers to work digging tunnels which would connect them with the houses of friendly republicans who resided immediately back of the Four Courts. Consequently, until after his fortress was taken, it was a good deal of a mystery how he succeeded in going to and fro at will.

But, as I was saying, it was something of a revelation to have passed through streets that had every evidence of peace and quiet, with the storekeepers taking down their shutters to commence the day's work, and then come bang up against a structure carrying one back to the barricades and intrenchments of the World War.

The massive iron gates, which always stood open to those who wished to visit or transact business, were now closed, and ponderous sandbags were piled one on top of another to the height of a man's head. Supplementing these, and behind them, rude fences of barbed wire had been hastily erected, and the same entanglements prevailed nearly all the way across the courtyard.

But what centered my attention was a youth who could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and who, with fixed bayonet, was swaggering up and down the stone flagging inside the barriers. There was, of course, nothing particularly noticeable about this, were it not for the fact that the boy wore at a rakish angle on his head the horsehair bagwig of a judge, together with the torn silk gown of one of his majesty's counsel learned in the law, draped carelessly over his shoulders.

Young But Serious Warriors

A street gamin at my side stopped and thrust his head halfway through the barred gate.

"Whin are ye goin' to hould court, gineral?" he shrilled, as I thought, somewhat derisively.

The boy sentry glared back at his tormentor but did not deign to reply. He evidently felt the dignity and importance of his exalted position.

In this connection a good many laughter-provoking stories are handied about Dublin regarding Rory O'Connor's warriors, of whom the majority are, as report has it, little more than boys. One of them goes on to say that they were reveling in high-sounding military titles until Gen. Rory O'Connor issued an order to the effect that no one must hold rank above a major unless he could write his name.

It's always so in Ireland. Even in the midst of the most tragic situation somebody is sure to feel a tickle of the ribs and at once proceed to manufacture a jcke.

But don't forget this: Young or old, or whatever they were, you can't discount the epic heroism of some of these same boys, because, right or wrong, or uncouth or cultured, time and again they gave manifestations of that deathless, reckless bravery that is only begotten of the intoxicating joy of battle or the supreme belief in the righteousness of a cause.

Above me and on every side the windows of the courts were filled with sandbags, spaces being left between these obstructions large enough for a gunner to manipulate a rifle. But with the exception of the masquerading sentry not a living, moving thing was visible. Presently a shock-headed boy appeared at the opening in the window just above my head. He could not have been in years much older than the sentry. Still he looked out upon the busy street with the air of a middle-aged man who was somewhat fed up with the petty activities of a mundane world.

I called up to him, bidding him the time of day, as they say in Ireland, and asking if he did not feel lonesome, but provoked no response. These young warriors at least took the business of war fairly seriously.

A few weeks after this visit the election was held, and contrary to general expectations passed off more peaceably, perhaps, than it would have here at home under like conditions. When the votes were counted it was found that the provisional government and the free-state supporters had

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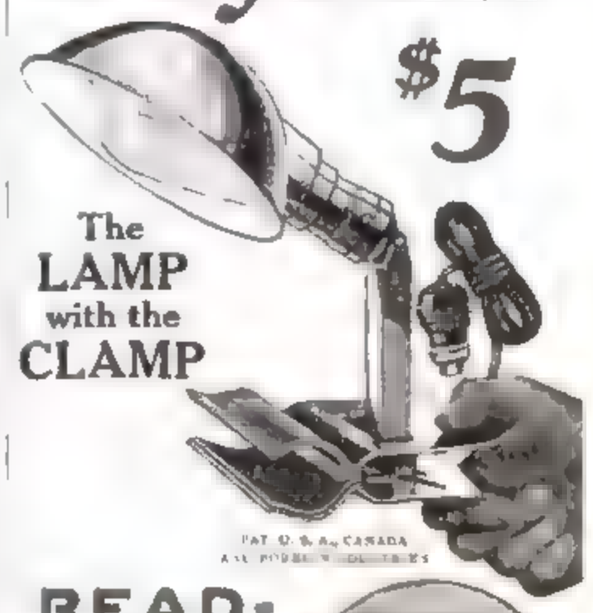

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been sustained by an overwhelming majority. Still, O'Connor continued to retain possession of the Four Courts. People were beginning to wonder what would be the next step that Messrs. Collins, Griffith *et al.* would take, when, on June twenty-sixth, Mr. Churchill, on behalf of the British Government, formally called upon the parties to the treaty in Ireland to fulfill their part of the contract—that they would establish a stable government in this land which had always been such a bone of contention. Mr. Churchill's suggestion almost took the form of an ultimatum, because he made it clear that if they did not do so his government would feel that their obligation to them had ceased and that they would be impelled to carry on in their own way.

To this declaration Mr. Collins and his confreres made answer that they had already made all preparations and were about to take action without delay. Then for a starter, and to be exact, on June 26, 1922, he sent an ultimatum to the effect that unless Gen. Rory O'Connor evacuated the courts forthwith, hostilities would commence.

To this O'Connor sent back a curt message that if the free state wanted him they could come and take him, which, after all, was as good a way to begin a war as the conventional diplomatic exchange of fake amenities.

General Collins took General O'Connor at his word, and then and there another Irish war commenced.

The First Battle of Dublin

In this connection, and under date of June twenty-eighth, the following diary, signed by Father Albert, one of the two priests who stayed in the Four Courts with the republicans, was broadcast through the town. The following is an exact copy:

3:40 A. M. Ultimatum delivered.
4:20. War opened.
5:15. First Irish republican soldier wounded. Daly sent message, "When will you come out with your hands up?" Reply from O'C.: "When you come for me." Daly: "Any chance of negotiations?" Reply O'C.: "When your men retire."
5:40. Second man wounded.
7:40. Third man wounded.
8:40. Young republican soldier said boldly: "We are still going strong. We are being fired on from the tower of St. Michan's Protestant Church, St. Audoen's, High Street, and the Medical Mission, Chancery Lane. It is well to remember that from the same Medical Mission the soldiers of the Irish Republic were fired on in 1916. One of our boys remarked: 'We are fighting the same enemy. They have only a different uniform.'"
12:30 P. M. The fire was so heavy and so deafening that it was almost impossible for the priest who was hearing confessions to carry out his duties. The firing was carried on furiously for 7½ hours. We have been heartened by the girls of Cumann na Mban and nurses and doctors who are here unselfishly giving their services to the wounded.

After the ultimatum was delivered to the Irish republican soldiers the boys all knelt down and recited a decade of the rosary in Irish, placing themselves and their cause under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and all the patriotic martyrs of the Irish Republic.

An Irishman who, as a spectator, was viewing the bombardment of the Four Courts, smiled cynically.

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" he queried.

"No; what?"

"Of a bill a great-uncle of mine got once from a veterinary surgeon who had been treating a valuable horse for him. It read this way: 'To curing your honor's horse until he died, £1.12.6.'"

General O'Connor, however, had taken the precaution of casting anchor to windward before the proceedings really commenced. He kidnaped an important staff officer of the free-state forces and held him hostage while the battle was going on.

I don't suppose history furnishes the record of any assault at arms which had the slightest similitude to the first battle of Dublin. The republicans relied mainly on their sharpshooters, supplemented by a few machine guns, mines and hand grenades, while the free-state troops brought into action four eighteen-pounders and small arms of every description. They had war planes, but for some reason did not use them to any extent at that time. Both sides appeared to be amply supplied with ammunition of all kinds.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the siege of the Four Courts the English Government proffered any aid that the free-staters might require, either in men or munitions. In this move they took the ground that they would have pursued the same course were law and order in any of the overseas British dominions threatened. Collins, on behalf of his government, refused the proffered assistance so far as the help of troops was concerned, asserting that he felt capable of handling the situation alone, but he did accept aid in the matter of munitions, with which he was subsequently supplied.

Of small arms and explosives of all kinds it is certain that the irregular republican forces had an ample store. By many it is thought that the greater portion of these came from sympathizers across the water and were smuggled in in various ways with the aid of friendly ocean carriers. In support of this it might be mentioned that not long before the election two ships were seized by British men-of-war guarding the southern coast, in both of which were found large quantities of war material. To whom this was consigned, however, remains one of the mysteries.

Well, the free-state troops took up a position on the left bank of the Liffey, which is straight across from the Four Courts, and commenced a bombardment, using machine guns, small-arm fire and the eighteen-pounders already mentioned. The battle was conducted with great animation and unceasingly. The attacking forces, with their outposts and reserves, probably numbered from eight hundred to one thousand men. I had it from a republican soldier who had been actively engaged in the Four Courts, but who had made his escape just before the surrender, that at no time did General O'Connor have more than two hundred and fifty men in his command.

Of course, as against this numerical difference in the opposing forces, it must be remembered that the Four Courts were built originally in such a way as to render them almost invulnerable to any ordinary fire; and it must also be said in behalf of the free-state troops that at no time did they manifest a tendency to indulge in unnecessary slaughter. If such had been the desire on either side the list of casualties would unquestionably have been a long one. Furthermore, the free-staters at the outset refrained from using shells or high explosives, being fearful that in doing so they would destroy the records. And I also believe they were actuated by humanitarian sentiments.

And all this time a certain proportion of the citizens of Dublin were reveling in the spectacle. It was with the greatest difficulty that the cordon of guards thrown around the area of war activities could keep them out of the danger zone. There seemed to exist a regular mania for getting as close to the combatants as possible, and this was noticeable in young and old, men and women.

O'Connor's Army Surrenders

All the shops downtown were closed and the banks securely locked, under free-state military guard. But the local newspapers were still printing accounts of the day's doings, and the newsboys were passing up and down and across the streets, crying their papers. The youngsters often went right into the line of fire if they saw a prospective customer, and for the women the proximity to danger seemed to hold a positive fascination. The list of innocent but in many cases too inquisitive bystanders who gave up their lives was a long one; longer in fact than that of those actually engaged.

Finally, however, the free-state troops battered down the historic old walls enough to gain an entrance, and the remnant of O'Connor's army made a last but futile stand, in the end being forced to surrender. One of their last acts was the blowing up of a mine which destroyed the strong room where were deposited the famous and valuable records before mentioned. It has been disputed since as to whether this act of vandalism was intentional or the accidental explosion of a mine. Be that as it may, the contents of the vaults were scattered all over the surrounding streets and country. I saw a torn portion of an old will yellow with the grime of ages which had been found in Phœnix Park, nearly two miles from the scene of the disaster. The provisional government issued a plea to the general public to preserve all papers and documents so found, with the result that many were turned in. But the major portion, of course, was totally destroyed.

Now, perhaps in a city like Dublin you might think that O'Connor and De Valera would be universally denounced as disturbers and menaces to the restoration of order. But not infrequently one would find an undercurrent of unexpressed thought, indicating that although peace was generally desired there was still a lingering admiration for Rory O'Connor; and that were the defeated general treated what you might call "rough" by his conquerors such action would not meet with general approval.

To the stranger, probably, this might be hard to understand; but a venerable and I might say venerated Irishman, who in the old days had been a tower of strength but had now laid aside his armor, endeavored to find a key to the situation.

"You're perfectly right," he said. "Ireland wants peace at home, but in some quarters they still distrust England. For my own part, I think the British are sincere this time and really gave us more than we could hope for. Still, you can't satisfy some people on that point, and Mr. Churchill's ultimatum to the free-staters, followed by England's offer of aid to help quell the disturbance, was like waving the red flag. Then, too, there was something in O'Connor's dashing defiance that carried a big appeal with it to the Irish imagination. You know," he smiled, "some of us were never very strong for the established order of things, and that's hitting pretty close to home.

"I think that Collins and Griffith are and were doing the best they could under all the circumstances. I know that nine-tenths of our people want to settle down to a lasting peace, but still there are some of them that don't like to feel they are being coerced into doing so. Above all, you must remember that the Irishman has always been susceptible to the spirit of adventure and daring heroism. And don't forget that even up north, that stronghold of everything antagonistic to the south, they accused England of betraying them when the treaty was signed. I know it is hard for outsiders to understand us; there are so many phases of the situation that they cannot fathom. But this campaign of destructiveness is beyond me. It's like a man setting fire to his own home. I grieve to think of how the outside world is likely to judge us."

Immediately after the signing of the treaty England withdrew her garrisons and turned over the various military posts and depots to the provisional government, leaving only a few thousand soldiers in Ireland to protect certain special interests which she had reserved under the compact. During the siege of the Four Courts it seemed strange to notice that not infrequently a little group of these soldiers mingled with the crowd and were interested, if passive, spectators.

No End in Sight

A great many people who are wont to take snap judgment voiced the opinion that with the fall of the Four Courts the rebellion, or civil war, or whatever else you want to call it, would come to an end. But men who knew Ireland better were equally certain that it had only commenced. You see, when Rory O'Connor surrendered, only a few of his followers were taken with him. The major portion of the garrison had disappeared, possibly through these secret passageways with which they had held communication with the outside.

And simultaneously it was discovered that a new enemy had intrenched itself on the various housetops, and that the main portion of them had taken possession of the Gresham and Hamham hotels and other adjacent buildings on the south side of O'Connell Street and almost immediately opposite the Nelson and O'Connell monuments. I could not help thinking of how the gifted liberator had once said in one of his finest and most eloquent bursts of Irish oratory that no political reform was worth the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The stores and banks still remained closed and sniping all over Dublin became promiscuous. To say that one was perfectly safe in any portion of Dublin would be an exaggeration. I recall being awakened about four o'clock one morning with the noise of a fusillade immediately under my window. The combatants, whoever they were, seemed to be shooting at random and regardless of the fact that others were in the vicinity. For half an hour or so I could hear the bullets striking the iron water pipe close to the window and one of the upper panes of glass was shattered. Pretty soon the battle was carried farther down the street. At breakfast that morning in the hotel I heard some of the other guests mention the incident quite casually.

Finally the republican troops were driven out from these latter strongholds, but by the time they left, the buildings occupied by them were almost a complete wreck, and as a climax came the death of Cathal Brugha, who refused to surrender and died a dramatic death as he charged out of the ruin to meet the enemy.

After that, as nearly everybody knows who reads the news columns of the daily papers, the war spread all over the south of Ireland. The republican forces left one place only to take up the fighting in another, and so it has gone from that time until the present date, which is August. Cork, Limerick and Tipperary are in practical ruins. Nine of the fifteen transatlantic cables which connected the Old World with the New have been put out of commission. Local telegraphs have been nearly all destroyed, waterways obstructed and the whole country terrorized. Even in Dublin sniping is still going on, and within the last few days the Amiens Street post office was raided and set on fire just at a time when the free-state officials believed that they had stamped out the last revolutionary sparks in the capital. So it goes. It would be a wise man who could prognosticate when Ireland will be completely pacified and settled down to the business of life.

The Humorous Touch

Sometimes, as I have before stated, through it all one discovers the satiric vein of humor that lies between the Irish character and the surface. One smiles when he recalls the case of Mr. Darrell Figgis, who was, as they say, running for office at the last general elections. Mr. Figgis is the custodian or owner or, let us say, proprietor of red whiskers. They are not the common or garden variety either. They are long, luxuriant, and, I was going to say, Rembrandt red, although I have no sample handy to go by. But, anyway, the first time I saw Mr. Figgis in the lounge of the Shelbourne Hotel the whiskers intrigued me to such an extent that I asked who the owner of them could be.

Well, one night just a few days before the election somebody knocked on the Figgis hall door, and when the maid opened it three brash young men in the uniform of the republic forced an entrance, and after that they took Mr. Figgis; and while two of them held him securely in an armchair the other insurrecto drew forth a long shining pair of scissors, and snip, snip, snip, the loving labor of years was undone and the Figgis lambrequins lay all over the surrounding carpet. When Figgis remonstrated in tragic tones he was informed that the young men were acting under orders from headquarters.

Then there was the case of a lady who had been in the habit of ordering her gowns from London, and so one day sat down and wrote a long letter of instructions to the modiste and inclosed the required amount in cash, and added, of course, that she wanted the confection in a great hurry, and mailed the letter.

She sat down and waited in the happiest frame of mind for a few days until the housemaid came in one morning with a parcel she had found on the doorstep, and when the pie was opened, as they say, she discovered a note and a dress of the hand-me-down variety, vintage 1893.

On opening the note she found a small sum of money and a letter, which latter explained that it was not well for patriotic ladies to send over to England for the creations produced at the capital, and that the powers had taken the liberty to purchase a gown for her closer at home. They also begged leave to inclose the change, which was the difference between the price of an English gown and an Irish one, and in the postscript the writer added that five shillings had been deducted for the cause.

So this is a brief résumé of the military operations in Ireland. It would seem that in the natural course of events the free-staters would get the upper hand and establish a peace that will be lasting. But how soon, and how much damage will be done in the country, both physically and financially, before they succeed in doing so, no man can tell.

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Even the untrained eye catches the uniform finish of Carter detail. Every seam lies flat, and is made rip and tear proof at the ends by special budding. Buttons—women please notice!—are double-stitched on to stay. Every yard of material in Carter's is knitted, then thoroughly washed before it is tailored to fit the figure. No danger of sleeves and legs treacherously creeping up on you after a few washings.

If you have been acutely aware of bulky folds or creases, if you have had to "lap over" excess cloth at ankle to pull on your sock, if your wrist bands have flared and flopped you have never worn Carter's.

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all styles and weights of fabrics—to fit all styles and weights of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

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It is not too early now to think about full length underwear of warm, soft material. Its special elastic knitting makes Carter's the ideal underwear for active boys, as well as for men.

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You can tell a Patrick by its warmth—by its perfect and lasting fit—by its long wear. The Green-and-Black Patrick label is your guarantee of pure, virgin wool and lasting satisfaction.

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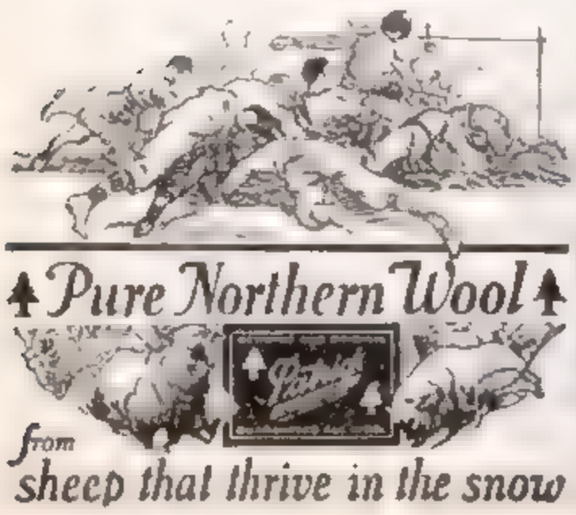

VINGIE DARLING

(Continued from Page 15)

Sir Charles lit a cigar and said resignedly: "Well, George, you bird of ill omen, would you like to come into my study and get it over? Rupert has the entire archives of the Foreign Office in a medium-sized portfolio."

In oak-and-leather sanctuary Rupert unlocked certain dispatch cases and glanced inquiringly at his chief.

"Go on, my boy," said that great man, closing his eyes and settling deeper in his armchair.

Through many golden minutes the voice of Rupert Frack cut pitilessly, reading documents of state. Lord Fordingbridge slept like a tired child; Sir Charles, gazing out of the window, wondered wistfully if the Lovelace filly had really been heard coughing in her stable. At length the voice of Rupert ceased and Lord Fordingbridge woke instantly.

"Good lad, good lad!" he exclaimed admiringly, and addressed himself to his host.

"Y' see, Charles, Janowicz, the Foreign Minister of Jugo-Czechia, wants a loan of thirty thousand million kronen. It's got to be hushed up because, if the rest of Europe knew, about ten states 'u'd invade Janowicz's country to get hold of the loot. He's coming over by air and I'd like him to go to your cottage in Dorset where nobody'll see him. The money's safe because he's willing to lease us an oil field as security. It's a good oil field. I've had a man go all over it. But we'd rather not lend him quite so much on it—'tisn't safe. He might double the army and start fighting. The thing is to get him down in Dorset with just you and Rupert and me, and settle everything comfortably. I'd like Virginia to be hostess if she will. Does it rather well, I consider. You got my wire about the details. Hope I'm not putting you out."

"It seems a lot of fuss. How much are all these kronen worth—about fourpence?" asked Sir Charles. "All right, George, I'll arrange everything except Vingie. You'd better do that yourself. Rupert, old thing, if you've locked up all your murky past, why not come and help me find her?"

They found her in a deep cane lounge within the shadow of the terrace, a copy of Baudelaire's poems in her lap, a box of chocolates by her side. She looked up at them with the supreme tolerance of a girl for men, and they delivered their message.

Vingie rose delicately to her feet and passed into the house. Lord Fordingbridge received her magnificently, bowing her into a chair. For three minutes he outlined the position.

"I am very poor, m'lud," she announced at last. "You want me to use such looks and such wits as I have for your benefit entirely free of charge. It doesn't seem quite fair."

"My dear Vingie, what can I offer you? You wouldn't take money, and my heart is sixty-five years old!"

"It's dreadful to be offered money; it's worse not to have any. Why not call it my expenses? Clothes are frightfully important on these occasions. Suppose we say a year's credit at my dressmaker's?"

"It sounds very terrible—very terrible indeed," murmured Lord Fordingbridge dismally. "Of course there are ways and means. It needn't come up on the Estimates, or be debated in the House, but still ——"

"The very nicest stockings cost four guineas, and you can see what one gets for the money," she complained.

His lordship glanced critically at two slender ankles. It did indeed seem a pity that they should ever be unsuitably clad.

"Well, well," said he—so little does it take to turn the scale—"and how much would you suggest for this annual credit?"

"Oh, about two thousand pounds. You see, if I'm to have any effect on the negotiations I shall need to dress the part. I'm simply in rags at the moment."

She stood up and smiled, and Lord Fordingbridge held the door for her respectfully.

"If I may say so, you display a positive genius for finance," he observed. "You take a great weight off my aged shoulders."

III

SIR CHARLES' Dorset cottage stands on the slope of a hill declining to the cliff edge. The grounds, some forty acres in extent, are surrounded on the landward side by a high brick wall built when bricks and bricklayers cost relatively nothing. For these reasons it seemed ideal for a secret conference; nothing remained to be done but erect a marquee for the detectives and import a few old servants who had been bred up in the family from boy to man.

In the beginning of twilight Vingie from her rose-embowered casement peeped down to watch the distinguished visitors arrive. Behind her the housekeeper from Wynwood, sixty years old and completely out of touch with modern feminine garments, struggled stonily with the duties of a lady's maid. Sir Charles had proclaimed Mary on diplomatic grounds. A nondescript hired car, driven by a police chauffeur, a detective beside him, drew up, and there descended two gentlemen in frock coats and silk hats, having the appearance of an undertaker and his chief of staff. The taller she took to be Mr. Janowicz. Even the funereal garb could not altogether obscure a certain charm, a breadth of shoulder and narrowness of hip, a faint suggestion of swagger. He had a pale thin face, a little black mustache and ironic eyes. The smaller, Mr. Misch, was doubtless his secretary.

Rupert Frack received them with distant courtesy. The featureless car rolled fitfully away. Vingie turned back to her dressing.

"I have changed my mind, Miss Vokes. Please give me the black frock and my pearls," she said languidly.

She met him first at dinner. Sir Charles displayed his perfect polished self. Lord Fordingbridge wore his invariable dress clothes of eighteenth-century cut with ruffled shirt and lace stock, and Mr. Misch looked like a rather deplorable waiter. But Mr. Janowicz bowed over her hand with a kind of passionate boredom, yet gracefully withal, and his eyes swept her in sardonic admiration.

He observed in French that he was enchanted. They spoke French for the benefit of Mr. Misch, since no foreigner can grasp the Jugo-Czechian tongue, and Mr. Misch knew no English.

On her left at the round dinner table in a bow window, scents of roses and new-mown grass stealing beneath the raised sashes, and the far-off sighing of the sea in the distance, Vingie felt his personality react to hers as a rider feels his horse take hold of the bit. Rupert was saying very correct things in very correct French, Sir Charles and Lord Fordingbridge chatted impersonally, Mr. Misch fawned.

Vingie turned and said in English so that Mr. Misch might not understand: "Do you like my frock, Mr. Janowicz? I chose it specially for you when I saw you get out of the car, because I thought you looked rather difficult."

"I cannot tell. I do not know you. When I know you I shall tell you. We shall know one another very well very soon. It is so, is it not?" he answered. "For three days I stay. In three days we shall live a lifetime. In my heart I feel it. The heart is never wrong."

"It sounds topping!" drawled Vingie.

She stared at him under half-closed lids, giving him insolence for insolence, but he only said, "I do not mean to be rude. One cannot help but know these things."

Vingie, a faint color stealing into her cheeks, heard the voice of Rupert Frack say emphatically, "I do not think we should trust too much to the League of Nations, Mr. Janowicz."

"Personally," retorted Mr. Janowicz, raising his fine eyebrows, "I do not trust anybody. In love, in war, in diplomacy, it is not safe.

"There is always one who interrupts, is there not?" he went on to Vingie. "You who are beautiful have doubtless noticed it. Presently we shall go where no one interrupts. For me there is no one but you in this house. For such as these"—his glance indicated Sir Charles, Rupert, Lord Fordingbridge—"I have provided Misch. There are always such people, and there is always a Misch. It is the elementary justice of Providence."

"Mr. Janowicz," answered Vingie slowly, "I think you have very simple and beautiful ideas. Perhaps after dinner I will show you the rose garden by moonlight. It isn't everybody who would understand or appreciate the rose garden by moonlight, but you're different. Your soul isn't commonplace. As a rule men are deaf and dumb and blind to the finer things of life. Don't you agree?"

"It is exactly what I would have said myself," declared Mr. Janowicz, gazing scornfully at Sir Charles, Rupert, Lord Fordingbridge and Mr. Misch.

When eventually Vingie left the table Mr. Janowicz escorted her to the door with the suppressed splendor of a well-trained equerry. Returning to his place he made no attempt to conceal profound boredom, treating the rest of the party like mud. At the earliest opportunity he sought Vingie's side. She smiled up at him with grace, wisdom and understanding.

"In here we stifle," he said abruptly. "Let us, if you please, seek the rose garden. We shall find it more congenial."

She stood for one moment surveying the scene: Rupert and Mr. Misch deep in diplomatic commonplaces; Sir Charles and Lord Fordingbridge absorbed in a game of piquet. Then, on the arm of Mr. Janowicz, she passed joyfully amid surroundings of roses and romance.

"For a one-time senior major in the Hussars of the Guard mine is a dog's life," he complained. "But since the war all things are changed. There are no Hussars and no Guard. Still, a gentleman is always a gentleman. Our Prime Minister, a worthy blacksmith, realizes his shortcomings. He would be at a loss with our friends indoors. Hence against his will he appoints me Foreign Minister. You see, really I am Count Oscar Janowicz, but we do not talk of that now. As for this quarreling over money, I shall leave it to Misch. He is the sort of person who enjoys it."

"Poor Count Oscar!" murmured Vingie very sweetly.

Her satin-shod feet glided silently across the velvet lawn in a little romantic dream. The tall figure on her left moved with slow and stately stride. On his heels tinkled ghostly spurs, at his side trailed an invisible sword.

"Ah! Not poor Count Oscar tonight!" he exclaimed. "Tonight I am the servant of beauty. There were never such roses as these roses around us, and this moon, which has looked down on a myriad lovers, never shone so brightly, and the infinite sweetness of this garden was never so sweet before. There are moments in life, Virginia—is it not so? If they endured longer than a moment we could not bear them. We should die of ecstasy."

Virginia, standing beneath an arch of pink ramblers, pulled down a spray and laid it against her cheek. Undoubtedly there was magic abroad. Suddenly from a dark mass of trees one crystal note pealed out.

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "Listen!"

The nightingale sang on and on. He may have been sobbing out the bitterness of a broken heart, or voicing that ecstasy more than a moment of which is intolerable. In any case he achieved a desperate result.

Mr. Janowicz stretched out his sword arm, clasped Virginia's hand that still inclosed the spray of pink glory, and brushed lightly with his lips the curve of her bare arm.

"It is beautiful, that music—yes; but you are the most beautiful thing in the world!" he said.

As Virginia crossed the hall on her way to bed Rupert Frack came out of the smoking room, saw her, and frowned. He stood in front of her, barring the path.

"Do you," he inquired, "altogether approve of your behavior with Janowicz this evening?"

She raised to him the accusing eyes of a hurt child and replied gently, "He understands me better in one evening than you've done in a lifetime, Rupert."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me I'm the most beautiful thing in the world, and that's more than you ever did."

"If you think that a sufficient reward for a moonlight flirtation with a stranger ——" snarled Rupert, but she lifted a restraining hand.

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, and you can't be an essential amusement without breaking hearts," she explained, and passed on, trailing clouds of glory.

IV

"YOU are doing well, my child. Continue, for Rupert tells me this man Misch is a positive Pierpont Morgan in

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

financial matters. Continue, I beg of you," besought Lord Fordingbridge furtively at breakfast.

Vingie smiled. Men are so simple to a pretty girl.

At eleven o'clock Lord Fordingbridge, Sir Charles and Mr. Janowicz stepped forth from the council chamber to find Vingie playing with a fox terrier on the lawn. She stood up, slender and appealing, perfect from head to foot, and Mr. Janowicz came to her as the needle to the magnet.

"It is impossible for the present. Misch and your Mr. Frack are examining the details," he announced.

"There is a little island about three miles off the coast. Would you like to picnic there with me?" she tempted, considering him with eyes neither gray nor green.

He followed her down the cliff path, a servant placed the luncheon basket in a motor boat lying alongside the slipway, and Vingie politely refused a passage to several well-meaning detectives.

"There are lines in the locker. Fish!" she commanded Mr. Janowicz, and steered seaward across the bay she had known from babyhood. He put out two lines and caught one bass and five mackerel. Then he rested and gazed pensively at Vingie, who sat with sleeves rolled up and the tiller under her arm, listening idly to the beat of the engine.

"I love you, Virginia," he said at last.

Her mouth curved into a smile and her eyes met his, perfectly unembarrassed.

"You don't do anything of the kind, Oscar. You mean I'm pretty, and I attract you, and you're rather miserable and I make you happier, and you kissed my arm yesterday and we listened to nightingales in the moonlight, and it all stimulated your emotions. I've had that effect on lots of men and they all said they loved me, but they didn't any more than you do. We shall be great pals these three days and then you'll go home and forget all about it."

"You are not astonished that I love you—not afraid?" he asked in surprise.

"I'm not afraid of anybody, and if you weren't attracted I should be a little disappointed. I expected you to be, up to a point. But people don't love quite so easily. It takes time, and a certain amount of sacrifice. Love and adversity go together. Didn't you know that?"

"But you know so much! How do you know?"

"'Cause I'm a girl and not a man. Get out the boat hook and go for'ard and hook onto that rock when I run alongside. It's the only bit of deep water where we can land."

She wedged the kedge anchor between two bowlders, paid out the painter, and led him over the rocks to a little sandy bay. Manlike he insisted on cleaning the fish and cooking them in the Jugo-Czechian manner. Vingie sat and watched him dreamily. Finally he offered certain charred fragments on a plate.

"There should, of course, be olives and paprika and a touch of garlic, and a squeeze of orange juice and a sauce made with white wine, and this is the wrong kind of fish. But otherwise you have here our great national delicacy," he explained.

Silently Vingie indicated the luncheon basket—chicken and salad, strawberries and cream, hock cup, *petits fours*, cigarettes, coffee.

The golden sunshine blessed them as they sat on the sand in perfect idleness. Across a three-mile strip of blue Mr. Misch and Rupert Frack labored dismally to evolve a formula.

"Oscar," murmured Vingie at last, "you aren't amusing me. Isn't there anything interesting in your country except fried fish?"

His eyes dwelt on her fair face, golden brown beneath the sun. "I was thinking of the days when we shall be married," he answered.

"But we shall never be married, Oscar."

He laughed. "I have told you I love you. What else should we do but marry?"

"You forget," she said, "that I don't want to marry you in the least. I don't want to marry anyone. Why should I?"

"Marriage is the logical end of love."

"I know marriage often does end love, logically or otherwise, Oscar, but I'm not in love with you, so there's no need to end it."

He got up, clicked his heels and bowed ceremoniously.

"I have formally offered you marriage, mademoiselle. You choose to be flippant, and so I am in honor bound to terminate my mission here and return to my own country. This is an affront I have not deserved!"

She stretched out a hand and smiled up at him.

"Don't be beastly to me, Oscar. You know I didn't mean to hurt you. Please forgive me and sit down and let's be friends. I wanted you to have such a happy day."

The fretful expression faded from his face. Laughing, he flung himself down on the sand.

"*Lay by my side your bunch of purple heather,*
The last red asters of an autumn day,
And let us sit and talk of love together
As once in May,"

he quoted. "I will be very good and very devoted, Virginia, and by and by, before I go, I will ask you again."

Late that night Vingie drifted like a wraith into the smoking room, where Sir Charles and Rupert sat drinking whisky and soda. Lord Fordingbridge in a corner bowed his fine head over an obstinate game of patience. Vingie sank wearily into an armchair and passed a hand over her brow.

"I wish I'd never seen your Janowicz man," she announced. "Only Mr. Misch, who insisted on a good-night talk with him, saved me from hysterics. I gave him a rose, which he placed against his heart and fled. I hope Rupert has had extraordinary luck with Mr. Misch. I should like someone to be pleased."

"Misch," retorted Rupert wearily, "is a perfect fool. He insists on a loan of fifty thousand million kronen instead of thirty, and talks a lot of nonsense about a sphere of influence on the Adriatic littoral."

"Did I tell you, Vingy, that the Lovelace filly was unplaced in the 3:30 race yesterday?" inquired Sir Charles with a little sigh. "She was well up while Knave of Hearts made the running, but when he collapsed halfway and Simpson called on her for a final effort she failed to respond. On her previous form she ought to have won in a canter by five lengths at least."

Lord Fordingbridge shuffled his cards together and shook his head.

"I shall never get out Miss Milligan unless I cheat," he complained. "I've tried every night for the last thirty years, but it always goes wrong somewhere."

"Is Janowicz married?" demanded Vingie of Rupert.

"No. Why?"

"From a woman's point of view there are about a hundred thousand reasons why, but it would take all night to tell you them and I'm going to bed. That doesn't make it any the less annoying," she snapped, and departed, leaving chaos in her wake.

Sir Charles yawned politely behind his hand.

"If there were any publicity connected with this affair, now would be the time to issue a statement saying that we were all in perfect accord over everything," he murmured

■

IN THE morning after breakfast Vingie gave way to panic.

"If I don't get out of this atmosphere I shall go mad," she murmured, and zigzagged feverishly from tree to tree until, coming to the avenue gates, she passed out and began to walk along the main road. Cheerful rustics at work in the fields, an occasional tradesman's cart passing by soothed her restless nerves. It all seemed so normal.

Barely two hundred yards on her way she found a stationary car, its bonnet uplifted in an attitude of surrender. Upon the running board sat what was obviously a nice man, engaged in filling a pipe. His stocky figure adorned a suit of comfortable old clothes and when he saw Vingie he smiled joyously, thankful for the perfect vision thus early in the day. With the confidence of youth Vingie smiled back and stood still before him in the sunshine.

"Is it anything very bad? Shall I ask one of our chauffeurs to help?" she asked kindly.

The nice man, who had risen from his seat on the running board and lifted his hat in salutation, shook his head.

"I'm afraid my little car has a diplomatic illness, Miss Lauriston," he confessed after a careful glance at Vingie. "You see, I rather hoped you'd come along."

"Why? Do I know you?"

The nice man shook his head again.

"But I'd rather it were you than Mr. Janowicz," he amplified, looking steadfastly at the pipe in his fingers.

"Mr. Janowicz? I don't understand!" said Vingie in a faint voice.

Officially, only four people were aware of Mr. Janowicz's arrival. She sat down on the running board of the deceitful car and propped her chin in her hands. After a second's hesitation the nice man sat down beside her.

"If you'll promise not to tell I'll put all my cards on the table," he coaxed. "I'm George Berriman, foreign editor of the Daily Tale. I'm taking a little holiday in these parts and I thought if I had a breakdown close to your gates someone would come out or go in who might make a story. I knew you by sight, of course, from your pictures. We generally call you the charming young society beauty. I'm rather interested in the Jugo-Czechian situation."

"But people don't know ——"

"You mustn't say 'people.' There are no people, only readers and potential readers," rebuked Mr. Berriman. "Of course I know all about Janowicz. One of my correspondents saw him get into his aeroplane, and another saw him get out, and I could tell you the number of the car that brought him down here. But I'd love a few personal touches. He's an interesting feller. He married a nobody before the war and offended court circles very badly."

"But he isn't married!"

Mr. Berriman smiled pityingly.

"He married Fritzi Pogany, the cabaret dancer, in 1914, when she was only sixteen years old. She's rather good-looking if I may say so."

Vingie sat up and held out a dramatic hand.

"Give me a cigarette," she commanded. "I knew it all the time, but Rupert swore he wasn't. You can always tell. The married ones are so charming and docile and pathetic. And yet he asked me to marry him—carried away by his feelings, I s'pose. This is absolutely confidential, of course."

"Perfectly," agreed Mr. Berriman. "The thing is, what have they decided? We love an exclusive story in the Daily Tale. Mind, I'm not trying to tempt you, because it would be useless as well as unpardonable, but the news must be given to the world somehow. Anything we could do in return—I suppose our ordinary rates wouldn't appeal to you, even the high prices we pay for a scoop, but perhaps you have a pet charity, or a worthy cause which we could assist?"

Vingie turned to Mr. Berriman and smiled at him so adorably that even his iron nerve shook slightly.

"You've helped me a great deal this morning without knowing it," she said. "I feel strong and calm again. I'll do as much for you if I can. Where are you staying?"

"They make me very comfortable down in the village, at the White-Faced Goat. The telephone number is 12. You can rely absolutely on my discretion."

She got up, took a little powder puff and mirror from her wrist bag and powdered her face.

"Good-by. I'll remember," she said and walked back thoughtfully to the house.

She met Rupert pacing the avenue, his face pale, his mouth set. Although she found much in his character to criticize, and considered him unsuitable as a husband, and felt particularly annoyed because he had never offered himself in that capacity, and saw infinite shortcomings in his personality it would be most fascinating to remedy, somehow he aroused her maternal instinct.

"What's the matter, my dear old thing?" she inquired kindly.

Rupert jerked his head passionately.

"A deadlock. The whole business is finished. They won't budge. All our trouble is wasted. Complete failure, and Fordingbridge is furious."

"Why? It's as much his fault as yours."

"But he left Misch to me, and I worked out the entire scheme," said Rupert Frack dismally.

"If I saved you, what would you think?" asked Vingie, a benevolent smile softening her young mouth, a warm glow of charity and good will stealing through her veins.

"I should think I was dreaming and expect to wake up with a thud," answered Rupert, bitterly sarcastic.

Vingie turned on him like a wildcat.

"Then I'll do it—not because I care a—a damn what happens to you, but just to show I've got more brains than a great thick-headed, commonplace, unattractive lump like you!" she stormed, and left him limp with amazement.

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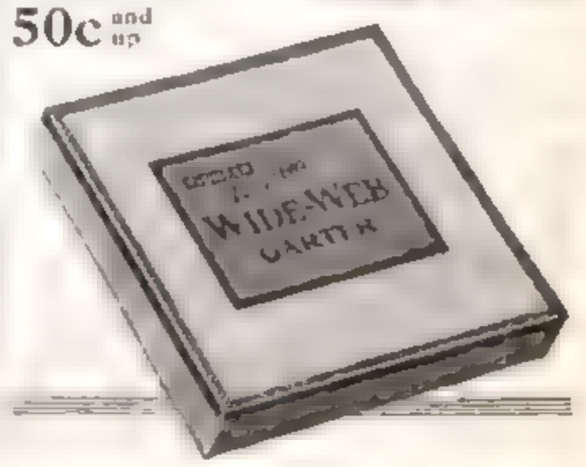

Oscar sat on the lawn smoking a Russian cigarette, staring gloomily into the distance. He rose and bowed so philosophically.

"A diplomatic tempest rages, but you come as sunshine piercing the clouds," he said. "Virginia, you are more adorable than ever. I cannot begin to describe it. Please sit down and let us talk about your hair, and your eyes, and the curve of your cheek when you laugh."

"I can't stop," she answered, not half so annoyed with him as might be supposed, "but will you please ride with me after lunch? There's something I want to tell you."

VI

IN A GREEN path amid pine woods Vingie reined in her mare, slid from the saddle, and stood, a slight boy-girl figure, in beautiful breeches, long mahogany-tanned boots, linen coat and felt riding hat. She gave the reins to Oscar, seated herself on a fallen tree trunk and flicked a spurred heel thoughtfully with her cutting whip.

He tethered the beasts and stood looking at her; sunlight glinted through the branches and a midsummer hush lay all around.

"Sit down," she commanded. "I want to talk. Do you remember asking me to marry you, Oscar?"

"It is hardly a thing one would forget, Virginia."

"Why did you?"

"Because you are the most beautiful person in the world. I love you, and marriage is the logical end of love."

"You know perfectly well we shall never be married."

"Why not?"

Vingie laid the whip across her knees and looked at him.

"Because you're married already!"

He sat up rigidly beside her and went very pale.

"But how did you know? No one knows!" he exclaimed.

"To Fritzi Pogany, in 1914. She was sixteen, and very pretty. A cabaret dancer, I understand. Oscar, is there any reason why I shouldn't hit you across the face with this?" She bent the cutting whip idly between gloved fingers.

"You don't understand. It was a ridiculous *mésalliance*. I had intended to dissolve this marriage, which was hopeless from the first. No one would have known."

"Oscar," said Vingie icily, "do you realize you're talking to me and not to a scullery maid? Am I likely to want you after Fritzi's finished with you? Am I likely to want you at all? Believe me, I'm not!"

"These diplomatic difficulties are solely on account of you," he explained wearily. "Misch has been haggling on my instructions. I was perfectly content with Lord Fordingbridge's original offer. Tonight I should have asked formally for us to be betrothed, and in honor of that the concession would have been made."

Vingie's mouth quivered at the corners; she began to giggle; finally she went off into peals of laughter. At last she became calm, laid a small, affectionate hand on her companion's shoulder and delivered her judgment.

"Listen, Oscar! You must give way just the same. If you don't I shall be obliged to tell Sir Charles everything, and that will be most unpleasant for you. Remember, we've spent three whole days together, which require some explanation. Officially I've been talking you over to our side."

He drew himself up very haughtily. "I cannot eat my words in that fashion. Even the Foreign Minister of a post-war republic has his feelings."

"Even I have mine if it comes to that, Oscar. Of course we must save your face to an extent. You shall have favorable notices in the papers, and perhaps a decoration. But remember, by dinnertime all this must be settled; and I want you to do it through Mr. Frack. I have a reason for this. Do you promise?"

Mr. Janowicz then behaved in very handsome fashion. He rose, clicked his heels and bowed courteously.

"Miss Lauriston," he said, "although I speak as a soldier, it is no disgrace to surrender to the most beautiful girl in the world."

It was, in effect, as if the Hussars of the Guard went by in column of sections and Major Count Oscar Janowicz at their head gave the command: "Carry—suds! Eyes right!"

Vingie, also rising, lifted her adorable mouth.

"Rather a darling, aren't you?" she murmured. "You may kiss me just once, if you like, Oscar."

VII

THEY had dined ceremoniously. They had drunk to the success of the negotiations. The Jugo-Czechian mission had retired to pack; Vingie sat alone in the drawing-room. Presently Lord Fordingbridge entered, and closed the door quietly. He moved across to Vingie, sitting in the shadows, and smiled.

"You did very well," he said at last.

"It was all luck. I hope you give Rupert proper credit. He worked very hard."

"Does he—er—represent a great deal?" queried Lord Fordingbridge.

"I don't know. He's very immature. Not for years and years anyhow. He means well. There's the foreign editor of the Daily Tale staying in the village. May he have special facilities? He gave me the key to the whole thing. I half promised ——"

"Just as you wish."

"And Oscar has his decoration?"

"I shall advise the Prime Minister."

Vingie nodded. "I'm so tired. Do you mind sending me Rupert?"

She watched his stately departure, deep in thought. She hardly noticed the advent of Rupert Frack.

"Well," she said at last, "I s'pose you hate me. A man always loathes owing success to a girl."

"No, Virginia, I'm very grateful. You were most generous. I apologize for my rudeness this afternoon. I was extremely worried."

He stood awkwardly before her, a little grim, terribly sincere, as if strange emotions began to work subtly in his soul. She reached out a slender hand and touched his.

"All right, old boy. I'm glad you're glad. Lord F.'s very pleased with you. Do ask Charles to come and see me."

She sat in the half light until the door clicked a third time, and Sir Charles sauntered across the room, his spirit ever lilting to hidden and triumphant music. She made room for him on the settee, and stared at him out of perplexed eyes.

"Charles," she pleaded at last, "tell me the riddle of life. I've won my game and now I'm as flat as yesterday's soda water."

Sir Charles crossed one knee over the other and clasped it gently.

"The struggle is like wine, and achievement is death," he answered. "Also you have hazarded your heart a very little, and that's fatal in diplomacy. As I said before, a suitable marriage is so much better ——"

Vingie placed a small finger gently on his lips.

"I've sowed my first wild oat," she announced joyfully, "but only the first. Marriage, did you say? Oh, Charles, think rather of all the other little oats to come!"

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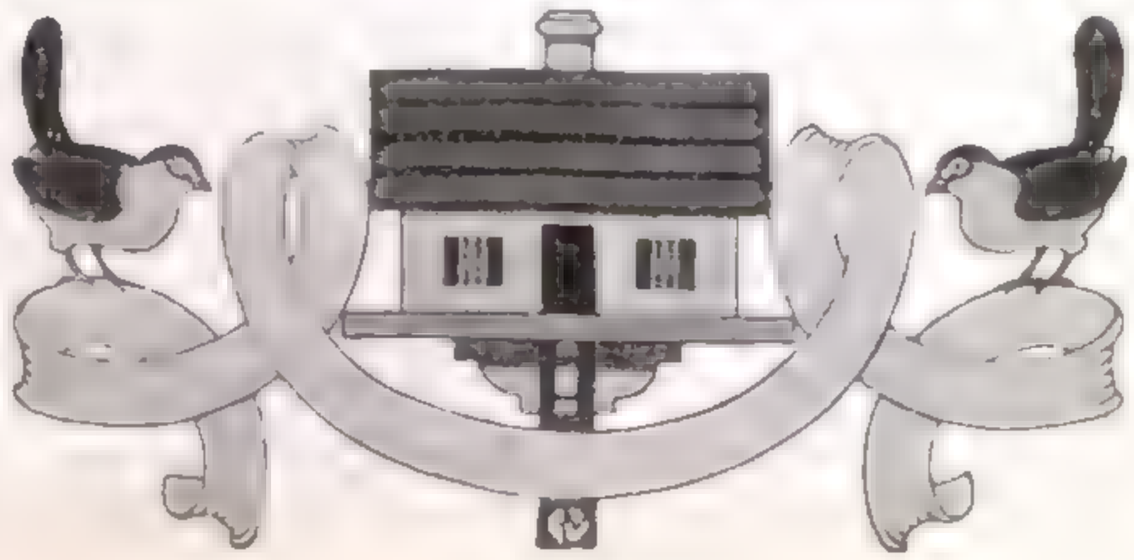

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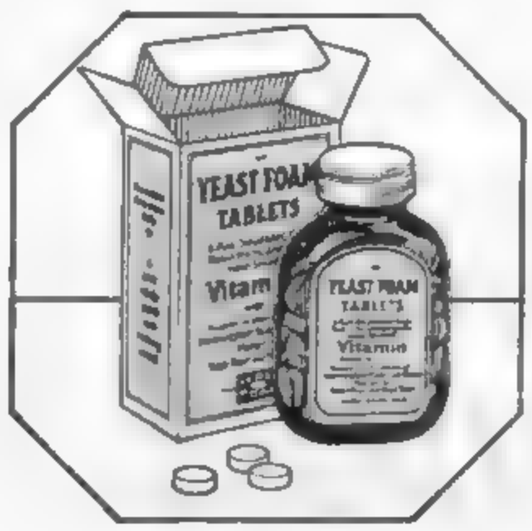

COAL ECONOMIES

Continued from Page 6

consumption of coal by these carriers would not now amount to more than 55,000,000 tons. We have approximately 65,000 steam engines now operating on American railroads, and the average twenty-four-hour output of each locomotive is estimated to be no more than 10 per cent of its rating. In the case of electrified roads, though the average load of each individual electric engine is but 15 per cent of its continuous rating, this load factor is raised to about 60 per cent when forty or fifty of these locomotives are supplied with power from one transmission system. The first cost of railroad electrification is admittedly high, but the eventual savings would be enormous. Though steam railroading is still an actuality, scientifically it is as obsolete as the beehive coke oven.

But the case against the railroads should not be pushed too hard on the score of the failure of the transportation systems to electrify their lines. It takes money to make such a radical change, and the public's confidence in the railroads in recent years has not been sufficient to make it easy to raise the necessary funds. However, the need right now is for the introduction of fuel-saving measures that will immediately become effective and help to relieve a serious situation. The mere act of modernizing an old engine by applying new valve gear and superheaters results in a saving of no less than 20 per cent in the coal used per 1000 gross-ton miles. We can save miscellaneous losses of fuel by seeing that tenders are not overloaded; by removing all coal from coal cars; by cleaning up coal dropped along the right of way, so that it can be utilized at section houses and for station needs; by forbidding the use of excessively large engines on small trains; by cutting out double-heading except where it is absolutely necessary to use two engines; by keeping trains moving, anticipating and preparing for station work before the stop is made; and by encouraging the quicker handling of passengers, mail and express. The effort required to make up delays takes fuel.

The High Cost of Train Stops

When an engine pops off for five minutes the unnecessary waste of coal amounts to seventy-five pounds. Dragging brake shoes and stuck brakes mean fuel wastes. The stopping of freight trains always entails a serious loss of coal, and this is especially true when trains are stopped at the foot of steep grades, from which points it is difficult and expensive to start. Pages would be required to hold all the suggestions that might be written relative to the saving of fuel by our transportation systems. During the war railroad employes responded to the call in splendid fashion. It is to be hoped that the same spirit can be aroused to meet our present emergency. There is no place where so much coal can be saved as on our railroads. For each 1 per cent of fuel saved, the railroads of the United States effect a direct gain of about $6,000,000, while the indirect saving amounts to a sum that is equally great. One pound of coal will carry one ton of freight fifteen miles. If only one shovelful of coal is saved out of each ton consumed by the railroads, the total amount thus conserved amounts to more than 1,000,000 tons in a year.

But the railroads must not be asked to do more than their share, so if we are to pull through the winter with a minimum of industrial inconvenience and physical suffering, every consumer of fuel, whether in the home or in the factory, must exercise extreme caution and apply all the knowledge that is now available on the subject of combustion. In our big industrial plants the present problem is not to get new equipment that will give higher efficiency, but rather to obtain maximum results from the boilers and stokers that are already installed. The vital need of the moment is to transfer as many heat units as possible from the coal to the steam. In every boiler plant the owner should immediately require that a careful survey be made to determine just what efficiency is being obtained in the burning of coal. The two great losses come from incomplete combustion and the heating up of flue gases and other things besides the water in the boiler. The loss resulting from unburned coal and coke carried away in the ashes can readily be observed by inspection and by sampling the ashes. The loss resulting from unburned gas, principally carbon monoxide, practically always results from carrying too thick a fire and operating the furnace like a gas producer.

Firemen should obviate flue losses by carrying a thinner fire and providing a greater supply of air per pound of coal. The performance of the plant should be checked up by getting a flue-gas analysis. Experienced firemen can often determine closely what a boiler is doing by watching the appearance of the flame from the furnace. When there is too little air for complete combustion the flame shows the burning of carbon-monoxide gas. If too much air is supplied to the furnace an observation will likely show no flame at all. In metallurgical furnaces the firemen depend almost entirely upon the appearace of the flame as a guide in controlling combustion. A great saving would result if firemen everywhere were to take an interest in the matter and learn to read the boiler's performance from a study of the flame that is visible.

Economy With the Home Fires

In a majority of coal-burning plants today an investigation would show that the tubes are dirty and that there are many holes in the baffles of the water-tube boilers. Such conditions spell waste, because of the high temperature of the gases escaping from the boiler. Nothing pays better than to keep boiler tubes clean and the baffles in good repair. In the matter of boiler-plant operation, eternal vigilance is the price of economy. No one can proceed intelligently to improve a plant until he first knows what the installation is actually doing.

Nothing is more essential in the efficient combustion of coal than the practice of keeping surfaces clean. The presence of soot on boiler tubes and in smokestacks costs the nation the needless waste of millions of tons of coal annually. Bituminous coal should be fired in small quantities at short intervals. In the average boiler plant twice as much coal is wasted when the boiler is fired every fifteen minutes as when the firing goes on at intervals of five minutes. When a mechanical stoker is used, then the coal supply is as uniform as the air supply, but in hand firing this is not the case. Experience has shown that thin fuel beds—three or four inches thick—are far superior to thick fuel beds. Of course it takes more skill to handle a thin fire, but it is only through the exercise of skill that large savings can be effected in the combustion of coal. The United States Bureau of Mines and other government bureaus have made a careful study of the science of combustion, and every large consumer of coal should see that his engineers and firemen are thoroughly informed with regard to the latest practices and the best opinions relating to the burning of coal.

Householders also will be called upon this winter to exercise care in burning coal, coke and gas, and therefore a few thoughts relative to efficiency in domestic fuel consumption will not be out of place. During the war housewives working away in their kitchens rendered splendid service in helping this nation with its Allies to win a victory. This winter there will be another great opportunity for the womenfolk to save fuel and thus limit unemployment and the resulting distress that would arise from the curtailment of industry. If a coal stove is used care should be taken to see that the smoke passages are clean. If the scraper made for the purpose is lost, get another. Reduce the hours of running the stove as much as possible. Fireless cookers may help to reduce the time of keeping a fire. Running the range to heat tank water only is not economical. Be sparing of hot water in such cases. See that the smoke pipe fits into the chimney tightly. If the fire bricks are loose, get a little fire clay and fill in. In freeing the fire from ashes and clinkers, turn the shaker handle over quickly as far as it will go and then back, seeing that both motions are continuous and rapid. Always allow the fire to have a full draft for five or ten minutes before shaking down ashes. Take the ashes from the ash pit daily to prevent damage to the grates.

For baking and roasting have the slide open in the ash-pit door, and the fire box

filled up to the top of the oven and free from ashes. As soon as baking is finished close all front drafts, open the check-draft damper in the pipe, and if the fire still burns too freely remove one of the lids over the oven, about two or three inches. To leave drafts on after you are through cooking is very wasteful of coal. To fix the fire for the night, run a poker around the side of the fire, which cleans the clinkers off the brick and waterback. See that the fire is packed down solidly, and open the check-draft damper in the pipe. It will keep the kitchen much warmer if the oven door is left standing open.

One good way for householders to save coal is to sift all ashes. During a recent winter a poor man in Philadelphia, destitute of coal, in passing along the street saw twelve barrels of ashes. He sifted the ashes and got five barrels of cinders, which lasted in his heater for a month. The average householder can reduce his fuel bill materially by sifting the ashes each day. Let no cinders go to waste. As to the temperature that should be maintained inside a house, the best opinion favors 68 degrees. This temperature not only protects health but saves coal. The people of the United States have squandered an enormous amount of fuel and impaired their health by maintaining a tropical temperature in their homes during winter weather.

Much fuel can be saved by seeing that windows and doors are weather stripped. Storm doors and storm windows will keep the cold out and the heat in. Ventilation should be systematic, not spasmodic. Extra rooms should be shut off. Especially in large homes, it is a waste to heat every part of the house. A coal shortage will not have passed without having left some benefits if it teaches the people of the country—especially the women—to dress more sensibly. If many of our homes fail to get an adequate supply of coal before the first chilly days of fall come along it is possible that jerseys, shawls and sweaters will be more the vogue than sheer sleeves and low-necked frocks. It would be awful if our fastidious ladies were to be compelled to go in for long-sleeved underwear and other apparel of an almost forgotten day, but winter is a heartless master who plays no favorites, so who can say what the future holds?

The amount of fuel consumed in heating a house depends upon a number of factors, quite a few of which are within the control of the householder. As in the case of boiler plants, we must assume that the house-heating equipment has already been installed, so that all we can do to save coal right now is to get the highest efficiency possible out of our present plants. The first suggestion is that everyone this year shorten his heating season. One of the evil practices here in America has been to start our furnaces too early in the fall and keep them running too late in the spring. In some localities every year one will observe many chimneys belching smoke and spreading soot over the neighborhood, while other houses in the same sections will have windows and doors open, and the occupants will be sitting on the front porches.

Hints for Householders

Too many faint-hearted people heat their houses unnecessarily, through fear of catching cold, and the result is a waste of coal and a lowering of bodily vitality. In a thousand or more cities and towns gas is available, and householders in these communities will find that it is not only possible but economical to defer the starting up of their furnaces for four to eight weeks by simply using gas fires in one or two rooms on days when the mornings and evenings are chilly. Combustion engineers have now perfected various types of apparatus to burn gas that supply a radiant heat without giving off any injurious products of combustion, and with far less stagnation of the air than results from the heating of homes with steam and hot-water systems. Nothing is more enticing than an open grate, and science is making great strides in rendering it possible for people to enjoy the pleasures of an old-fashioned fireplace without having to bear the losses of fuel such fires have heretofore entailed. About all that is now missing in the modern scheme is the crackling of the logs.

It is not possible here to go into all the details of house heating, but it may be mentioned that the first and most important rule is to keep the heat-absorbing surfaces of the heater free from soot and dust by regular cleaning. A second factor essential to efficiency is to see that provision has been made for a proper and sufficient draft. In severe weather the only way one can get additional heat is to burn more coal, and this means more draft. There are a number of causes for insufficient draft. The chimney may not be high enough, or it may have its top too near some tall object. The smoke pipe, chimney or gas passages may be clogged; the connection of smoke pipe to heater or chimney may leak; the hand damper in the smoke pipe may accidentally have been closed or the fuel bed may be clogged by clinkers. In any or all of these cases the draft will likely be deficient.

It is a mistake to believe that coal will be saved by having only a small amount in the fire pot. The proper way is to keep the fire pot full of coal, up to the bottom of the coaling door, sloping upward to the back, because a full fire pot means less care, even heat and a saving of coal. The control of the fire in any house-heating furnace is a matter of experiment and experience. Every householder who neglects to obtain a set of directions or rules for operating his furnace is careless with his money. In severe weather grates should be shaken until a glow appears in the ash pit. In moderate weather a bed of ashes should be carried on top of the grate. The coaling door of the furnace should be opened only for filling the fire pot with coal. The ash-pit door should be opened only for the removal of ashes. As already stated, large savings will result from sifting the ashes. The siftings should be slightly moistened before they are used again.

Few Substitutes for Coal

Great savings result in the heating of all kinds of buildings if automatic temperature regulation is used in connection with the system. Temperature regulation which actually regulates prevents the loss of heat by preventing the unnecessary overheating of the rooms of a building, and by regulating the demands on the heating system in exact accordance with the requirements of the different rooms. It should also be remembered that moisture as well as temperature must be considered when one sets out to make the inside of a house or office comfortable. As the temperature of air is raised the humidity must be increased. In other words, we must keep the heat balance stable. Moist air is far more healthful and comfortable at 63 degrees than dry air at 78 degrees. We can save dollars in our coal bills by paying attention to this idea. In homes where radiators of one kind or another are used it is a good plan to buy one or more water pans for each radiator. If such pans are not available in the local stores ordinary open dishes filled with water, placed near or on the radiators, will very well answer the purpose. In the present day, when thermometers cost so little, any householder who guesses about temperatures, indoors or outdoors, is certainly penny wise and pound foolish.

As to substitutes for coal, it is unfortunate but true that very little relief can be looked for from this quarter. A large production of oil helps the country materially when coal is scarce, and it is pleasant to note that oil production so far this year has reached a record total. For the first six months of 1922 the output of oil showed an increase of more than 30,000,000 barrels over the corresponding period of last year. But even this large increase in oil production provides only a slight basis for hope of fuel relief, because it takes four barrels of oil to equal a ton of coal when the oil is used in a mechanical burner. Furthermore, it seems that all America has taken to wheels, which is evidenced by the fact that we are consuming gasoline at the rate of 500,000,000 gallons a month. The more gasoline we consume the less fuel oil we have left. Even in the matter of lubrication oils the consumption figures have reached amazing totals, and if the increase continues it will not be long before we are consuming 100,000,000 gallons of lubricants monthly. Approximately 60 per cent of the lubricating oils produced is consumed by automobile users. Let no one, therefore, look to the oil industry to save the day for the nation in a time of coal famine.

In recent years wood has supplied about 14 per cent of the fuel used in the United States. In coming months it is to be hoped that where wood is available and can be

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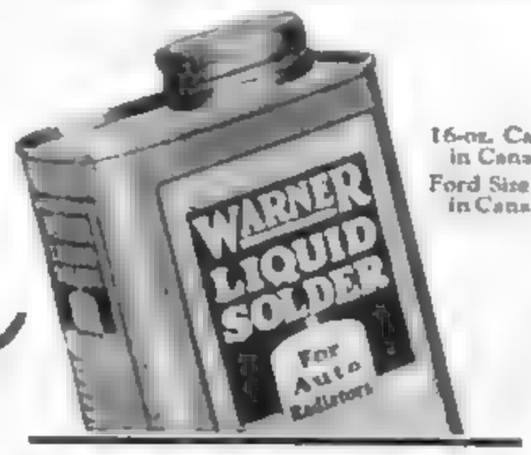

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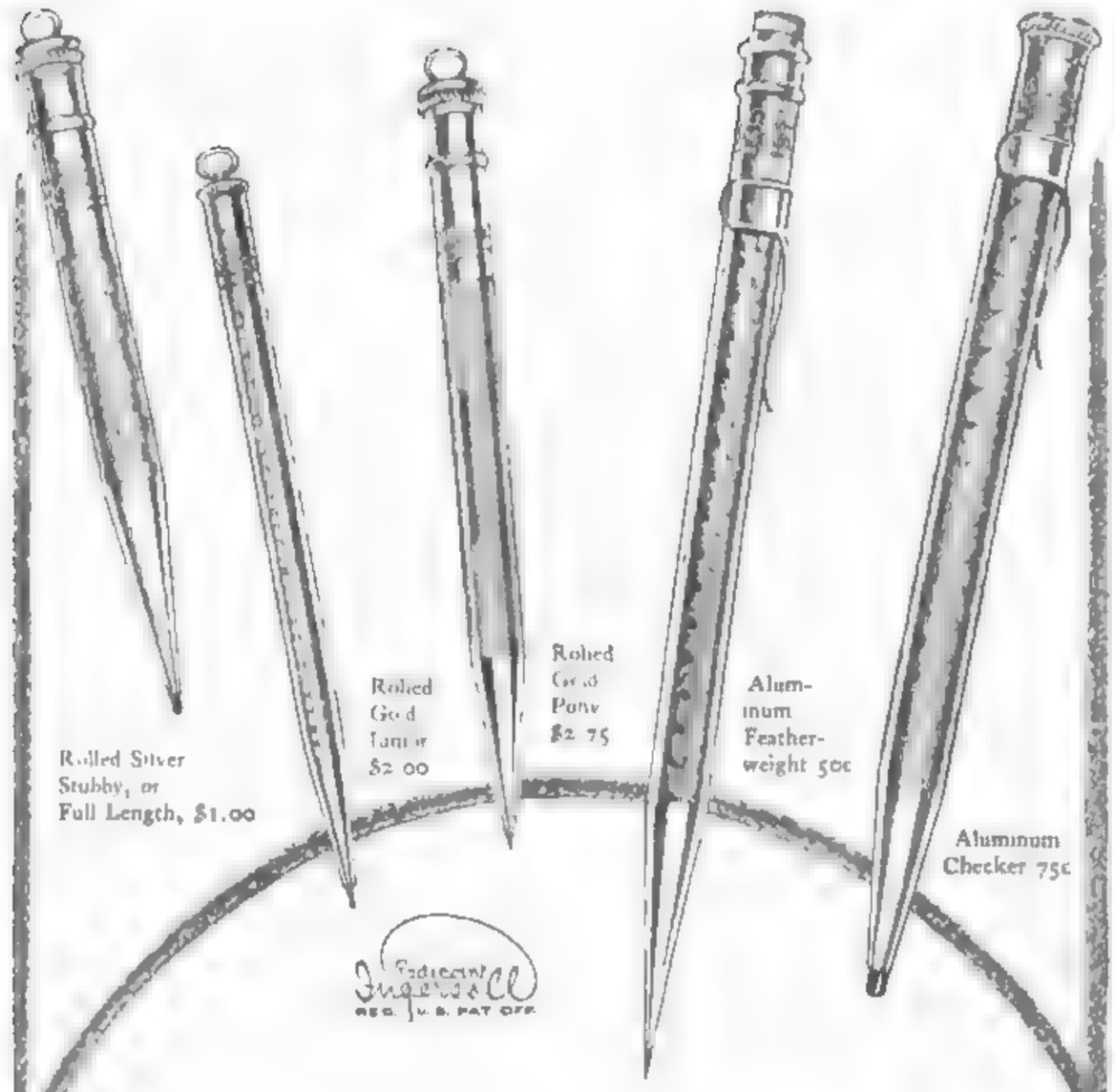

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cut and handled with economy, the people will accept the opportunity to burn wood and save coal and railroad cars. The use of wood, of course, is advocated on the assumption that consumers will do nothing to endanger our future supply of timber. In rural districts much wood is produced that is unfit for any use other than as fuel; in fact, there are many woodlands where the timber stand would be improved by a thinning out. Then it is also a fact that notwithstanding our efforts along lines of conservation there is an amazing wood waste at many plants engaged in the manufacture of wood products. In seventeen of our Eastern and Central States the rural population of 20,000,000 people use 18,000,000 tons of coal annually. There is reason to believe that this consumption of coal might be cut in half this winter if the people would only go in for burning wood. In such a case no less than 40,000 railroad cars would be released for other work.

Many will be surprised to know that we consume about 100,000,000 cords of wood for fuel annually in this country. The total value of this wood is approximately $300,000,000. Contrary to popular belief, there are very few coal-burning stoves and furnaces in which wood cannot be burned. The simplest and most effective way to use wood is to combine it with coal. The wood should be put in first and the coal used to fill the crevices. Such a fire burns rapidly and needs frequent attention, but if properly handled the consumer will thus be able to save 30 to 40 per cent on the quantity of coal burned. A pound of dry wood will give the consumer about 8000 heat units, while a pound of coal will furnish about 13,000. Generally speaking, wood is 59 per cent as efficient as coal. Ninety-five per cent of the wood consumed in this country as fuel goes for domestic purposes, and only 5 per cent for industry.

Aside from oil and wood practically the only substitutes for coal are coke and gas.

Coke and gas will be the universal agents of heat in the tomorrow of fuel. Powdered coal has a wide and expanding field in industry, but this form of fuel is, in fact, a mechanical gas, and it is altogether probable that combustion engineers will not stop there, but will continue on to the general use in industry of a true gas instead of the powdered fuel. Since it is too much to ask that the people shall at once leave off the burning of solid coal in our homes and industries, and go directly to the burning of gas, it is certain that coke in the near future will become a popular fuel and a strong competitor of anthracite coal.

The Coke Campaign

This winter thousands of people will burn coke who never used this fuel before. Such of these experimenters as exercise care and pay the same attention to the rules for burning coke that they have heretofore to the rules for burning coal will likely become permanent converts to the coke clan. Wherever a real effort has been made to introduce coke as a domestic fuel the attempt has been an unmistakable success. In one large city of the Middle West, where a big coke-and-gas plant has been put into operation, the company decided to introduce coke into the people's homes, and took up the work in the way it should be done. Thirty demonstrators were employed, and these men followed every load of coke to the home of a new customer and made sure that the householder started off right in utilizing the fuel. More than 95 per cent of the people going over to coke have become permanent users. In that city the consumption of anthracite last winter dropped to 65 per cent of what it was the winter before, while the consumption of coke doubled.

If we were to have more of this kind of work, anthracite, which is an ideal fuel, would not be shipped to points 1000 miles or more distant from the mines, and even in its own near-by field hard coal would have a worthy competitor—and there is nothing that brings down prices like a little competition. The production of anthracite is virtually a monopoly, and this condition will prevail in spite of legislation, until a great domestic coke industry is developed, which will break the hold that anthracite has on the people.

This winter in several cities certain sections of the towns will be supplied with gas for heating the homes as well as for cooking. These experiments will be merely the forerunners of extensive campaigns to get away, slowly but surely, finally and forever, from the burning of raw bituminous coal and the criminal waste of values that results therefrom. Practically no one today would burn soft coal in home or factory if the heat units in this same coal could be obtained in gaseous form at the same cost. This being a fact, we come to the gist of the whole matter. Gas will become the universal agent of heat when the price of gaseous fuel gets down to a level that permits competition with solid fuel. If gas is to supplant anthracite or any other kind of coal selling for fifteen dollars a ton the consumer must be able to buy his gas at the rate of one dollar for 1,000,000 heat units. That is the price that will be fixed in several favored communities this winter, where radical changes are being made for the purpose of reducing the cost of gas.

These are the kind of scientific advances worth while, for they mean that the country will eventually be free of smoke, a large part of the nation's present fuel waste will be eliminated, and America's total annual coal bill will be materially reduced.

Every Little Economy Helps

In conclusion, let me urge all users of gas this winter to exercise care and economy. The gas industry as a whole, for many months, has been apprehensive concerning the coal outlook, and manufacturers of gas have taken precautions to lay in as large supplies of coal as could be obtained, for the purpose of safeguarding the people in case of a coal famine. There is now no doubt that the gas companies will be called upon to carry a greater load than they have ever before shouldered. The enforced shortening of the coal season will mean a heavier demand for gas, and many operations that were carried on with solid fuel will be performed with gas.

When one takes into account that manufactured gas here in the United States is supplied to people in 4600 cities and towns, and serves a population of more than 40,000,000, it is easier to realize what a huge saving of fuel can be effected if only everyone will be careful. Here are just a few suggestions that may help a lot: See that the burners in the gas stove are not more than one and one-quarter inches below the cooking vessel. In other words, the gas flame should be one and one-quarter inches high. When a higher flame is used, much of the heat goes out horizontally and is without effect in cooking. Never permit the flame to lick up along the side of the vessel, and make sure that the tip of the flame barely touches the bottom. The gas should burn with a pale, blue, nonluminous flame; a luminous flame deposits soot and is wasteful.

Always place the vessel in position before lighting the gas, and eliminate red or yellow from the flame by adjusting the air shutter. Remember that a cooking vessel cannot be made any hotter after boiling commences, so when boiling begins, lower the flame. Always turn off the gas before removing the vessel, and do not forget that deposits of soot and scale on the bottoms of hot-water tanks or inside hot-water heaters make it necessary to use more gas. In some communities industrial users of gas are now operating burners a single one of which will consume as much manufactured gas in a day as is consumed by all the people in a town of 15,000 population during the same length of time. Though some of these spectacular users of gaseous fuel may be able to achieve economies that individually are large, the fuel salvation of the country this winter lies in the hands of the great mass of the people, each one of whom uses only a comparatively negligible quantity of gas or coal. It is the aggregate of 20,000,000 or more small economies that will count.

In this article I have dealt almost entirely with measures and methods for saving fuel that can be applied immediately. But above and beyond our fuel troubles of today is our vital coal problem, for which no remedy has so far been found. It is impossible to believe that as our present trouble ends, the nation will again sink back into a comfortable position of indifference and forgetfulness as to the waste and misery the people have suffered through neglecting to cure the coal evil. In a concluding article this phase of the subject will be discussed, and remedies suggested for thoughtful consideration.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Parsons. The third will appear in an early issue.

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NOAH'S MISTAKE

(Continued from Page 13)

cholera, smallpox, influenza—make their start, not as we at first and most naturally suspected, from the human swarms and beehives of the Nile Valley, o' the Euphrates, of the great cities of India and China, but from the vast half-desert steppes and sand hills of Northeast Europe and Northwest Asia, comparatively sparse and thin in human populations but swarming with rodents of every description. Indeed, scientific expeditions were actually being planned before the outburst of the World War to study carefully this curious state of affairs

Now what are the practical "bearin's o' these observations," as Captain Cuttle used to say? These, of course, "depend upon the application on 'em." First, that we have here another and probably earlier form of the famous three-ringed circuses of epidemic disease: First, from man to man to man; and second, from insect to man to man, like the magic, six-sided benzol ring of chemistry; and third, from insect to rodent to man. Breaking this third fatal triangle may be even more far-reaching and effective in preventing disease than attacking the other two.

Second, by far our deadliest and oldest disease, with a mortality of 60 to 90 per cent, so majestic in its murderousness that it has always been termed simply the plague, or the black death, is literally manufactured and carried solely and exclusively by the rat and by nothing and no one else! Even "a case in man is not in itself infectious." [Osler.] No rats, no plague, and no possibility of plague.

So simply and literally true is this that the mere wearing of high boots or leggings, higher than the utmost leap of the migratory infected flea of the plague-slain rat—eleven inches—is an absolute preventive and protection. While this "extinct" disease was sweeping away eight million lives in India alone in the first ten years of this century, English Tommies sent to clean out plague-smitten houses and carry out and bury the dead never caught a single case of the pest, though native regiments detailed for the same service fell victims in hundreds and had to be withdrawn. Reason why? The Tommies went at their appalling task with boot tops pulled up and leggings tightly strapped; the native troops, in spite of orders to the contrary, stripped off their boots and putties and went at it barefoot. Stop the infected rat flea from leaping onto bare human feet and legs and biting or getting crushed there and you stop the plague.

Diseases Carried by Rats

This is the chief wherefore, plus quarantine and rat slaughter, why black death has not gained a foothold in Western Europe or North America for nearly three hundred years past, though in the previous twenty centuries it had scored an average of about one epidemic every thirty years; one of which, the historic black death, swept away one-fourth of the total population of Europe.

How ancient the plague is, and how long vaguely associated with the rat, may be glimpsed from the picturesque story of the misty, far-away days of the First Book of Samuel. The Ark of the Covenant having been captured by the Philistines, offended Jehovah punished their sacrilege by sending a furious plague among them, which smote them with emerods, or swelling in their groins, the fatal black buboes or abscesses of the plague, which gave it two of its names, black death and bubonic plague.

The slaughter ran up into tens of thousands, and the terrified Philistines hastily sent back the Ark to Beth-shemesh, first filling it, in eager atonement, with golden images of emerods and mice—or rats—"that mar the land."

So much for the one great plague, man's deadliest single scourge, bred, spread and given shelter between human epidemics by the rat.

Next we have three comparatively local but quite serious recently discovered diseases borne solely by rodents. One is the spotted fever, or tick fever, of Montana, carried to man from ground squirrels by the bite of a tick which infests them. This is practically limited to the valleys of the Bitter Root and Wind River mountains, and has never exceeded a few hundred cases in a year. The second is the new and curious tularemia, so called because due to a bacillus found in the rodents of the tule swamps of the San Joaquin Valley in California; carried from rodent to rodent by a louse and from rodent to man by the bite of a blood-sucking deer fly. The disease was also found by Doctor Francis in Utah, where it infests the jack rabbits as original or rodent hosts. It is seldom fatal to humans, but has assumed an unexpected seriousness within the past few months by the report that every one of the bacteriologists and laboratory workers engaged in studying the disease, six in number, had caught it sooner or later! The third is a widespread and troublesome epidemic, with the imposing but musical name of tsutsugamushi, or flood-river fever, which breaks out in the river valleys of Japan every summer, somewhat like a mild typhoid fever, and is spread by the field mice, with a louse as carrier.

Then we have another widespread and once extremely serious and deadly disease—typhoid—which is now, thank] fortune, on the vanishing list, having declined in the United States, for instance, nearly 80 per cent in the last thirty years.

This is not now carried by rodents, but through drinking water, by personal contact and by flies. Yet there is one significant and sinister fact in its history, and that is that none of our domestic and very few of our laboratory animals could be made to catch it except the rat—which is suggestive as to its primitive origin.

Medical Puzzles

Finally we come to a group of three of our greatest outstanding puzzles among serious and well-known diseases—influenza, measles and infantile paralysis. Of all three we must frankly admit that we know little more of their cause and means of spread than we did before Pasteur and Koch, because, with the exception of the first, we are not sure of the causal germ and hence cannot experiment intelligently and conclusively.

But we have a strong and growing suspicion that the reason for the failure of our literal thousands of attempts to arrest and convict the criminals is that there is a third conspirator in the gang, an animal carrier, with or without an insect go-between, that has so far eluded us. And the strongest suspicions point toward that carrier's being a rodent! Influenza, though in nearly all its aspects a complete and distressing puzzle, has certain aspects which strongly suggest an intermediate carrier—flea, cootie or rat. First, it has a curious trick of burrowing underground in a community for five or six times its own incubation, or hatching, period and then suddenly exploding into several hundred cases in a single day. Second, while our death roll of half a million lives was bad enough, India, the home of the rat and his flea, lost five and a half million lives from influenza! Ten times the death rate in less than three times the population. Last, the pestilence started, like all the great world-encircling epidemics, from that rat heaven in the deserts, up in Northeastern Europe and Turkestan, the witches' caldron of all the pandemic plagues.

To sum up, we have now one great and most destructive disease, the plague, and three minor or local ones, tularemia, tsutsugamushi and tick fever, due to the rat and the mouse; and five others, typhoid, typhus, measles, infantile paralysis and influenza, in which they are strongly suspected of playing a sinister part.

The practical question before us is, is there anything to be said in favor or extenuation of the criminals at the bar of medical justice? Can any man show good reason why sentence of extermination should not be pronounced against them forthwith?

In the fifteen years that the trial has been proceeding not a single valid fact has been brought forward in their favor, except, of course, that of lack of malice aforethought. In fact they are and always have been suspicious characters, bad eggs, undesirable citizens of the most pronounced type. They are anything but the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie" of Burns' famous ode to a field mouse, but the deadliest and most dangerous beasts of prey that rove the deserts and the jungles.

And it isn't as if this were the only complaint against the defendants; not by any

manner of means. Entirely apart from their most pestilent and menacing activities in the spread of disease, their very existence is a nuisance, an enormous expense and an intolerable annoyance. For thirty years past, ever since the rise of a science of agriculture, agronomic experts, fruit and vegetable growers, food economists, grain handlers and transporters, wholesale merchants, railroad and steamship managers have been loudly clamoring for the abolition of the plague of rats on account of their enormous and incredible destruction of foodstuffs, not merely by what they eat, but the far greater amount which they foul and infect and expose to the weather, to molds, rots and decays, by their burrowing and gnawing into sacks and containers. Their filthy footprints, and excreta, both solid and liquid, are everywhere in our food, and their very existence is a nauseating offense against our modern and rising standards of health and decency.

In intelligent shipping circles it has already become a routine procedure to dock and empty each ship at regular intervals, batten down her hatches, and then pump her hold and all the spaces between her decks full of some poisonous gas, like hydrocyanic—prussic—acid, and thus utterly destroy all rats and mice as well as cockroaches and other vermin. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates the expense of each rat per annum at five dollars in food destroyed alone.

Hence every one of us, man, woman or child, in these United States has a pet rat—and five or ten cute little mice thrown in—for whose upkeep and the pleasure of whose company we pay a tax or subscription of five dollars a year. Of course, if we prefer to spend our money in that way, there is no more to be said; but why not use it to finance a war of extermination against the filthy pests?

Naturally the thing is not to be done just by adopting high-sounding resolutions or even passing city ordinances. The question rises at once, as in the old fable of these little nuisances themselves when they had decided to bell the cat, "But who"—or what—"shall annex the bell to the cat?"

Making Homes Rat Free

Fortunately recent scientific developments and corresponding economic changes and new practical experience have put a powerful weapon into our hands which bids fair to change the whole situation. The plague-rat campaigns of our public-health officers have shown repeatedly, by actual accomplishment, that it is perfectly possible, by vigorous and intelligent trapping and a bounty upon scalps, to reduce the rat population of any city 80 or 90 per cent and keep it there so long as the local authorities are sufficiently scared of the plague; and this would be a good first step everywhere.

But the only solid and permanent foundation for the abolition of the plague of rats and mice is to rob them of their living by keeping all human food and all farm and stable feedstuffs out of their reach. We have literally brought this pest upon our own heads, for the density of the rat population of any neighborhood is simply an index of its carelessness in storage and wastefulness in use of its food supplies.

After all, the little beggars are only following the great law of Nature. If food is left lying about, to be had for the taking, they will surely come to it and settle down and be fruitful and multiply up to the limit of that food supply. The curve of increase of even human population follows almost automatically that of the increase of national income and height of wages. So how can we blame poor *Mus rattus?*

The more carefully we study the rat problem the more we are convinced that the rat is not so much a house dweller as he is an infester of barns, stables, granaries and warehouses. Now that we have abandoned the habit of storing our winter's supply of fruits, potatoes and vegetables in dark, damp cellars, we have turned these cellars, with their molds and their filth and decaying cabbages, into well-lighted, warm, dry basements and furnace rooms; also, we are making our foundations of concrete, with cement floors and the first-floor beams laid in cement, so our houses are air-tight, rat-proof and vermin-proof; and we can, with a little extra watchfulness over the handling and tight boxing of our current daily food supply, make our homes rat free, mouse free and germ free, with enormous advantages to our health and comfort.

Never have we built, since the world began, such houses for health, for comfort and for beauty as we are building today. No damp floors, no dark corners, no cracks or crevices or hollow walls for vermin to breed in; windows of any size and number we like; literal walls of glass; sunshine, warmth, fresh air everywhere—our houses all front. But as yet the barn, the stable, the granary and warehouse lag behind in this transformation. Grains, brans and feeds are bulkier, less expensive than human foodstuffs, and hence less carefully stored and boxed. Floors are built up on piles or pillars and made of wide planks with yawning gaps through which grain and refuse fall into wide, dark spaces—regular fortresses and havens of refuge for the rat. Here is his last stronghold and here he must be attacked.

A forlorn hope it looks at first sight, taking both human nature and rat nature into account. But help is coming from two unexpected sources. One is the rapidly growing and now almost universal tendency, since the invention of the field harvester, which cuts, threshes and sacks the grain at one swoop in the field, to abandon all attempt to store grain on the farm, in stack, granary or barn, and to send it direct to the great elevators. Here it is stored in huge concrete or metal-lined towers, rat and mouse proof; and by the addition of fans capable of driving powerful currents of hot air over and through the grain as it pours from one vat to another, mold and mildew proof.

Health and the Horseless Age

Nail Number One in Mister Rat's coffin!

But by far our most powerful new ally is marching up to our aid from quite another quarter. This is no less than the coming of the horseless age, bringing with it the blessed hope of relief from what one at times is tempted in despair to call the plague of our domestic animals.

The coming of the automobile and of the farm motor has been an enormous aid to the health officer in his antifly, antirat, antidust and filth campaigns, and one of the chief health boons to the entire community of the last three decades. Not only has it made it possible to abolish stables and their manure heaps and swarming flies in downtown and residence districts, but the gently aromatic trail of gasoline and oil which a car leaves behind is carried on the flood water of summer rains to coat over many a puddle and pond in which swarming mosquitoes would otherwise have bred, and poison many a pocket or heap of rubbish, manure or garbage in which the typhoid fly would have eagerly laid her eggs.

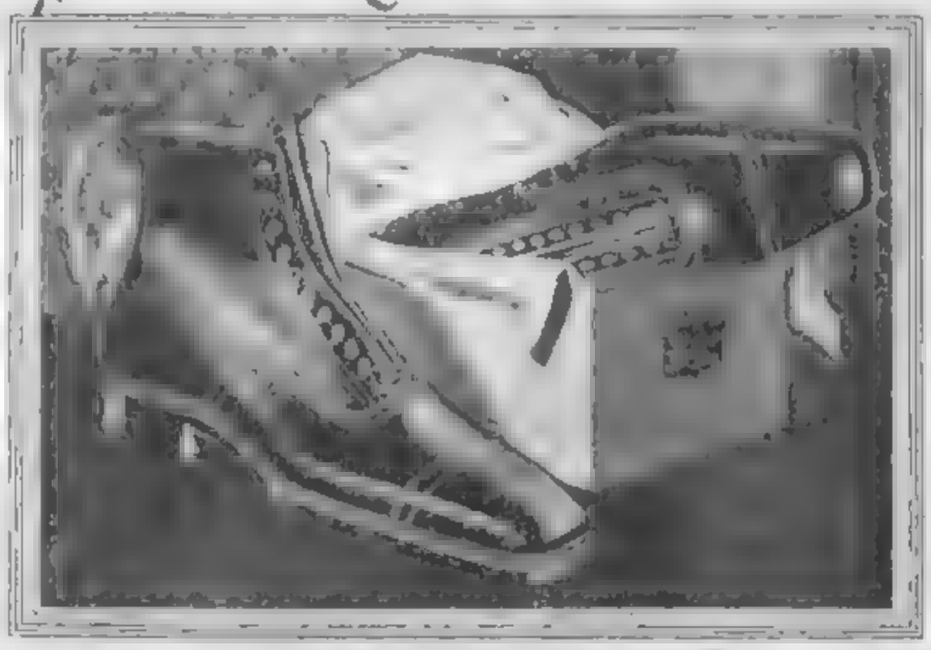
We hear bitter complaint of occasional damage to roadside grass plots by those oily overflows, or to creepers and flowers trailing over wayside hedges and trellises from oily dust thrown up by whirling tires; but we forget to notice and be thankful for the striking freedom from flies, gnats and mosquitoes along most of our motor highways; also the marked lessening of city-street dust, two-thirds of whose bulk used to be made up of pulverized horse manure, with its swarming germs to irritate every nose and throat. The horseless age has turned the stable from a menace into an aid to health.

This is only in keeping with the rest of its health-improving influences. It has been the mainspring of the country club and the golf habit. It has transformed the lazy, overdressed, overeating summer hotel and summer resort of the old type, with its flirting, gossip, scandal, drinking and gambling, into a mere port of call, overnight or for a few days, of eager-eyed, brown-faced, happy parties, dressed any old way for comfort and weather, only anxious to be off again in pursuit of the lure of the open road.

Also it has done a great deal to break up the saloon and the hard-drinking and gambling clubs and change the selfish indulgence of the man of the family into the pleasure and happiness of all. It has brought to the farmer's wife and daughters that pleasure in traveling, that free life in the open air, of which they, in their heavy, incessant, indoor slavery to housework, cooking and dairy work, often get altogether too little.

But the most vivid realization of the pit whence we have been digged, of pestilence-breeding intimacy with our domestic animals, comes from a glimpse at the primitive cradle of all our civilization, the eastern half

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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The flavor you have missed

THE tang of the real old plantation-made molasses—Brer Rabbit brings it back in all its well-remembered deliciousness. Enjoy it again now in baked beans, and in the cookies and gingerbreads that everybody loves. Send for free recipe book. Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

In two grades: Gold Label—light molasses, Green Label—dark molasses

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Ride Rite
Springs
Make Rough Roads Smooth
Like Oil on Troubled Waters
Ride Rite Springs smooth choppy road waves into imperceptible ripples and round car-wrecking, nerve-racking bumps into gentle swells. Scientific design and a throw-holding rebound plate in combination with a large number of oil-tempered, thin leaves result in absorption of all bumps large or small.
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of the Mediterranean Basin. *Mare Nostrum*—Our Sea—Ibañez' title, is of widest bearing, for she is the mother of us all.

Take, for instance, a native village in the valley of old Nile. It first strikes the eye as a dirt-colored cluster of round-topped huts and flat-roofed cubicles, like bowls of unbaked pottery turned upside down.

The larger and more pretentious cubicles with flat roofs are of sun-dried bricks with plenty of straw—or, more precisely, manure—in them. The smaller round-topped huts are of wattles and hurdles of reeds and twigs, liberally plastered over with thick, sticky Nile mud.

One would naturally expect that the larger mud boxes were for the humans and the smaller for the animals, but often the reverse is true, because the animals are bigger. In fact, the only way you can distinguish is by the smoke which comes out over the top of the door, for the animals have no fires in their bedrooms.

Every mud wasp's nest is, of course, ringed round by a fortification of swelling heaps of manure—cow manure, horse manure, donkey manure, camel dung—and each individual hut is decorated with a girdle of small cone-shaped piles of fresh sweating manure, which as it rots and heats warms up the earthenware box or oven in its interior hot enough to hatch the hens' eggs which Egypt produces in such countless thousands.

And what must be the fate of the poor little human chickens hatched in these fertilizer factories? The cold-blooded figures tell the story. Of all the babies born in Egypt from one-third to almost one-half—four hundred and thirty per one thousand—die within the first year! So even with a birth rate nearly double our own the population was absolutely stationary up to the English occupation, with its devoted corps of health officers and sanitarians, since which it has begun to increase steadily.

Sacrifices to Science

Abundant supplies of pure filtered water have been provided for the great cities and their surrounding districts, typhoid and typhus cut down, cholera beaten back, smallpox wiped out. No risk, however grave, has been shirked, as was pathetically illustrated during my stay at Cairo. The day after my arrival I called at the pathological research laboratory of the national department of health to see some important work which was being done upon the typhus germ by Professor Bacot, of Cambridge, in the hope of finding a vaccine.

The only way in which the germs could be kept alive was by injecting successive generations of them into the stomachs of lice, a task which required the most painstaking and intimate knowledge of the disgusting little insects. Doctor Bacot was out of the city that day, so I returned two days later, only to find that he had come down with the disease and been taken to the hospital. Four days later he died.

This makes the seventh supreme sacrifice by the knights of the service of man in the study of typhus alone within the past ten years, which has been the price of almost complete control of the disease through its parasitic carrier. So the hopeless and tax-ruined fellahin are beginning to lift up their heads and see a chance for life and happiness for the first time in twenty centuries. The greatest obstacle that remains is that unbreakable close corporation, that hopelessly vicious circle, formed by the fellah and his most intimate animal enemies, with the fly buzzing backward and forward between them like a shuttle train of infection.

It may or may not be true that the Lord sent the plague of flies into Egypt in the days of Moses, but there can be no question that it never has been lifted since. As one cynically minded medical member of the foreign colony in Cairo remarked, it might be possible to wipe out the fly pest, but it would involve the complete extermination of the native population and their domestic pets.

One special plague of their own these flying vermin chiefly spread, and that is the terrible Egyptian ophthalmia—granulated lids—or, in technical term, trachoma, which has made Egypt famous over all the civilized world. This wretched disease attacks something like 50 per cent of all native Egyptian children—some estimates run as high as 75—blinds at least one-quarter and dims for life the vision of another quarter by its shrinking and distorting of the lids, turning the lashes inward so as to rub and rasp perpetually upon the cornea or watch glass of the eye.

Most of the chronic red-eyed and bleareyed, ferret-eyed conditions so familiar a generation ago were due to this sight-blasting disease, which is still found in abundance in most European hospital clinics, but which is mercifully little known in America, thanks to the vigilance of our quarantine and public-health-service inspectors both at ports of embarkation in Europe and at ports of entry on our side of the Atlantic. Only a few foci exist in the sand-hill regions of the South and on some of our Indian reservations, whose original infection got into the country long before quarantine was invented. And in addition to trachoma, the heads of the poor little Gypsies for such was the origin of our familiar name—are swarming with desperate burrowing scalp infections and their faces are smeared and disfigured with hideous skin eruptions, the like of which we no longer see in America.

But a better day is dawning over the long, dusty, green ribbon of the Nile Valley. Trachoma and skin and scalp diseases are both preventable and curable, and chains of hospitals and out-patient clinics are already at work and spreading.

To turn from this survival of ancestral conditions to the happy situation in our own homeland is like stepping from purgatory into paradise. Our comfortable, brightly painted, well-ventilated modern farmhouses, with screened doors and windows, running water, standing in their own grounds, with their gay flower beds, and hammocks slung under green shade trees, are by contrast like the dwellings of supermen from another planet.

But further and even greater changes are coming, which will make the scientific farm one of the most charming and attractive places to live on in the world. The much smaller number of horses, for short, broken, heavy hauls and for pleasure, which have not been supplanted by the auto and tractor, can be stabled at safe distance from the house and their refuse disposed of sanitarily.

The next greatest nuisance breeder and instrument of bondage, the cow, can be concentrated in larger groups, as is already in process, her cream centrifuged off and made into creamery butter, the skim milk dried in a vacuum, packed in hermetically sealed cartons and shipped in that form.

Last and apparently most obstinately resistant to the new dispensation of sweetness and light in the farmyard comes the obstreperous and odoriferous pig. But even he is far more swilled against than swilling. Modern breeders of high-grade or pure-bred swine are absolutely indignant at the idea of feeding any kind of decaying or even fermenting food to their porcine pets and prides, and they roundly declare that it pays as well and as emphatically to keep pigs clean in feed, in person and in housing as it does humans.

Farms of the Future

There is a roseate possibility upon our scientific horizon of being able to produce simple starches, sugars and even proteins—meats—in huge vats with the aid of enzymes—ferments—and catalysts. It can already be done, but as yet at too great expense for practical use, leaving for our farms only the lighter and more agreeable task of producing meats, milk and cream for flavoring and appetizing purposes, and vegetables, salads and fruits for vitamines and attractions.

Thus our farming country could be turned into loosely grouped neighborhood clusters of pretty modern houses and cottages, surrounded by gardens and orchards, dotted about parklike stretches of alternate pasture and woodland in which herds of cattle and deer and flocks of sheep could be grazing.

We need not regret this partial disappearance of our animal friends on their account. On the contrary, it would be a real emancipation for them. If the disappearance were complete there would be a keen sense of loss of companionship, but there would still be plenty of them left for comradeship, and we should have the added pleasure of feeling that we need ask no health-breaking or life-shortening labor in return.

When man, schooled in the broad humanity of science, is willing to exploit the great forces of Nature instead of his fellow men and brother animals, perchance the dove of peace, which Noah so persistently thrust out of the Ark until she came not back, may return to dwell in the hearts of the nations.

More Toothsome Baking in *MIRRO*

Bread and cakes and pies are more deliciously toothsome —and more wholesome—baked in Mirro Aluminum than in ordinary ware.

Mirro Aluminum utensils never char the food baked in them. Mirro heats up quickly, is heat-retaining and permits slow, thorough baking—and is so glitteringly beautiful—so clean and "always new" looking!

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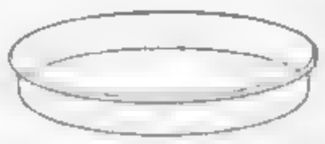
You have only to compare Mirro with other utensils to see the difference. The fine balance of it; how it is made of a thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum of a dense and even grain; no seams and all of the little niceties of finish which make it a delight, a pleasure for your kitchen—these superiorities are evident at a glance.

And don't forget—beautiful Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils carry the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with almost 30 years of successful experience.

Yet Mirro Aluminum utensils are surprisingly moderate in price.

Mirro ware is for sale at leading stores everywhere. Ask to see it. Let us send you our miniature catalog No. 14.

MIRRO aluminum muffin pan



MIRRO aluminum mountain cake pan

MIRRO aluminum jelly cake pan

MIRRO cooky pan, polish finish

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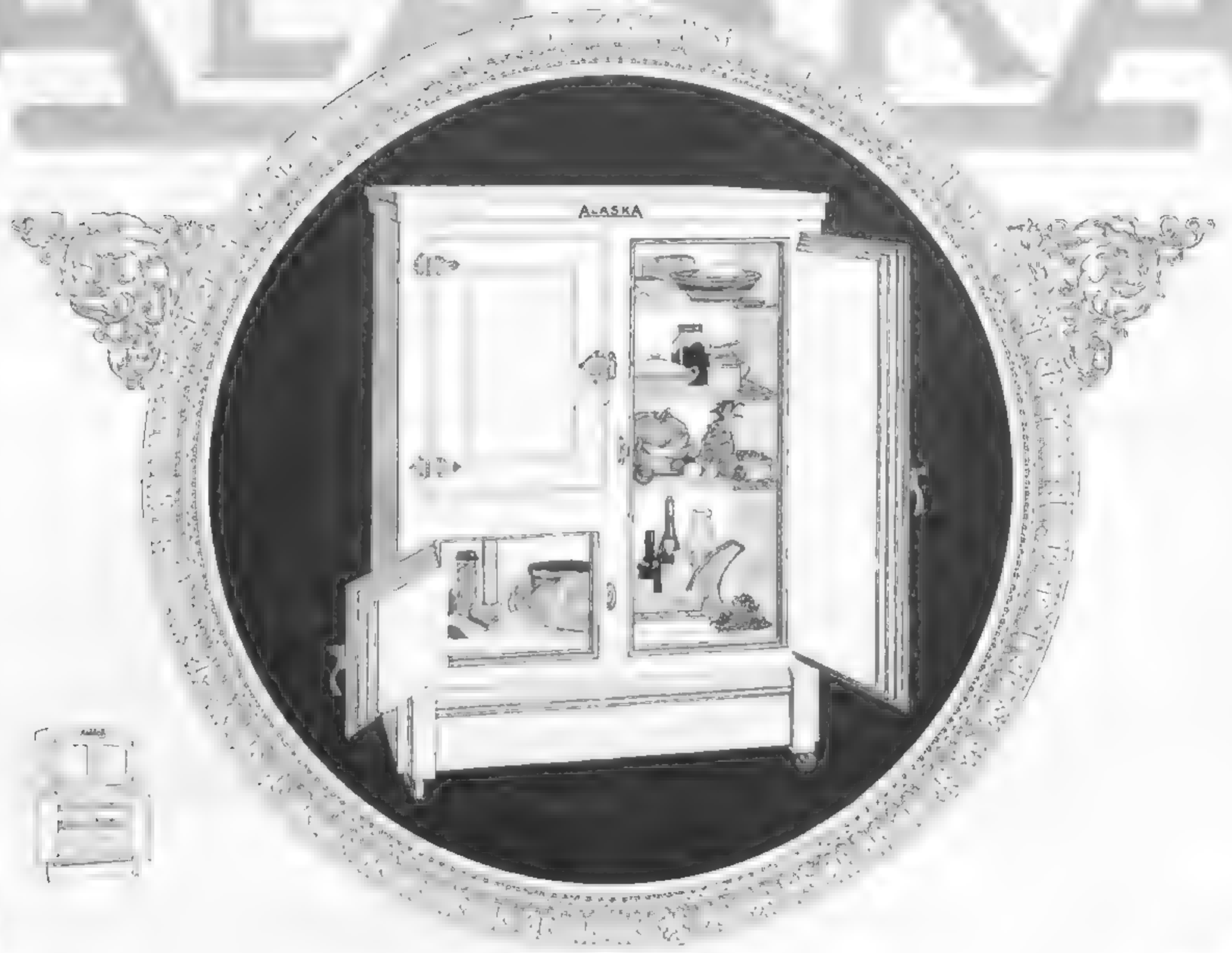


Buy Your Refrigerator on an Economy Basis

CHOOSE your refrigerator, not on the basis of its first cost, but its economy over a long period of years. For the value of a refrigerator is in proportion to the amount of ice it saves; and its ability to save ice depends upon the insulation.

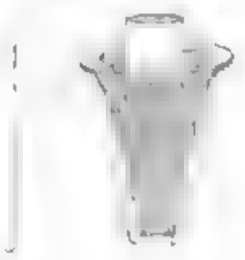
Only in an Alaska will you get Alaska insulation—seven insulating walls interposing between the outside heat and the refrigerator interior its remarkable *cubed cork* insulation, with myriads of tiny air cells preventing the passage of heat and cold. The year-after-year saving in ice bills which this powerful insulation effects will make it a most profitable purchase.

Alaska Refrigerators have other vital features that mean everything to you in your housework. The perfected circulation system, for example, that chills and removes the moisture from the air, at the same time giving the constant current of cold, dry air so necessary for the perfect preservation of perishable foods.

Other features you will like are the ice compartment that takes a full-sized cake of ice without chopping or waste; the sanitary, seamless porcelain or white enamel linings, which are so easy to clean; the tight-fitting doors; removable, non-rusting, tinned wire shelves and galvanized steel ice rack; patented, cold-conserving drain trap. Alaska Refrigerators are unusually well built with enduring finish, yet they cost no more than ordinary refrigerators. Dealers can show you styles to meet any requirement. Don't accept a substitute; look for the Alaska name on the front. Write for pamphlet, "What to Look For in a Refrigerator," and dealer's name.

Cubed cork, the remarkable [illegible] *by heat from the* [illegible]

The patented [illegible] *drain trap prevents the entrance of heat by* [illegible]



Round corners [illegible] *make the* [illegible] *easy to clean*

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If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR CO. MUSKEGON MICHIGAN

A LIFE PRESERVER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

was Ann? I think if any can tell he can, if the mouth on top of a jelly can is as big as the tongue of a pelican. Boyce says he knows darn well he can, but Larry says "Like Hell he can."

Some sweet day someone with a trained and talcum-powdered tongue and an unlimited vocabulary of alluring and entrancing adjectives will attempt to describe the wonders and beauties of Salome. Meantime, it is a good place to live, if you like it—and a good place to die, if you don't.

—Dick Wick Hall,
Editor and Garage Owner.

Somewhat Delayed Spring Song

CROCUSES are springing,
Birds are lightly winging,
Corydon is singing
To his rustic lute;
Sullen winter passes,
Shepherds meet their lasses,
Tender-tinted grasses
Shoot.

All the world's a-thrilling,
Meadow larks are shrilling,
Little brooks are trilling,
You, alone, are mute;
Why do you delay it?
Love's a game—let's play it,
Go ahead and say it—
Shoot! *—Dorothy Parker.*

The Emigrants

A Rimed Editorial

MRS. James Albert van Tillinghast Jones
Spoke to her husband in militant tones;
Said, in a voice that struck fear to his bones,
"James, we are going to Europe!"

Mr. James Albert van Tillinghast J.
Paled, for he knew his wife's dominant way;
Trembled, but mustered the courage to say,
"Wouldn't the mountains be better?"

Shook he with fear at his spouse's reply;
Quaked he with dread at the gleam in her eye,
Few were her words, but her manner oh, my!
"James! We—are—going—to—Europe!"

"Don't you recall that the doctor said, dear,"
Answered poor Jones, "I must rest up this year?
Couldn't I get a good rest over here
Fully as well as in Europe?

"Why should we go to a foreign hotel
Feeing head waiters and hops de la bell
[Such was his French] when we might just as well
Spend it right here as in Europe?

"Here's where our money we made every cent.
Here's where our money had ought to be spent
[Such was his English, although 'twas well meant].
Can't we go, say, to the seashore?"

"James," said his wife, "will you stop talking rot?
Every acquaintance has sailed that we've got!
Let them beat us? Well, I rather guess not!"

. . . . . .

The Joneses are touring in Europe.

MORAL

When everybody's doing it everybody must do it. *—Baron Ireland.*

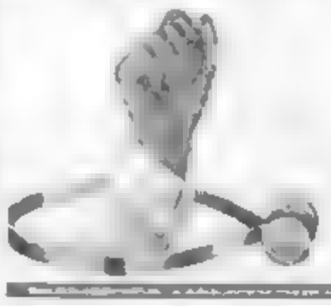
European Diplomacy: Let Them Preach Their Silly Peace and Idealism, My Boy. We'll Follow the Old Ways That Lead to Power and Prosperity

The young man
is fortunate who
starts with a Stetson—
He establishes a lifetime habit

STETSON HATS
STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

Price per pair, $1.00

Holds cuffs unwrinkled and clean on upper arm



Don't Risk Annoyance—
Take a Chance!

Chance
CUFF BUTTONS
ADJUSTABLE PATENTED

Slips over the hand without unfastening or unsnapping, as easily as a coat sleeve.

Buttons are held by a light adjustable spring band that lies between the folds of the cuff.

Holds cuffs on the forearms or above the elbow by light tension. A light pull on the sleeve draws cuffs out of the way while you work or wash your hands. Another slight pull brings them back on your wrists buttoned up automatically.

Saves Cuffs and Laundry Bills

Saves cuffs by keeping them clean. Saves shirts. Saves laundry bills.

Get a pair from your dealer or write us direct. Pearl with silver finish.

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Chance Sales Company
27–29 N. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Pin a Dollar Bill on This Coupon and Mail It Today!

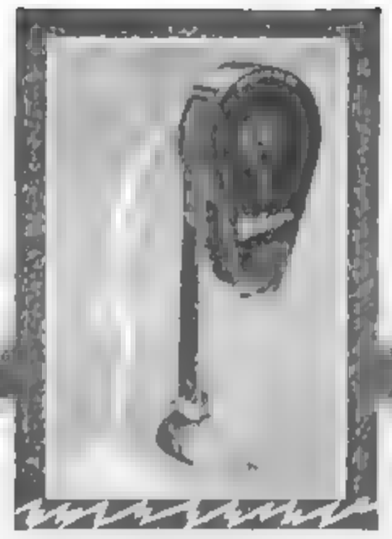
Chance Sales Co., 27–29 North 4th St., Minneapolis. P. 2
Gentlemen: Please mail me pairs of Chance Cuff Buttons for which I enclose $

Name

Street No.

Town State

Operates with lightning speed



No Bump Too Small

THIS is the absorber that smooths the *smallest* bumps—as well as the big ones. Its action is so lightning fast that it even absorbs every bump in a series, such as cobblestones. No bump, big or little, gets by it.

There are just *two* working parts in the Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorber. Nothing to get out of order. Nothing confusing. It couldn't be simpler.

It's a reasonable investment in comfort. Saves your car an awful lot of grief, too! Easy to install and instantly adjustable to any driver's preference. Made for all cars. Ask for Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorbers. Use them front and rear.

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Full set of four $15.00
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VICTOR

Finally!

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

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A Standard Keyboard, Adding and Listing Machine

$100

Million Dollar Capacity

The Victor is a full size, finely finished machine, positively standard in every detail. Equipped with all modern features without extra charge. Used by big corporations and small retail stores alike, for efficient service at low cost. The first standard keyboard machine to sell at or near $100. Simple in design and sturdy in construction. Fully guaranteed. Free trial in your own office, without obligation. Write today.

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THE MAN WHO NEVER SMILED

(Continued from Page 9)

But there was one secret place to which he could escape. He didn't think of it as a place, didn't know it was an escape. It was his one luxury, a large and expensive phonograph with a considerable stock of records. A careful observer going through these might have noted that here was every record ever made by Olga Lee.

His neighbors weren't careful observers, but they had ears to hear what he played when he was alone; it was well known that Hughey Rawl, for all his frozen face, had one soft spot. They never guessed what gates that tender, lovely voice unlocked for him. Going by, evenings, when night lay warm on the tall trees that never whispered, on the cooling sand and the gaunt mill and the great cubical stacks of lumber; when night brought the gayety of release to the shanties of the negroes, and the hush of weariness to the bare, practical dwellings of the whites—going by, then, they saw him sitting there before his shrine, his solid, stocky frame relaxed, a pipe clamped in his inflexible mouth, listening.

But he wasn't there. Through nameless gates he walked with Olga Lee, filling with beauty his repressed and stinted soul. The love of the mother he could not remember; the father love that he had known but dimly; the woman love that was not for him, with his scarred and somber face—here he could feel it all, and not be ashamed. There was a world, not real, where people felt and were not ashamed to feel, spoke what was in them and were understood. What things? Hugh Rawl didn't know. Nobody knew but Olga Lee, whose voice unlocked for him the nameless gates of beauty.

He knew her pictures. He knew she lived, but he never thought of her as living. She was only a vision and a voice that filled his soul. Not that he thought about his soul; he knew he had one, but that was for reward or punishment after death. A sawmill man had no present practical use for a soul.

She comforted and rested him, but she wasn't real. Women like Hilda Christian were real.

Hilda was hard and useful, efficient in every sense of that uncordial word. She didn't perch on Joe's stool; she had the legs of Joe's desk sawed off so that her shoes rested squarely on the floor. Men didn't drift into the office to loaf and chew tobacco and talk lumber nowadays; they came in and stated their business and went out again. Hugh himself felt guilty there unless his head was buried in his father's old roll-top desk. He couldn't leave papers handily loose. Hilda put them away and he had to ask her where they were.

She knew to a nickel how much money the mill lost, to a minute how much time.

Her manner showed little patience with her employer, with his blank face and diffident speech. There was nothing blank or diffident about Hilda. Her freckles had faded somewhat, but her gray-green eyes were still flippant, more impersonally direct than ever; her words were pointed and often sharp.

Hugh, coming in from the woods, spoke of an amusing circumstance. The woods foreman had come upon a Yankee tourist wandering there—a Yankee being any person from Ohio or points north—who naïvely explained that he was hunting bear. This was the height of optimism, a gopher being the biggest game to be found in those woods. But Hilda wasn't amused.

"Sure he wasn't a cruiser?"

Hugh shook his head. No timber cruiser wore riding breeches and carried a high-powered rifle.

"Just one of those dudes that think wherever there's woods there's game."

"Heard anything lately from the Great Northern?"

Hugh had seen the mill of those frenzied Chicago capitalists, and his eye had caught serious blunders in its construction. The steepness of the log-haul-up would never let them get long logs into the mill; the edger was cramped; camel-backs in the slab conveyor would cause waste of power and frequent breakage of the slab chain that carried waste slabs to be burned at a safe distance from the mill.

He had reason to know the seriousness of this last; his own slab chain had broken three times lately, forcing him to shut down or risk having his fire insurance canceled.

He said, "I give 'em six months to go broke."

"Think so?"

"Well, where's their timber?"

"All around," said Hilda, unmusically humming, "all around, all around!"

"Yeah—all around is right. Little tracts scattered all over the country. Nothing big enough to log a mill like that."

"There's one," said Hilda, and stopped humming.

"Where?"

"Here," said Hilda, and waved a flippant hand.

"They'd like to get it."

"They're still in business."

"They won't be long," said Hugh. "I know this fellow Willis. He's a slick promoter, not a sawmill man. Went broke up in Georgia, but I bet he never lost a dollar."

Hilda, drumming absently on her front teeth with a pencil, seemed to change the subject. "Think it's natural for a slab chain to break every other day?"

Now Hugh averted his eyes, muttered evasively. He caught her implication right enough.

There was no denying that more than the natural run of bad luck was on the mill. The speed of the new shotgun feed couldn't offset the delay of broken slab chains, edger saws that buckled and jammed and burned, stuffing boxes that worked loose and leaked, steel that fell into the hog and tore up the cylinder, cutting off the fuel supply.

Oh, there are many things that can slow down a mill, and very many of them happened; but how could he tell Hilda that her suspicions went too far afield?

John Christian was her father

He had tried hard not to believe. In sullen silence John had yielded his beloved levers to Harper. Not openly did he resent the shotgun feed, even on the day it failed.

It was a bitter thing to believe. There had never been a real affection between them, yet somehow to Hugh Rawl that sullen little man represented old Tom himself.

Harper, an intrepid, quick-moving boy, did marvels with the shotgun feed, that thirty-six-foot cylinder whose powerful piston drove the log carriage to and fro. He could time its bounce so accurately that the log had hardly run past the saw before it had flashed back and was moving forward again. That is the secret of speed in sawing—not only to feed fast but to keep the saw everlastingly in the log.

Harper begged for more tension in the saws so that he could feed faster through the cut. Sourly John warned him that more tension would crack the saws. But Harper insisted; Ben Foster put in more tension, and it did.

In spite of the shotgun the mill continued to lose money, but there was one silver half dollar that wasn't lost.

News of misfortune travels. From the Traders' National Bank, in Tampa, which had financed the mill since the days of old Tom Rawl, came a curt request for a statement of its condition. Hugh did not mention this to John Christian or to Hilda. With his own hands he prepared the statement, and with his own hands carried it to Tampa.

It was a statement that needed explaining and it couldn't be explained.

The crow's-feet deepened about Hugh Rawl's eyes, the only outward mark of the realization that he could not hold the place his father had made for him. He couldn't even hold John Christian's loyalty; and queerly, that hurt most of all. Often he sought John Christian's company, trying silently to reëstablish that something that was gone—trying to believe that John's truculence was only the crabbedness of age.

The world moved all about him, aloof and hostile; for rest and strength and comfort there was only Olga Lee, a voice that sang to him. A tender crooning voice when he wished it so, singing muted lullabies through which there dropped piano notes like rain at night, soothing a tired brain. A voice that with a crying violin stirred in him sweet and nameless grief, hurting yet filling the heart. A voice that flamed above a fury of orchestration like the flame of a bright sword in battle; after the Shout of the Valkyrie he always turned off the machine and sat wondering at the throbbing fire that gripped him—though

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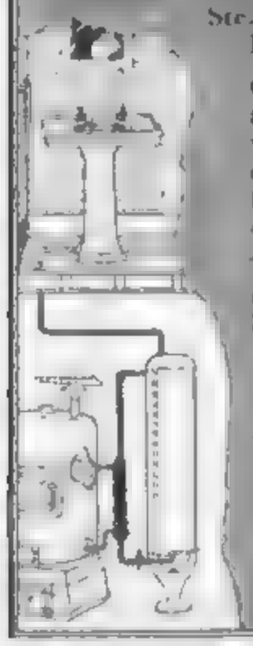

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(Continued from Page 106)

the only Brunhilde he knew was the daughter of a German grocer in Tarpon Springs.

He knew that Olga Lee was a woman; indeed, to him she meant all the glory and tenderness and fire of womanhood; but he never thought of her as living. He knew that people came from far off to the winter colonies along the coast, but Hugh Rawl had never had any reason to believe in his luck. Certainly he had no reason to believe in it now. The mill continued to lose money; but one silver half dollar wasn't lost.

Harper thought the steam was low, but there was plenty of steam. Plenty!

The shotgun had been sluggish, curiously unresponsive to the lever. Swinging the heavy carriage back he threw the lever full over to let the piston rebound from a cushion of steam; as the carriage started forward he drew in to check it. It wasn't checked. Harper had one blurred glimpse of racing blocks and the frightened faces of the carriage crew, heard one quick high-pitched snarl as the saw ripped incredibly along the log.

He never heard the crash of the breaking blade or saw the lightning whip of steel descending. Vast wings of force drove air against his face, sucking sensation from him.

The carriage struck the forward bumpers, jerking the head out of the great cylinder; somersaulted, flinging men like rag dolls, and fell upside down on the slasher bed. Chains, dogged to drag slabs into the whirling slasher saws, nudged it sidewise. First one and then another saw rang harshly against steel, burst and went flying through the roof. The scream of the whistle was a voice of terror through the billowing cloud that filled the mill.

Then there was only the rumble of slowing wheels, the hollow hiss of steam from the wrecked shotgun, and the sound of shouting—men who groped in fog for men who groaned.

Nobody noticed one figure who slipped down the stairs behind the sawyer's box and stepped swiftly out on a beam to the valve of the shotgun under the floor. If they saw him return they never thought of looking in his pocket for a silver half dollar—though more than one of them must have known that such a coin would fit almost neatly in such a valve.

This man's hands were shaking as he helped with the injured. This man was sick. He had meant only to slow down the valve, not to make it stick wide open.

This man, taking grim pride in skillful sabotage, would have shrunk from willful murder. His voice trembled as he declaimed, not against the shotgun feed but against all manufacturers of defective valves. Nobody noticed that; few voices are entirely steady at such a time.

Hugh Rawl's voice didn't shake. The long habit of repression makes at least for steadiness, and there was much to do.

He had no time to observe the progress of three truly remarkable pilgrims who toiled along the sandy road into the settlement. To these pilgrims the place seemed utterly and strangely without inhabitants except for pigs—innumerable porkers of the variety known as razorback, which are said to be fat enough to kill when their incredibly skinny hindquarters balance their amazingly long snouts, animals such as the lady had never imagined except perhaps in some horrid dream. They scampered about the pilgrims' heels, sniffing, grunting ferociously, leaping away—porkers hideously, unnaturally nimble, champing formidable tusks.

The lady cowered between her escorts, clutching her skirts.

"Phil! Oh, Phil -keep those things away from me!"

The large gentleman in the tweed knickers kicked at the nearest one; the small gentleman in the neat dove-colored uniform hurled a stick. Instantly the numbers of the porkers seemed to double, a seething ring of hairy snouts and wicked little eyes, grunting, snapping their tusks.

It was truly no fit reception for a lovely lady whose nerves were already worn to hysteria by toiling in high-heeled slippers through sand—following will-o'-the-wisp sounds that retreated and retreated behind trees—retreated and then stopped in one appalling concussion.

A woman came across the railroad, a white woman. The lady cried to her in a voice that carried like a flute, "Oh, please! please!" and fluttered her hands helplessly at the pigs.

Hilda Christian, turning aside, spoke one word: "Sooey!"

It was a magic word; the porkers took to numble heels. She spoke another: "Breakdown?"

"Oh, thank you! Yes. Our car's back there—miles and miles, I think. Could you ——"

"Anybody hurt?"

"Nope," said the gallant golfer. "Only a rear axle. Can we get a car here to take us to Tampa?"

"There are several cars here," said Hilda, "but I'm afraid you'll have to wait. You see, we've just had an accident. One man already dead and several badly hurt. I was just going to telephone for a doctor."

"Oh!" said the lady faintly, remembering now that terrible soundless noise; seeing now the mob that crowded about the distant mill, from which emerged a slow file of men bearing things among them.

And Hilda, seeing how white she was, pointed to Hugh Rawl's house across the railroad.

"Go in there and rest."

Then Hilda went on to the telephone and forgot the lovely tourist, remembering men who groaned. She rang and rang until Tarpon Springs answered and she reached a doctor who could come.

Tarpon Springs is not a large place. In the office of the Great Northern Lumber Company there a certain Mr. Willis heard the news and was not depressed. It was unfortunate in a way that a man had been killed—Mr. Willis himself might have paused at murder—yet in another way, since it couldn't be helped now, it offered certain advantages.

Mr. Willis would not himself have known how to get results with a single half dollar, being accustomed to work with larger amounts; he was not interested in details anyway, but in results. Pausing only to put his check book in his pocket and to pick up a legal friend he piloted his prosperous gray roadster along the sandy ruts where the doctor's tin lizzie had lately gone skittering. Mr. Willis believed in striking while the striking was good.

Hugh Rawl, having found no convincing cause for the disaster, came into the office and dropped into a chair and tried not to think; in his house a lovely lady lay on his sofa and tried to still her fluttering eyelids; in his armchair a large gentleman in golfing knickers dozed; on his steps a small man in a dove-colored uniform sat and smoked with scornful lip; but Hugh Rawl didn't know.

Mr. Willis must have seen the idle mill, the men who clustered about the commissary. Among these was one who talked very loudly when he felt eyes on him and was very silent when he didn't—fingering a silver half dollar in his pocket, sickly pondering the difference between sabotage and murder. Aside from business matters Harper had been this man's friend; and Harper was dead.

This man saw Mr. Willis, but Mr. Willis was tactful enough to give no sign. Instead he shouted jovially through the office door, "Well, well, Rawl, how's every little thing?"

"Bad," said Hugh Rawl. "Light and sit."

This was mechanical. He was not concerned for Mr. Willis' comfort. Mechanically he rose as Mr. Willis presented his legal friend. Mr. Willis did not say "My legal friend, Mr. Hutchinson"; he said more simply "Mr. Hutchinson."

Mr. Willis was in no hurry to state his errand; he observed the customs of the country by indulging in general conversation.

He inquired, "Shut down? 'S matter? Out of logs?"

"Shotgun blew up."

"You don't say! How'd that happen? Much damage?"

This was an honest question; Mr. Willis as yet had no authentic report, but hoped for the best.

"Hard luck," said he, sympathizing. "I hear you've had lots of it lately. Well, the mill's pretty old anyway, ain't it?"

"The shotgun wasn't."

Mr. Willis wandered, speaking of the steadily falling lumber market, the tightening financial stringency. Mr. Willis today was a pessimist.

"Rotten business," he sighed. "Wish I was well out of it. Had a chance to get out and wouldn't take it; and here I am all tied up with a new mill and Lord knows how many years of rotten business ahead. Let a lumberman go after money and they

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mortgage him down to his socks. You had any trouble that way?"

This was a purely rhetorical question. Mr. Willis made it his business to know things that interested him.

"You're lucky," he sighed; "you're young enough to get into some business that's fit for a white man. You've about got the good of your mill, and you can sell your timber. By the way, if it's a fair question, how much you got left?"

He implied that he was ready to withdraw the question if it offended, as indeed he was. Mr. Willis knew more accurately than its owner how much timber was left in Rawl's woods. But hearing an estimate from its owner he registered interest—not too much.

"Why," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know—that might be worth while. We could use a little more timber ourselves."

"So I understand," said Hugh Rawl.

Mr. Willis was annoyed. He reflected Rawl should have been a poker player with that cast-iron face of his; he couldn't tell whether it hid guile or mere stupidity. Mr. Willis began to show the strength of his hand.

"Good time for you to get out, I'd say—with six nice fresh damage suits on your hands. We'll pay you a fair price for your mill, considering its age, though we don't need it; and we'll assume all liability, damage suits and all."

"These men won't sue," said Hugh Rawl. "Never had a damage suit yet. We take care of 'em as well as we can."

Mr. Willis glanced at Mr. Hutchinson, who smiled.

Hugh Rawl didn't see. He was listening. Through the hot stillness drifted a clear, sweet sound; he wondered who was playing his phonograph.

"Labor's getting more unreasonable every day," sighed Mr. Willis.

"Damn good phonograph," said Mr. Hutchinson. "This man that was killed—white, was he?"

Hugh nodded. "The sawyer."

"Family?"

"Wife and baby."

"Sad," said Mr. Hutchinson, and rubbed his hands.

"I ought to warn you," said Mr. Willis, not wholly playful, "Hutchinson's a lawyer. They say he's a humdinger on damage suits."

Hugh Rawl sat staring thoughtfully at the floor.

He wasn't thinking what Mr. Willis thought he was thinking. He was puzzled. He had never heard that voice from the phonograph so charged with the illusion of life, not loud, but full of such a quality that its lightest murmur floated ineffable on the sunlit air, filling the dreary spaces of Rawl's Mill with beauty.

Mr. Willis went confidently on, showing the full strength of his hand.

It was the Song of India that rose and fell, vibrant with beauty—beauty and mystery and age-old hopeless pain. The very air and trees stood still to listen. It throbbed to its aching, unfinished close, but Mr. Willis didn't notice. Mr. Willis was a business man.

Hugh Rawl made no sign.

"Well?"

"Huh?" said Hugh Rawl. "Oh! My timber's not for sale."

"Take your time," said Mr. Willis grimly. "You're headed for the rocks and you know it. Mill falling to pieces. Bank shutting down on you. Price of timber going down every day. I can just as well wait and buy you in when you go broke."

"These injured men," said Mr. Hutchinson, "and the family of the deceased—their claims should be considerable, Mr. Rawl. Considerable. I have experience in such matters."

They gave that time to penetrate. There was the thin liquid warble of a flute beginning. Hugh Rawl stirred and rose.

"Wait just a minute," he muttered.

Down in the negro quarters Hilda Christian heard and remembered Hugh Rawl's involuntary guests. Strangely, indeed, came that marvelous voice into a shanty where the air was heavy with the smells of squalor and chemicals and the sense of pain. Sharply she addressed a ponderous negress who rocked and moaned by the bed.

"Dora, stop that!"

Dora stopped. Hilda listened, her gray eyes widening.

"Leave him just like he is. Don't touch him. And keep those pickaninnies out of here. You hear me?"

"Yessum, Miss Hilda. How 'bout I give him jus' a mite o' gin, Miss Hilda? Jes' a smidgin? Seem lak' he feel so pow'ful bad."

"You give him anything but water and I'll wring your black neck," said Hilda brutally, departing.

She saw Hugh Rawl come out of the office, met him and spoke to him; but he went by her like a man asleep.

From the land of the sky blue water
They brought a captive maid
Her eyes they are deep with lightning,
Her heart is not afraid — –

Hugh Rawl did not see Hilda or the women who stared from neighboring windows—dull tired women touched for once with wonder, listening. Vaguely he saw the extraordinary person who sat on the steps before his house, a small man in dove-colored uniform and black putties, who gazed over the heads of gawking little darkies and smoked with scornful lip.

"Get your tickets here," said the chauffeur.

"Sh-h-h!" said Hugh Rawl.

"Sh-h-h! yourself. This ain't no church. Make yourself at home."

It couldn't be a dream. Now he could see her standing by the phonograph. Her hair was red gold, not dark as he had pictured it; no picture could have conjured up the vivid reality, the slim, full loveliness of her—her rounded throat, her tender mouth, her eyes, absorbed now in the prisoned echo of her own voice. Softly, with no thought of any audience whatever, with no purpose but to forget the crudities that rasped upon her sensitive nerves, Olga Lee herself was singing there.

She's sick for the sky blue water,
The captive maid is mute.

The living voice and its pale echo murmured together into silence; the wood winds sighed and ceased. The singer looked up, to see a man who came uncertain into the room, a solid, stocky man whose face against the light she could not see.

He muttered "Olga Lee!" and would have touched her hand that lay upon a corner of the machine; but it escaped him, going to her throat—frightened, for now she saw his face.

Hugh Rawl was smiling.

She saw his face, solid, square-jawed, starred with a three-winged scar radiating from one nostril. His eyes were queerly alight and one-half of his mouth was smiling, a smile grotesque and terrible.

"Phil! Phil!" wailed the loveliest voice in the world.

The gallant golfer started and woke. "Here, you! What's all the row?" The better to command the situation he got bulkily to his feet. "Explain yourself, my friend. Is this your house?"

"Is that Olga Lee?"

"That's Olga Lee. But what the "

"How did you-all get here? What's she doing here?"

"Well," growled the golfer, "you don't imagine we came to see your fair city, do you?"

But coming face to face with Hugh Rawl he grew curiously and hastily explanatory. "No offense, you know, old man. No offense at all. Our car—you know, our car broke down out there."

"I sent them here," said Hilda Christian, coming in. "Hugh, I forgot to tell you. They want a car to take them to Tampa. I'm sorry. I was ——"

Then she, too, stopped, for she had never seen Hugh Rawl look like that. His throat worked, but no words came. Slowly his eyes went back to Olga Lee.

No miracle was here. He could never forget her as she looked at him, her lovely features drawn with fear and shrinking and repugnance undisguised. He could never hear her voice without remembering. While he stood dumbly there his hidden world fell into ruin, the gates of beauty swung and closed against him forever.

"It's—all right. It's all right," he said with some vague idea of reassuring her. But she shrank clear of him, whispering, "Keep away from me! Oh, please ——"

Hilda Christian snapped impatiently, "Don't be silly!"

"It's all right. It's all right. I'll send you to Tampa."

In the office across the railroad Mr. Willis waited testily, for Mr. Willis was not a patient man. Mr. Hutchinson, sitting nearer the door, had watched to see whether Rawl went toward the quarters; Mr. Hutchinson was alert to forestall any effort to adjust damages out of court. But

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Rawl had entered his own gate, now reappearing to come straight to the office.

Before the commissary he paused to speak briefly to a man, whose jaw visibly dropped. Then Mr. Hutchinson saw Rawl's face.

"For the love of Mike!" he breathed, and looked for something hard and heavy.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Willis.

Hugh Rawl stepped through the door. Mr. Willis opened his mouth and forgot to close it. Rawl's face wore a grin of singular ferocity, ironically twisted, baring strong teeth, his eyes blazing under heavy brows.

He prompted Mr. Willis: "Anything else to say?"

Mr. Willis gulped. It is difficult to talk business when your every fiber shrinks with dread of physical violence; Mr. Willis had not the sort of conscience that makes for serenity in such a case. Mr. Willis could think of only one thing that could conceivably make the fellow smile like that.

"Talk fast. I can't stand much more of you."

Mr. Hutchinson involuntarily drew attention to himself, crying, "I warn you——"

"Yeah. I remember, you warned me once before," said Hugh Rawl. "You're the guy that's going to see that my men get what's coming to 'em, huh? Go to it! Maybe you buzzards can break me, but you'll never live to enjoy it. Outside!"

A man with a silver half dollar in his pocket, drawn by the irresistible need to know what was happening inside, saw Mr. Hutchinson come outside—the legal anatomy plowing up sand with a force illegally and externally applied; saw Mr. Willis come after him in short stumbling leaps, upheld not by his own knees but by Hugh Rawl's hand on the nape of his neck.

Mr. Willis bleated: "Foster! Foster! Help! Take him off!"

Ben Foster had loyalty of a sort. Ben could see with half an eye that all was lost; with the courage of panic he leaped to the aid of his employer—one of them, at least.

Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Willis had offered little vent for the savage relief of violence; here was a man who would fight. Hugh Rawl welcomed the feel of actively attacking hands without seeing or caring whose they were. He dropped Mr. Willis and turned and whipped an iron fist across Ben Foster's jaw.

But Ben, catching that grin of insane and murderous ferocity, winced back even before he saw the blow coming. It glanced. Ben ducked and covered. The madman straightened him with smashes that hit arms, shoulders, anything.

Ben, lurching sidewise, drove his knee into Hugh Rawl's unguarded stomach.

Through the sick fog that dropped on his senses Hugh caught at Ben Foster's throat, caught and gripped and held it, bending all his will upon that hand. He did not know he sagged and swayed, did not know that those were battering fists that beat like a whirl of dead leaves about his head. Something clawed lightly at his gripping fingers. Then the haze passed and his strength came back.

He was jamming Ben's head against the boards of the office wall. Those were Ben's hands that clawed. Grimly his fingers tightened.

Other hands tugged at him, voices were all about his ears. He saw Mr. Hutchinson's face, addressed him, grinning.

"Here's a case for you, Mr. Shyster. Manslaughter—or is it murder?"

Speech popped in Ben's anguished eyes; Ben's hands flapped helplessly.

"Give up? Well——"

Breath croaked in Ben's throat. "Honest—God—I never meant—kill anybody. That shotgun——"

John Christian's voice squalled, raging; but Hugh Rawl held him back.

"Let him talk."

Such scenes are not for the eyes of women, but from Hugh Rawl's porch two women watched. A deadly quiet settled. Suddenly again the crowd boiled, and as suddenly fell back.

The gray roadster roared and went rocking off along the sandy ruts, Ben Foster clinging to the running board. Hugh Rawl came toward the house.

He was not grinning now. His face was cut and battered, blood trickled unheeded from a corner of his mouth; and his lips were set in their blank and stony calm, the empty hardness of a man who walks always alone.

Olga Lee shrank from him, but he did not look at her. He told Hilda, "Kinsey's gone to get his car."

Then he went on into the house.

"I wonder if you know what you've done?" said Hilda Christian.

"I?" faltered Olga Lee.

"He loved your voice so."

But that didn't make the matter clear. Many people loved the voice of Olga Lee.

Hugh Rawl heard Kinsey's tin lizzie drive up and depart. Without volition he found himself before the phonograph, a record in his hands. But that hidden place of rest and comfort was now forever closed against him. His hard lips did not change; only his fingers tightened and the brittle disk snapped and fell with a dry rattle on the floor.

Hilda, returning, saw him sitting there before his empty shrine.

"Hugh?"

He neither moved nor spoke.

"Don't be silly."

She saw what broken things lay all about the floor; and her voice caught in her throat.

"She isn't worth it, Hugh. She's lovely, but—so is a mocking bird."

She went to him, her feet heedless on the snapping bits of wax—practical feet in stout and useful shoes. Her hands touched his hair—strong, useful hands. And he heard her voice whispering—her voice that could not sing.

"It's not fair. She's so lovely—she has everything."

He thought she was bitter on her own account, and took her hand and tried wordlessly to comfort her. He heard her murmuring, an inarticulate mother sound.

"There, there!"

To him somewhere there was a soundless lullaby, with golden soundless notes like soothing rain; and he sighed and drew her close, his head against her breast. It rested him and gave him strength, so that he stirred and rose and looked at her.

He was smiling. He knew he smiled, and wondered that she did not shrink from him. He didn't know what service Ben's battering fists had done for him. It was a somber crooked smile, not bitter or grotesque, but very wistful—thinking of the peace that was not for such as he.

Her clear eyes filled.

He said, "I know," and let the mask of blankness fall.

"You don't! You don't know, Hugh!"

Then he was marveling at the fragrance of her hair against his face, the firm and rounded softness of her in his arms; he murmured broken words without caring what he meant to say. And in him something woke and sang, something age-old and deathless, very sweet. Of this, and for this, songs were made; but they were feeble echoes of reality.

He saw her strong and beautiful, tender and brave, smiling at him through tears. Somehow the wall that shut him from the world was gone. There through the open door he saw the mill, gray in the strong flood of sunshine, a thing of worth and dignity, weathering storms; the log pond, silvered now with the blue of cloudless sky, deep with the mirrored images of trees. How could he be shut from beauty when it was everywhere?

There were no words for this; he only murmured against the smoothness of her cheek, "Hilda, Hilda!" and was filled with peace and strength and comfort.

They talked, and he told her almost humorously about Mr. Willis.

She demanded, "Why did you let Ben Foster go?"

"Afraid the boys would lynch him."

The boys—men white and black who would have fought for him and for the mill; John Christian, crabbed and old but fiercely loyal; a queer, warm knowledge, that.

Hilda challenged him: "Hugh—aren't you going to do anything about it?"

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"You've got 'em in a hole now," she told him vengefully; "go after 'em. Break 'em and buy their old mill for junk. It's too big for anything else."

She was hotly in earnest about it. He saw her eyes, valiant and clear and steadfast. Somewhere, it seemed to him, he heard the high sweet call to battle; but not yet had he learned to laugh aloud.

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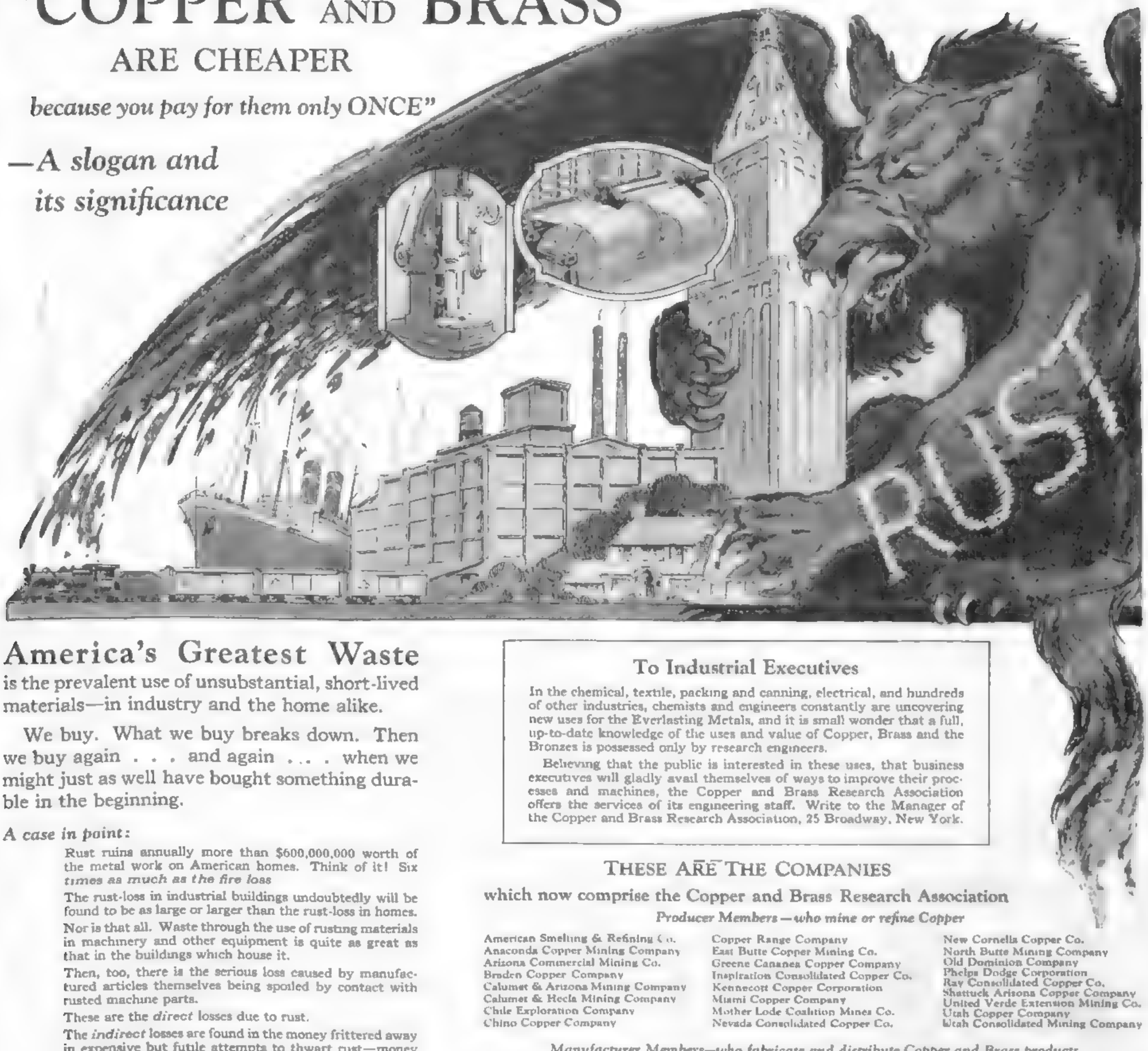

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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 30)

One of the most successful lawyers of foreign birth in Japan, J. E. de Becker, of Yokohama, is a Japanese subject. He came out over thirty years ago from England, where he was born, married a Japanese lady and became naturalized. His wife, who still clings to her native dress, is one of the most intelligent women that I met during my stay.

Of course the most picturesque example of Japanese naturalization was that of Lafcadio Hearn. He was adopted into the family of a Japanese and took the name of his wife. He became Yakumo Koizumi.

The cases of Hearn and De Becker are unusual. Most of the foreigners who adopt Japanese nationality are Chinese living in Formosa. This island was formerly a part of China and the Celestials probably fare better as converted Nipponese nationals than under their own flag. China has so many troubles at home that she is unable to do much for her people abroad.

Such are the principal formal restrictions that are placed upon aliens in Japan. Generally speaking, they do not seriously interfere with business, and there are considerable opportunities outside the limited field. However, the foreigner must be constantly on the alert when he is trying to compete with the Japanese.

I have heard many aliens contend that as soon as they get into a Japanese court the cards are stacked against them. This is not true. One reason why outsiders often fare badly in Japan—and it also applies to other countries—is that they do not take the time or trouble to acquaint themselves with the laws of the lands where they do business. This is merely part of that larger indictment which unfortunately must be registered against so many of our merchants and manufacturers abroad. They not only disdain the language but ignore the customs.

The average American in trade overseas does not attach importance to small things. Oriental life, on the other hand, is the sum of what we would frequently call trivialities. It has been the custom for centuries in Japan, for example, to use a seal or a name stamp as a signature to a document. Sometimes it is used in addition to the signature. In China this is called a chop. The Nipponese will ordinarily regard a document as invalid without this chop, whereas the American, until he has had some costly experience, frequently looks upon it as a joke.

No Antitrust Laws

This matter of business ethics leads naturally to one of the principal commercial offenses committed by the Japanese. I refer to their piracy of trade-marks and patents. Although this practice is widespread and has cost Americans and Britishers large sums of money, its inception was primarily due to the negligence of the alien in originally protecting his property with legal safeguards. There is a large body of law in Japan dealing with the protection of patents and trade-marks. In general these laws are similar to those of America and Europe. There are the usual remedies for the protection of patents and trade-marks, provided they are properly registered. The foreigner usually first complains and then discovers that he has not taken the proper precautions.

One defect in Japanese commercial law is of interest to all Americans. There is no Nipponese statute—and I might also add general practice—that corresponds to what we term the law against unfair competition. There is no Sherman Antitrust Law or anything comparable to it. Thus the lid is off and the enterprising little islander can go as far as he likes. This is also true of Germany and explains why the republic is becoming a succession of trusts.

The fact that American and British inventors and manufacturers are lax in legally safeguarding their properties has given the enterprising Japanese a fine opportunity to launch whole lines of foreign goods that never saw the light of a foreign country. You can buy "genuine old Scotch whisky" that came from the "Highlands" of Osaka! You can get "German drugs" that have never ventured beyond the Inland Sea. The Japanese have been particularly expert in making razors, shaving creams, biscuits, candies and sauces whose labels or trade-marks are so cleverly imitated that even the original foreign producers are sometimes amazed at the ingenuity of the substitution.

One costly feature of this wholesale piracy is that a large quantity of this merchandise is taken in China and other eastern countries for the original American and British goods. In most cases the best feature of the stuff is the label. The merchandise itself is often third-rate, and naturally creates a prejudice against the real thing when it does arrive.

Most of the pirating of foreign goods in Japan is done by small firms. Great concerns like the Mitsuis, the Suzukis, the Okuras, and the Mitsuibishi organization naturally spurn such nefarious subterfuges. So widespread has become the practice among the little fellows that upon his return from Europe and America last June Doctor Dan, to whom I have already referred, gave out an interview in which he said that representative Japanese business men must organize and establish some kind of commercial censorship to end the abuse of trade-marks and patents.

Tame Shadows

Any consideration of Japan's attitude towards the alien must necessarily include some description of the espionage system, which has been the subject of so much criticism and has caused widespread annoyance. In theory it imitates the old Russian idea of scrutiny, but it does not begin to be half so efficient. It is more like the one-time German surveillance, which was largely sound, fury and note taking, and really accomplished little.

Despite what the Japanese say to the contrary, practically all foreigners, save possibly those who come on exalted diplomatic and commercial missions, are under observation from the moment they touch the three-mile limit until they are outside the confines of the country. This chaperonage continues to all the Japanese colonies. The insatiate Japanese thirst for information extends to the plans and private life of the visitor.

There are two fundamental reasons for this incessant Japanese espionage: One is the natural curiosity of the native; the other is his eternal suspicion of everything and everybody. The most innocent move made by a foreigner, whether transient or resident, is invested with significance. The Japanese are the finest little plot discoverers in the world. When I was in Japan in March the Japanese secretary of the American Embassy was promoted to be consul at Dairen. The former consular agent at Chita succeeded him. At that time the Japanese occupation at Siberia was a ticklish subject. Immediately the leading Tokio newspapers saw a conspiracy to oppress Japan in this simple and harmless shift in the consular service.

Immediately upon arrival in Japan you are subjected to a rigid cross-examination by the police, and you are also required to fill out a police card whenever you register at a hotel. These are details which still obtain in some European countries, and no objection would be raised if they ended there. The Japanese police, however, regard it as their business to know the visitor's business as well. If the new arrival has lately visited Russia or Siberia he is immediately honored by having a special sleuth attached to him.

The most extraordinary example of this occurred in March last. The editor of the principal Russian newspaper at Harbin visited Tokio for the purpose of buying a printing press. Although his passport had been properly visaed by the Japanese consul general at Harbin, he was shadowed from the hour of his arrival. If he went into the dining room of his hotel to eat, his detective did likewise; when he walked out on the Ginza, the principal street, the guardian followed. If the editor consulted a printer about his requirements, the business man was at once summoned to police headquarters and cross-examined. The sleuth finally became so tame that he performed slight services for his victim, such as bringing him newspapers from the reading room. Here you have an illuminating glimpse of Japanese espionage. The shadow did not have the slightest idea why he was following this man. It was a matter of rote.

When a whole week of the kind of annoyance that I have described had passed the

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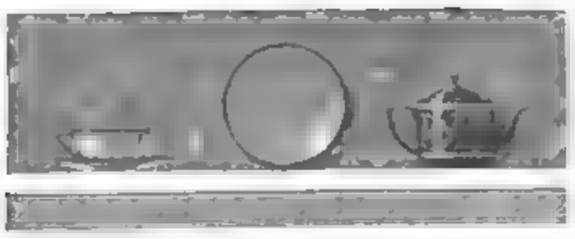

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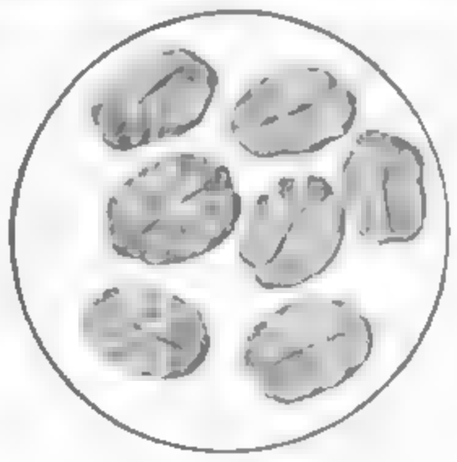

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editor was summoned before the chief of police and grilled for six hours. The questions asked him ranged from "What is the name of your grandmother?"—it is a typical Japanese police query—to "Are you the leader of the communists in Harbin?" The man had an alibi for everything except the grandmother, and was eventually excused with tea, cakes and apologies. It later developed that the provocation for all this was the fact that three years before this newspaper proprietor, while residing temporarily at Yokohama, lived at the same hotel as General Popatoff, a Russian, subsequently deported from Japan. In this incident you have the reason and the system of most Japanese espionage.

During the war it was, of course, much worse. A certain American retired rear admiral went to Japan on a business mission. Although he had absolutely divorced himself from the Navy the Japanese dogged his every step, for they believed that he was a naval spy.

Being stupid in conception and operation, this system lends itself to many amusing incidents. Shortly after the armistice, when there were still many restrictions on travel, a young American woman went out to Japan to marry. Her fiancé was employed in a bank in China, and being unable to get leave of absence it was decided that the marriage should take place at Yokohama.

On the girl's passport the reason for her proposed journey was set down in the words, "To be married."

She encountered the usual police cross-examination in the harbor of Yokohama and in due time arrived at her hotel. Her fiancé was delayed and she spent the intervening time traveling throughout Japan. Wherever she went she was carefully interrogated by the police, who, instead of registering her under her real name, always referred to her as Mrs. To Be Married. They could not get any other deduction from the passport.

Most foreigners, especially Americans, become irritated at the ridiculous questions asked by the Japanese police, but others have fun with them. One New Yorker who had been to Harbin and was about to return to Japan had more than his share of cross-examination. Although the authorities still had his passport one particularly aggressive official continued to ask him his name.

The Art of Stamp Collecting

Finally he said, "I am the new Pope, making a tour of investigation." Whereupon the Japanese solemnly wrote it down, with the usual vocal accompaniment of "Haw, haw!"

An American of my acquaintance unexpectedly returned to his room in a Tokio hotel and surprised one of the bell boys engaged in ransacking the contents of his wardrobe trunk. The culprit immediately explained that the wind had disarranged some of the clothes. The American, however, replied, "I'll help you to find what you want."

The Japanese have one excellent first aid in what might be called mail penetration, in that nearly every person in the empire is a stamp collector. When caught with the goods they can easily and truthfully say, "I was merely taking the stamps from the envelopes."

A copy of every cablegram sent out of Japan not only goes to the police but frequently to the Foreign Office as well. Shortly after the first election of Woodrow Wilson there was considerable speculation in Japan over the next American Minister to China. Three Americans on a Japanese boat bound for Yokohama decided to play a joke on the press. They sent a fake telegram to a friend in Peking, stating that a certain American who was very hostile to Japan would be the next minister. The news appeared the next morning in practically all the Japanese newspapers.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that nearly every Japanese servant employed in a foreign domicile in Japan, especially Tokio, is a spy of some sort. Many are required to make written reports to the police about the movements of their employers and their guests. This applies especially to domestics in the establishments of persons connected with the embassies and the foreign naval and military services. This eavesdropping has reached such a fine point that an American long resident in Japan told me that the police know how much money the alien women lose at bridge!

For the final phase of Japan and the alien I have reserved those experiences which had a peculiar appeal for me, for they grew out of interviewing and being interviewed by the Japanese. To these activities, particularly the former, I am not exactly a stranger, but I am frank to confess that in no country are the processes quite so baffling or exhausting as in Lotus Land. In the present series you may possibly have gleaned some information. It was extracted by the most difficult and wearing process that I have ever known. It was not because of a lack of desire to coöperate, for every door, from the Prince Regent's down, was open to me. Besides, the Japanese are always hot-foot for publicity. It was entirely due to the racial and temperamental qualities that I have already described.

Interviewing in Lotus Land

To begin with, the Japanese is never direct, either in soliciting or in giving facts. Where the American is concrete he is profoundly abstract. If you say to a Japanese, "This is a fine day," he will make reply, "It is a better day than yesterday." An American silk dealer at Yokohama remarked to his Japanese office manager at the close of the Silk Exchange, "I see that prices are down," whereupon the man answered, "It may be so." At that moment the price sheet lay before him.

With this kind of mentality you can readily see that interviewing is not exactly a springtime frolic. Instinctively the Japanese are silent and secretive. The one conspicuous exception in recent years was old Marquis Okuma. During his premiership he gave out so many interviews that the Foreign Office finally stationed a man outside his door to divert newspaper men. Most Japanese statesmen today, as I discovered, prefer to write out their statements, which is an excellent precaution.

One of the principal obstacles in interviewing even the most high-placed Japanese is their inability to come straight to the point. An immense amount of time must be consumed in preliminaries. This is also true of the Chinese, who are even more deliberate, if such a thing were possible. Hence your task imposes patience and concentration. Most Japanese usually begin by turning the tables and interviewing the interviewer. This, by the way, is one of Mr. Lloyd George's favorite methods.

My most diverting adventures, however, came when I was interviewed myself. I believe that I can safely say that hardly a day passed during my entire visit in Japan that I was not cross-examined somewhere and on some subject by a journalist. When Mrs. Sanger arrived I was asked to give an expert opinion on birth control. When Lord Northcliffe delivered himself of a blast against Japanese militarism I was invited to analyze the British editor's sanity. So it went.

There is a widespread belief that yellow journalism exists almost exclusively in America. No delusion could be greater. The most aggressive and persistent American reporter is a shrinking violet alongside some of his Japanese confreres. I have been called a human interrogation mark, but I am a sphinx compared with the Japanese interviewer.

Not only do they ask the most ridiculous questions imaginable but many of them are strangers to accuracy. Marshal Joffre was the guest of the nation shortly before I arrived. He refused to answer queries hurled point-blank at him, but agreed to consider written questions. One of them was "Why don't you eat more?" This was on a par with some of the interrogations of the average Japanese reporter.

I had a characteristic experience with Japanese journalists at Mukden on the

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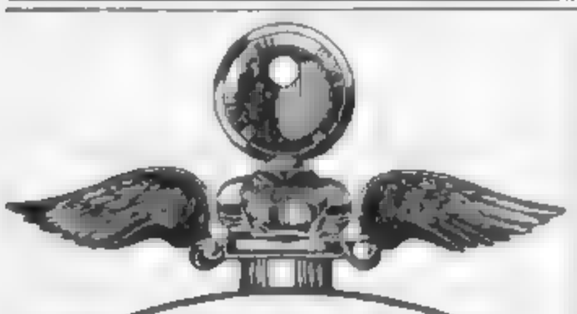

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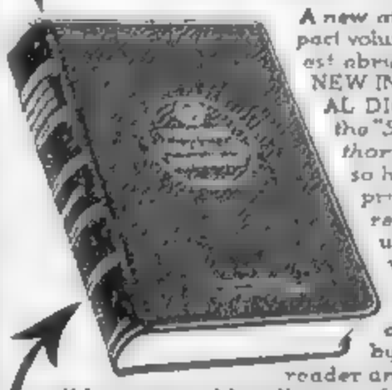

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morning after the dinner that Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian War Lord, gave for me, when he first announced his intention to wage war on Wu Pei-fu. No Japanese had been present and there was burning curiosity among them to know what the marshal had said. Before I was out of bed the Japanese reporters were busy. They asked me to relate what Chang Tso-lin had said. When I told them that the dinner was private and that I could not talk about it they continued to interrogate me with a persistence that was almost maddening. Three days later one of these Japanese reporters sent out a story by telegraph from Mukden, which purported to give the substance of what Chang Tso-lin had said. Much of it was speculation, but the author saved his face by putting it into the mouth of "an influential foreigner who was present." He made me the goat.

One reason for the avalanche of reporters in Tokio is that there are so many newspapers there. In a city less than half the size of New York there are twenty-six dailies.

Linked with journalism is that other Japanese activity which, like the proverbial poor, is with us always. I refer to propaganda. The Nipponese are not alone in this performance. Before the World War the Germans led the world in disseminating inspired data which were always a first aid to their economic penetration. With the outbreak of hostilities every nation involved got busy, and so far as some of them are concerned it is still working overtime.

Specialists in Cherry Blossoms

Japanese propaganda, however, is peculiar and distinct. In the first place every national is a sort of unofficial press agent who specializes in the natural beauties of his country, particularly the cherry blossoms. All the large corporations boost the empire with their products. In addition scores of paid boosters, some of them aliens, are employed throughout the world. Figuratively their pens are eternally poised, ready to flay the critic who departs from the path of praise.

The propaganda that emanates from Tokio is largely political and is usually loosed to explain the many and various kinks in Japanese diplomacy. Every advance in China has always been accompanied by a tidal wave of publicity interpreting the performance.

The Japanese Foreign Office has a bureau of information presided over by Baron Ijuin, which is at the disposal of all visiting journalists. Attached to it is an American adviser, who is a capable and experienced journalist. By a curious coincidence he was the first correspondent to expose the Twenty-one Demands.

Nipponese Gladhanders

In providing assistance for men who write, the Japanese Foreign Office is no exception to what has become the general rule in such institutions. Even the British F. O., as it is so widely known, succumbed after years of majestic, if dull, isolation. This was the result of the Great War, when everybody was doing it.

Much of the elaborate and almost insistent entertainment bestowed upon visitors in Japan is part of the propaganda program. When recipients express themselves with candor about the country, either in speech or print, they are usually condemned as ungracious or ungrateful. Moreover, freedom of action is almost denied the aliens who come within range of the gladhanders, as we would call them in America. The incessant chaperonage becomes irksome.

There are many sincere friends of Japan who believe that if the Japanese would ease up on their hospitality they would make a much better impression.

In the last analysis you find that Japan in her attitude towards the alien is merely expressing what might be called her temperamental impulses. Her people are proud and sensitive. They were jarred out of an ancient seclusion by the foreigner. It is therefore natural that they should still regard outsiders with suspicion and take precautions in their own way to observe and restrict them.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan in China.

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